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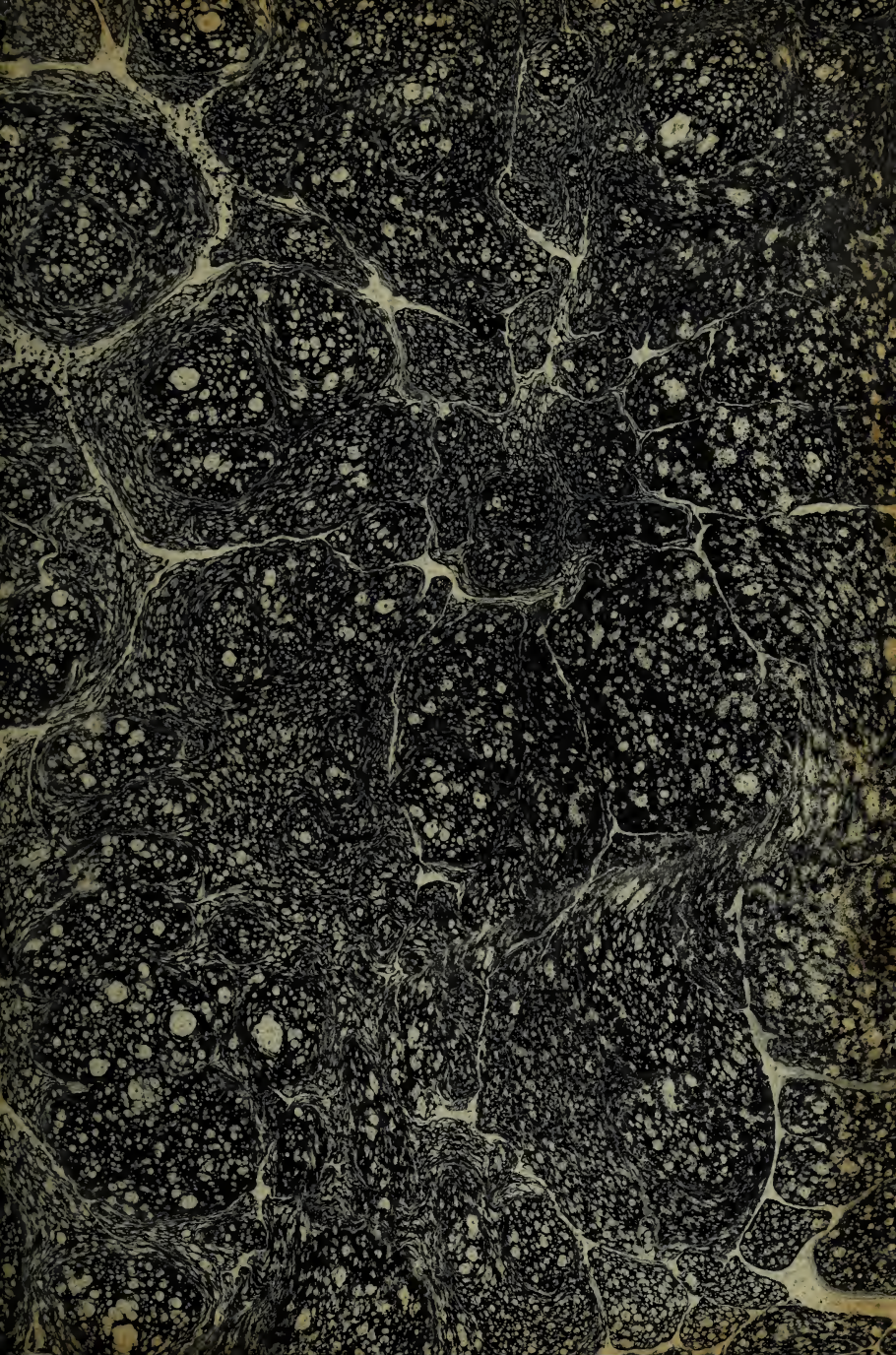

A WINTER NIGHTS VISION:

BEING AN ADDITION OF SVCH PRINCES ESPECIALLY FAmous, who were exempted in the former *Historie*.

By RICHARD NICCOLS, Oxon.

Mag. Hall.

AT LONDON,
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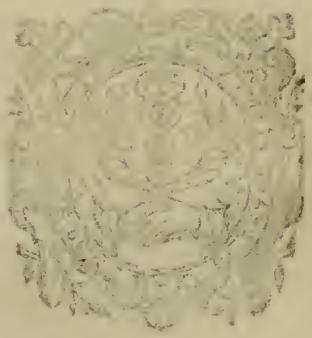

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD CHARLES HOVVARD, EARLE OF NOTINGHAM, BAron of *Effingham*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, Lord high Admirall of England, Ireland and Wales, &c. *one of his Maieſties moſt Honorable priuie Counſell.*

AS once that Doue (true honors aged Lord)
Houering with wearied wings about your Arke,
When Cadiz towers did fal beneath your ſword,
To reſt her ſelfe did ſingle out that barke:
So my meeke Muſe, from all that conquering rout,
Conducted through the ſeas wilde wildernes
By your great ſelfe, to graue their names about
Th'Iberian pillars of *Ioues Hercules*;
Moſt humblie craues your lordly Lions aid
Gainſt monſter Enuie, while ſhe tels her ſtorie
Of Britaine Princes, and that royall Maid,
In whoſe chaſte hymne her *Clio* ſings your glorie.
Which if (great Lord) you grant, my Muſe ſhall frame
Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

Your Honors euer moſt humblie deuoted,

RICHARD NICOLS.

TO THE READER.

COurteous Reader, before I enter into the discourse of what I haue written, I will acquaint you with the causes why I haue written. Hauing spent some truant houres in the study of this Art, and willing to imploy my pen to the benefit of mine owne studies, and the profit and pleasure of others, I chanced in reading that worthy work, intituled, The Mirrour for Magistrates, to coniecture, if I should vndertake that imperfect historie, that not only experience, the mother of prudence, would furnish my priuate studies with better iudgement; but also that I could not better benefit others, by offering them a taste of the vnsauourie fruits of my labours; then by giuing them paternes to shun vice and follow vertue: in this coniecture my voluntarie will not to do nothing, did set such edge vpon my desire, and the presidents of diuers learned, yea some noble personages, pen-men of that worke, gaue me such encouragement, that though I wanted not iudgement to know, that I should want skill to compasse it; yet that want of skil, being supplied with good wil to do wel, I haue collected the liues of ten famous Princes, worthie Mirrours, omitted in the former part of this worke: which I present not in their proper places, as I did purpose, but as a part of themselues with dependancie vpon an Induction, that the Reader may obserue that method of arguments before euery life, which I did intend to haue continued through the whole worke, if time and mine owne affaires would haue suffered

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me to proceed, but being called away by other employments, I must of force leaue it either vnto those, whose good opinion of so worthie an historie, may induce their endeuors towards the perfecting of the same, or vntil I shal find occasion hereafter to cõtinue that, now almost finished, which I haue left vnaccomplished; of those ten, which I haue pẽned, the last, though it were written before in the former part; yet for that the matter and stile thereof were generally disliked of M. *Ferrers*, M. *Baldwine* and others: and also for that many principall occurrents in the same were exempted, I haue written againe, placing it in his order, being the last of the ten. In the handling of which, not taking a poeticall licence to fashion all things after mine owne fancie, but limiting my selfe within the bounds of an historicall writer, I haue followed those Authors, who in the censure of our best iudgements are the most authenticall. For the verse, I haue chosen the fourth proportion, which is the Stanza of seuen, preferring it before the fift, which is the staffe of eight, because it is chiefly vsed of our ancient and best historicall Poets; and though I confesse that of eight to hold better band, yet is it more tedious to a writer, being it binds him to the band of two foures intertangled, which if he obserue not, it is no huitaine or staffe of eight, but fals into the first proportiõ, making two quadreins. To the learned I only write, in whom is my chiefest hope, for that they be learned, a cause sufficient not to doubt any enuious construction, being a vice not proper to their good education: whom if I haue pleasured. I craue but their good word for my good will; if otherwise, their pardon for my paines. *Farewell.*

THE INDVCTION.

MY Muſe, that mongſt meane birds whilome, did waue her flaggie wing,
And Cuckow-like of Caſtaes wrongs, in ruſtick tunes did ſing, (hie,
Now with the mornes cloud-climing Lark muſt mount a pitch more
And like Ioues bird with ſtedfaſt lookes outbraue the Sunnes bright eie:
Yea ſhe, that whilome begger-like her beggers ape did ſing,
Which iniur'd by the guilt of time to light ſhe durſt not bring,
In ſtately ſtile tragedian-like with ſacred furie fed,
Muſt now record the tragicke deeds of great Heröes dead.
Vouchſafe then thou great King of heau'n, the heau'nly drops t'infuſe
Of ſacred iuyce into my pen, giue ſtrength vnto my Muſe
To mount aloft with powerfull wings, and let her voice be ſtrong,
That ſhe may ſmite the golden ſtarres with ſound of her great ſong.
When Ioue-borne Phœbus fierie ſteeds about the world had bin,
And wearied with their yearely taske, had taken vp their Inne
Farre in the South, when cold had nipt the hawthornes rugged rinde,
And liuely ſap of ſummer ſweet, from blaſt of bluſtring winde
Had ſunken downe into the roote, whoſe thornie browes beſprent
With froſtie dew, did hang their heads, and ſummers loſſe lament;
My limbes benumb'd with vnkind cold, my life blood waxing chill,
As was my wont I walked forth to eaſe me of ſuch ill:
But when I came in fields abroad, and view'd the waſtefull ſpight
Of wrathfull winter, grieu'd I was to ſee ſo ſad a ſight:
The ſhadie woods, in which the birds to build their neaſts were ſeene,
Whoſe wauing heads in aire ſhot vp were crown'd with youthfull greene,
Now clad in coate of motlie hue did maske in poore array,
Rough Boreas with his bluſtering blaſts had blowen their leaues away.
In ſtead of blоſſomes on the boughes, the ſpring whilome begun,
Which through the leaues did ſeeme to laugh vpon the ſummers Sunne,
Now nought but hoarie froſt was ſeene, each branch teares downe did ſend,
Whoſe dewie drops in yſiccles vpon each bough depend:

The mistresse of the woods quaint quire, the warbling Philomele,
That wont to ravish with delight, th'inhabitants, that dwell
About the greene wood side, forgot the layes she sung before,
For griefe of summers golden losse she now could sing no more:
And all the quire that wont with her to beare a part and sing
Concordant discords in sweet straine for welcome of the spring,
Sate silent on the frostie bow, and shuddering all for cold,
Did shroud the head beneath the wing, the day was waxed old,
None but the Red-brest and the Wren did sing the euen away,
And that in notes of sad record for summers late decay;
The field, which whilome Ceres *crown'd with golden eares of corne,*
And all the pasture-springing meades, which Pales *did adorne,*
Lookt pale for woe, the winterie snow had couered all their greene,
Nought else vpon the grasseless ground, but winters waste was seene:
The shepheards feeble flocke pent vp within the bounded fold,
So faint for food, that scarce their feete their bodies could vphold,
Did hang the head with heauie cheare, as they would learne to mourne
The thrall in which they now did liue, by shepheard left forlorne:
All sweet delight of summer past, cold winters breath had blasted,
The Sunne in heau'n shone pale on earth to see her wombe so wasted:
All which, as I grieu'd at such sight, the fields alone did range,
Did teach me know all things on earth were subiect vnto change.
How fond (me thought) were mortall men, the trustlesse stay to trust
Of things on earth, since heere on earth all things returne to dust?
Who so in youth doth boast of strength, me thought the loftie oake
Would teach him that his strength must vade, when age begins to yoke
His youthfull necke, euen by it selfe, his leauie lockes being shed,
And branched armes shrunke vp with frost, as if they had been dead.
The louely Lillie, that faire flower for beautie past compare,
Whom winters cold keene breath had kill'd, and blasted all her faire,
Might teach the fairest vnder heau'n, that beauties freshest greene
When spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had neuer been;
The barren fields, which whilome flower'd as they would neuer fade,
Inricht with summers golden gifts, which now been all decay'd,
Did shew in state there was no trust, in wealth no certaine stay,
One stormie blast of frowning chance could blow them all away;
Out of the yeares alternate course this lesson I did con,
In things on earth of most anaile assurance there was none:

But fancie feeding on theſe thoughts, as I alone did wend,
The clocke did ſtrike, whoſe chime did tell the day was at an end;
The golden Sunne, daies guide, was gone, and in his purple bed
Had laid him downe, the heau'ns about their azure curtaines ſpread,
And all the tapers lighted were, as t'were the watch to keepe,
Leſt paſt her houre night ſhould vſurpe, while he ſecure did ſleepe.
Then clad in cloake of miſtie fogges the darke night vp did come,
And with grim griſlie looke did ſeeme to bid me get me home;
Home was I led, not as before with ſolace from the field,
The wofull waſte of ſummer paſt had all my pleaſure ſpill'd:
When home I came, nipt with ſharpe cold of Boreas *bitter aire,*
After repaſt to my warme bed forthwith I made repaire,
Where, for the nights were tedious growen, and I diſturb'd in mind
With thoughts of that daies obiect ſeene, not vnto ſleepe inclin'd,
I vp did ſit, my backe behind the pillow ſoft did ſtay,
And call'd for light, with booke in hand to paſſe the time away;
Of which each line which I did reade, in nature did agree
With that true vſe of things, which I the day before did ſee;
A Mirrour hight for Magiſtrates, for title it did beare,
In which by painfull pens, the fals of Princes written were:
There, as in glaſſe, I did behold, what day before did ſhow,
That beautie, ſtrength, wealth, worlds vaine pompe, and all to duſt do go;
There did I ſee triumphant death beneath his feet tread downe
The ſtate of Kings, the purple robe, the ſcepter and the crowne;
Without reſpect with deadly dart all Princes he did ſtrike,
The vertuous and the vicious Prince to him been both alike;
Nought elſe they leaue vntoucht of death except a vertuous name,
Which dies, if that the ſacred nine eternize not the ſame.
Why then (ye thrice three borne of Ioue) *why then be ye deſpis'd?*
Is vertue dead? hath daintie eaſe in her ſoft armes ſurpris'd
The manhood of the elder world? hath ruſt of time deuour'd
*Th'*Heröes *ſtocke that on your heads ſuch golden bleſſings ſhowr'd?*
This ſilent night, when all things lie in lap of ſweet repoſe,
Ye only wake, the powres of ſleepe your eyes do neuer cloſe,
To ſhew the ſempiternitie, to which their names ye raiſe
On wings of your immortall verſe, that truly merit praiſe.
But where's the due of your deſert, or where your learnings meed?
Not only now the baſer ſprite, whom dunghill duſt doth breed;

But they that boast themselues to be in honors bosome borne,
Disdaine your wisdome, and do hold your sectaries in scorne.
No maruell then, me thought, it was, that in this booke I read,
So many a Prince I found exempt, as if their names been dead,
Who for desert amongst the best a place might iustly claime:
But who can put on any spirit to memorize the name
Of any dead, whose thankelesse race t'whom learning shapes the leg
In humble wise, yet in contempt bids learned wits go beg?
As thus in bed with booke in hand I sate contemplating,
The humorous night was waxed old, still silence husht each thing,
The clocke chim'd twelue, to which as I with listning eares attend,
As signes of fraile mortalitie all things I apprehend;
The daylight past, as life I deeme, the night as death to come,
The clocke that chim'd, deaths fatall knell, that call'd me to my doome,
Still silence rest from worldly cares, my bed the graue I thinke,
In which, with heart to heau'n vp-lift, at length I downe did sinke:
Where after still repose when as thin vapors had restrain'd
The mouing powers of common sense, and sleepe each sense enchain'd,
Whether the watchfull fantasie did now in sleepe restore
The species of things sensible, which I had seene before;
And so some dreame it only was, which I intend to tell,
Or vision sent I le not discusse, to me it thus befell:
A sudden sound of trumpe I heard, whose blast so loud was blowne,
That in a trance I senseless lay, fraile mortall there was none
That heard such sound, could sense retaine; my chamber wals did shake,
Vp flew the doores, a voice I heard, which thus distinctly spake:
Awake from sleepe, lift vp thy head, and be no whit dismai'd,
I serue the Deities of heau'n, their hests must be obei'd,
And now am sent from her that keepes the store-house of the mind;
The mother of the Muses nine, for thee she hath assign'd
For her designe, the night to come in sleepe thou must not spend;
Prepare thy selfe, that gainst she come, her will thou maist attend.
As to these words I listning lay, and had resumed spright,
I boldly looked round about, and loe, there stood in sight
True Fame, the trumpeter of heau'n that doth desire inflame
To glorious deeds, and by her power eternisies the name;
A golden trumpe her right hand held, which when she list to sound,
Can smite the starres of heau'n, and bring the dead from vnder ground;

Vpon

Vpon her head a chaplet stood of neuer vading greene,
Which honor gaue, to giue to them that fauour'd of her been:
Her wings were white as snow, with which she compast heau'n and earth
With names of such, whom honor did renowne for deeds of worth.
As I beheld her Princely port, yet trembling all for feare,
A sound of heau'nly harmonie did pierce my pleased eare,
In rapture of whose sweet delight, as I did rauisht lie,
The goddesse dread whom Fame foresPoke did stand before mine eie,
The Ladie of mount Helicon, the great Pierian dame,
From whom the learned sisters nine deriue their birth and name,
In golden garments clad she was, which time can neuer weare,
Nor fretting moth consume the same, which did embroydered beare
The acts of old Heroës *dead, set downe in stately verse,*
Which sitting by the horse-foot spring, Ioues *daughters did rehearse:*
Fiue Damsels did attend on her, who with such wondrous skill
Do in their seuerall functions worke, to serue their Ladies will,
That what she seekes on earth, to see, to heare, smell, taste or touch,
They can present the same with speed, their power and skill are such.
As in amazment at such sight I in my bed did lie,
She thus beSpake: I am, quoth she, the Ladie Memorie,
Ioues *welbelou'd* Mnemosyne, *that keepes the wealthie store*
Of times rich treasure, where the deeds that haue been done of yore
I do record, and when in bookes I chance to find the Fame
Of any after death decai'd, I do reuiue the same.
Turning the volume large of late, in which my Clio *sings*
The deeds of worthie Britaines dead, I find that many Kings
Exempted are, whose noble acts deserue eternitie,
And mongst our Mirrours challenge place for all posteritie:
For which, my station I haue left, and now am come to thee,
This night thou must abandon sleepe, my pen-man thou must bee.
To this said I: O goddesse great, the taske thou dost impose
Exceeds the compasse of my skill, t'is fitter farre for those,
Whose pens sweet Nectar *do distill, to whom the power is giuen*
Vpon their winged verse to rap their readers vp to heau'n.
The pinions of my humble Muse be all too weake to flie
So large a flight; theirs be this taske that loue to soare on high.
But how can they such taske vp-take, that in a stately straine
Haue rais'd the dead out of the dust; yet after all their paine,

When their ſweet Muſe in vertues praiſe hath powred out their ſtore,
Are ſtill deſpis'd and doom'd for aye with vertue to be poore.
To this, alas, quoth Memorie, it grieues me to behold
The learned wits left all forlorne, t'whom whilome it was told
Mæcenas *was reuiu'd againe; yet grieue I more to ſee*
The loathed lozell to prophane that ſacred myſterie.
Each vulgar wit, that what it is, could neuer yet define,
In ragged rimes with lips profane, will call the learned nine
To helpe him vtter forth the ſpawne of his vnfruitfull braine,
Which makes our peereleſſe poeſie to be in ſuch diſdaine,
That now it skils not whether Pan *do pipe, or* Phœbus *play,*
Tom Tinkar *makes beſt harmonie to paſſe the time away:*
For this I grieue, for this the ſeed of Ioue *are held in ſcorne,*
Yet not for this our Worthies dead are to be left forlorne.
For ſo no future age ſhould know the truth of things forepaſt,
The names of their forefathers dead would in the duſt be caſt.
Then do not thou thy helpe denie, I will conduct thy pen,
And Fame ſhall ſummon vp the ghoſts of all thoſe worthie men,
That mongſt our Mirrours are not found, that each one orderly
May come to thee, to tell the truth of his ſad tragedie.
Thus hauing ſaid, ſhe tooke the booke from vnderneath my head,
And turning ore the leaues, at laſt, ſhe thus began to reade.

THE

THE FAMOVS LIFE AND DEATH OF KING ARTHVR.

The Argument.

THe first I find exempted in our storie
Is noble Arthur, *Albions ancient glorie,*
Who heere at home subdues the Saxon Kings;
Then forren nations in subiection brings,
The Roman host with Lucius *for their guide*
To his victorious sword do stoope their pride:
But home-bred broiles call backe the conquering King,
Warres thunder 'bout the Britaine coasts doth ring,
Gawins *firme loyaltie at his last breath,*
Arthurs *last conquest, wounds and timelesse death,*
The truth of which, that we may heare, let Fame
Summon his Ghost to come and tell the same.

Another Argument.

Fame ſounds her trumpe, King Arthur *doth aſcend*
Tels Mordreds *treaſon, death, and his owne end.*

NO age hath ben, ſince nature firſt began
To worke *Ioues* wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praiſe for Mirrours vnto man,
Which more then threatful lawes in men inclind,
To tread the paths of praiſe excites the mind,
Mirrours tie thoughts to vertues due reſpects,
Examples haſten deeds to good effects.

'Mongſt whom, that I my ſtorie ſo renown'd
May for a Mirrour to the world commend,
Summon'd the firſt by Fames ſhrill trumpets ſound;
Loe, I am come on earth to find a friend,
Who his aſſiſtance vnto me may lend,
And with his pen paint out my hiſtorie
A perfect Mirrour of true maieſtie.

In which the truth of my corrupted ſtorie
Defac'd by fleeting times inconſtant pen
I will declare, nor to aduance my glorie
Will I preſent vnto the view of men
Ought, but the ſcope of what the truth hath ben.
Meane time thou pen-man of Mnemoſynie,
Giue heedfull eare vnto my tragedie.

As

As from aire-threatning tops of cedars tall
The leaues, that whilome were so fresh and greene,
In healthlesse Autumne to the ground do fall,
And others in their roomes at spring are seene:
So proudest States among'st the states of men
Now mount the loftie top of Fortunes wheele,
Now fall againe, now firmely stand, now reele.

Foure times the state of this same noble Ile
Hath changed been by froward fates decree,
And on foure nations Fortunes front did smile,
Gracing their high attempts with victorie
Ouer this Empire of Great Britanie;
Yet none but one the Scepter long did sway,
Whose conquering name endures vntill this day.

Firſt the proud Roman *Caſar* did oppreſſe
This land with tributarie ſeruitude:
Next thoſe two Saxon brethren heauen did bleſſe,
Who in our Brittiſh blood their blades imbru'd,
And to their Lordly will this land ſubdu'd:
Thirdly the Dane did heere long time remaine,
And laſtly Normans ouer vs did raigne.

Thus ſeeſt thou Fortunes vnimpeached force,
And what it hath been in our Britaine ſtate:
By this thou ſeeſt her wheeles inconſtant courſe,
And how on earth nor Prince nor Potentate
Can long withſtand her ruine-thirſting hate,
Which my true ſtories ſad cataſtrophe
Vnto the ſonnes of men can teſtifie.

I am that *Arthur*, who on honors wing
Did mount Fames Palace 'mongſt the worthies nine,
Fourth from falſe *Vortigerne* th'vſurping King;
Who, that he might with ſtrong allies combine
His ſhaken ſtate, which then began decline,
Wretch that he was into this land did bring
The Saxons with hight *Hengiſt* their falſe King.

The ſonne I was of *Uter* that ſtout Knight,
Pendragon called for his policie
Not in Ignoble birth brought forth to light,
Though foes falſe imputation vilifie
My royall birth with taint of baſtardie:
But in true wedlockes bands a noble Dame
Bore me, the fruit of loue without defame.

Whoſe former husband *Goilen*, that proud Duke,
At Duuilioc in fight my ſire ſtrooke dead:
And 'mongſt his ſpoiles *Igren* the faire he tooke,
With whom he did aſcend loues amorous bed
And left the fruit of his delight new bred
The time might turne to ſhame in lawleſſe birth,
He took the Dame to wife, who brought me forth.

By Peeres conſent I in my youth began
Vpon the throne the ſupreame ſway to beare:
And at that time againſt the boldeſt man,
That breath'd on earth my ſpirit did not feare,
In ſingle fight the combatant t'appeare,
Skilfull I was in knowledge of all fights,
That then was vſed among'ſt martiall Knights.

And at that time my cloſe-neere fighting men,
The frame of euery bloodie fight to know,
In martiall feates, haue exerciſed been,
And euery one would 'gainſt the forren foe,
With emulation ſtriue their deeds to ſhow,
In Courts where Kings, adore *Bellonaes* ſhrine,
There the bright blaze of Chiualrie will ſhine.

Vpon the mind, whoſe glorie-thirſting heart,
By deeds of armes did at true honor aime,
Such edge I ſet, that from each forren part,
The brood of *Mars* to Britaines *Arthur* came,
Of him to purchaſe the reward of Fame.
And take that order, that I then did found,
Which till this day men call the table round.

Vpon

Vpon this tables ſuperficiall part
Statutes ingrauen were by my decree,
Vnto the which each man of valiant hart,
That of this famous fellowſhip would bee
At Camelot by oath did firſt agree,
And call'd they were among'ſt our Chiualrie
Armes, ſeuen religious deeds of charitie.

But where is now this honor'd dignitie,
That wont to be the care of noble kind?
Or is it dead, or will nobilitie
Let that, which only was to it aſſign'd,
Be now polluted by the baſer mind?
Alas the while, that once the beſt reward
To vertuous deeds is now of no regard.

No golden Churle, no elbow-vanting Iacke,
No peaſant baſe, nor borne of dunghill mould,
Could find ſuch treaſure in his pedlers packe
To purchaſe that, which fame on high did hold
For true deſart, aboue the reach of gold;
This order then dame Vertue kept in ſtore
For ſuch, as did her ſacred ſelfe adore.

In this new flouriſh of my flowring ſpring,
When honors hopefull buds appear'd in mee,
And promis'd goodly fruit in time to bring,
My forward thoughts being ſet on fier to free
My natiue land from Saxon tyrannie:
With phantaſie ſtill working 'gainſt the foe,
In ſleepe this ſpectacle to me did ſhow.

As I (me thought) did ſit on royall throne
With Peeres about me ſet, a Ladie faire
In preſence came and making pitious mone,
Tearing the treſſes of her golden haire,
And wringing both her hands, as if deſpaire
Had her bereft of hope her grieſe to ſhow,
With teares did vtter forth theſe words of woe:

Behold, quoth she, behold me wretched wight,
The forlorne Ladie of this noble Ile,
From towring state cast downe by foes despight,
And of an Empresse, which I was ere while
Of Saxon yoke now made a subiect vile:
What bootes it what I was, sith now I am
The scorne of Fortune and the Britons shame?

(O noble Prince) vnsheath thy conquering blade
And saue that little, which is left to mee,
Left not for aye my antient glorie vade,
Nor let me subiect liue, as thus you see,
To pride of barbarous foes, but set me free.
Thus ended she her plaint, and in sad plight
With piteous lookes departed from my sight.

The phantasie presenting euerie howre
Th'apperance of such thoughts did so excite
My furie 'gainst the foe, that all my powre
I muster'd for the field and *Howel* hight
Of litle Britaine Prince a valiant Knight
Allide to me by blood, did crosse the maine
To purchase honor with his martiall traine.

Here could I sing the deeds of warre to thee,
Whereby my famous conquests thou should know,
How heauen did grace me with such victorie,
That in twelue battailes I did ouerthrow
The mightie forces of my warlike foe;
And by my valor, how I did expell
Those Saxon foes, which here long time did dwell.

Hight *Colgrim* greatest among'st Saxon Kings
I first subdu'd with honour'd victorie,
But happie he vpon the wind-like wings
Of hastie speed to saue himselfe did flie
Ouer the seas broad backe to Germanie;
Yet could he not escape vntimely death,
But here in Britaine breath'd he his last breath.

Vnto his friends, when he in safetie came,
He could not shun th'edict of destinie;
But back't by them he proudly did proclame
T'inferre swift vengeance on our Britannie,
If he were not restor'd to dignitie:
Which I disdain'd and did prepare for fight;
Because to that he claim'd he had no right.

And in a faire field by those Bathes apart,
Which *Bladud* sometimes King of Britanie
Had founded by the depth of powerfull art,
My tents I pight; For there did fates decree,
That great King *Colgrims* ouerthrow should bee;
Whose mightie force my folke at first did dread,
Which by three Kings was in Battalia led.

For first did *Bladulf* brother to this King,
Conduct the vauntgard for this valiancie,
Next *Chelderick* vnto the field did bring
His Germaine powers the strokes of death to trie,
Who was a mightie Prince in Germanie,
And in the rereward *Colgrims* selfe did lead
The Picts to fight, a people full of dread.

The battailes ioin'd, each aduerse part opposde
Their strength to strength, the aire with dreadfull sound
Of souldiers shouts did echo as they closde,
And each one equallie gaue wound for wound,
Till with the foes fresh strength, which did abound,
My men opprest to flight began to fall,
Whom thus with mouing words I did recall.

(Yee emptie harted sonnes of *Brute*) quoth I,
Not worthie valiant *Brutus* farre-spread name,
What great defame of your big formes will flie
Throughout this worlds whole round, if this great shame
Of shamefull flight, yee doe not streight reclaime?
Where will ye boldly fight and scorne recoile,
If not in fight for your owne natiue soyle?

Are theſe th'effects of thoſe ſame glorious words,
With which of late your tongues did oft abound,
Saying one hundred with their powerfull ſwords
A thouſand hartleſſe foemen ſhould confound,
To your owne ſhame, alas, this ſhall redown'd,
Vnleſſe with ſpeed ye turne couragious hed,
And make them flie from whom yee lately fled.

All th'hoſt applauding my high valiancie
With deepe impreſſion of my words being driuen,
Did break into the mid'ſt of th'enemie,
Where cuffe for cuffe on either ſide was giuen,
The noiſe of which flew ecchoing vp to heauen,
And with the thunder claps of claſhing armes
Made aire to ſigh with ſound of humane armes.

The skirmiſh burn'd, both parts did equall beare
Their heads aloft in this dayes bloodie fight,
All ſtood it out, none ſtoopt to ſeruile feare,
Their ſwords made mutuall wounds, and in their ſight
Their friends each where in field lay reft of light:
The earth made drunke with blood did then abound,
With fruites of death thick ſtrow'd vpon the ground.

But when the trampling ſteedes of heauens bright ſun
Fell to the ſeas and left *Olympus* ſteepe,
And when the king of flames began to run
His golden head into the wauie deep,
When out of Eaſt bright *Venus* gan to peep,
Our ſtrength increaſt, which conqueſt did diuine,
Our foes ſhrunke back, their valor did decline.

For when King *Colgrim* by my launce ſtrook dead,
And *Bladulf* by my power caſt downe as low
With their gigantike bulkes the earth did ſpread,
The foes with one conſent their backes did ſhow,
To ſaue each other in that common woe:
With whom hight *Cheldrike* fled, who for the ſpoile
Of this our land had left his natiue ſoile.

Who

Who being ſhrouded with the nights black wing,
Truſting that ſhe would his deſignements hide,
Tooke towards the marrin ſtrand, in hope to bring
His folk diſperſt, in darkneſſe vndeſcride,
Vnto his ſhips, which then at ſhore did ri'de:
But death betwixt them and their nauie ſtood,
Our natiue earth drunk vp their ſtranger blood,

The ſtout Duke *Cador*, that illuſtrate Knight,
Purſu'd the flier till the riſing ſun,
Deſcride the foes, who turning from their flight,
Both parts ſtood firme, the fight afreſh begun:
But *Cheldrik* loſt, the conqueſt *Cador* wonne,
Whoſe ſpoilfull ſword did ſpare no foes in death,
For *Cheldricks* ſelf did there expire his breath.

Meane time to reſcue that bold Britaine King,
Prince *Howell*, King of little Britanie,
Who ore the gulfie flood his folke did bring,
T'aſſiſt vs gainſt our common enemie:
Towards Scotlands bounds wee marched ſpeedilie,
Where gainſt the barbarous Picts he was the barre,
While gainſt the Saxon we did wage the warre.

But he vnable to ſuſtaine their force,
Which th'Iriſh *Gnillamore*, th'aſſiſtant King,
In perſon did ſupport with foote and horſe,
Of whoſe alarmes the countrie round did ring,
Did ſend to vs requiring vs to bring
Our powers, with expedition to ſuppreſſe
The foes haut pride, and ſuccour his diſtreſſe.

Of which when I did heare, as from the skie
A tempeſt ſtooping on the deepes profound,
Hurles waues on waues in heapes, and makes them flie
Before his rage, ſo with the horrid ſound
Of dreadfull warre into the Pictiſh bound
I entred with my hoſt, and in the way
For fire and ſword made all the paſſage pray.

The

The foes ſtout pride we did in field ſubdue,
And *Gwillamore*, that did eſcape the fight,
To his owne kingdomes bounds we did purſue,
Where we did bring him to his hearts deſpight,
Vpon his knees by warres impulſiue might;
Forcing him yeeld obedience to our Crowne,
By golden tribute yearely paid vs downe.

After this good ſucceſſe, perceiuing well,
That heauen with ſunſhine lookes grac'd our affaires,
My hopefull heart with glorie gan to ſwell,
Bidding me ſeeke by fame in forren warres,
To fixe my name among'ſt the golden ſtarres,
And leaue a name on earth to liue for aye,
When rapt in mould my limbes forgotten lay.

This ſtout ſuggeſtion of my mightie mind,
Made me deſpiſe foule eaſe and pleaſures light,
Which ſoftens th'heart, ſtrikes ſtrong deſier blind,
Drownes all eternitie in depth of night,
And leaues reproch for priſe of ſuch delight;
For fame liues not, except for vertues merit,
Deeds of delite on earth no place inherit.

A King, that only liues a King in name,
That dull'd with eaſe and drown'd in fancies luſt,
Can ſtile his title with no deed of fame,
Being dead, his name iron-eating time ſhall ruſt
And in the end obſcure it in the duſt,
When he, though meane, that vertues race doth runne,
Doth liue eterniz'd like th'immortall Sunne.

This was the winde that ſet my ſhips on ſaile,
In forren ſhoares true honor to obtaine,
This was the prize, for which with proſperous gaile,
I plow'd my paſſage through the liquid maine
Vnto the Arctike pole, where *Charles* his waine
Fixt faſt in heauen, his ſtation there doth keepe
With other ſtarres neare diuing to the deepe.

And

And there in that cold Iland Iſland call'd,
Whoſe mountaines with high heads did heauen aſpire,
Which white with ſnow as if they had been bald
Did yet breath forth blacke ſmoakes and burning fire,
A wonder ſtrange for humaine ſenſe t'admire,
I with my Britaines bold bore to the Strand
And vncontrol'd march't vp into the land.

Whoſe people rude and liuing in their kind,
As beaſts that wander in the deſert field,
The rationall and beſt part of the mind
In vſe of heauenly things not being skill'd
Againſt blind ignorance the ſoule to ſhield,
We did in fight ſubdue, and by ſtrong hand
Did them enforce to ſtoope to our command.

Their King *Maluaſius* noting well the oddes
Twixt vs and them in feats of martiall skill,
And finding, that no place of ſafe abodes
Was left to him, in feare of future ill
Did ſoone ſubmit himſelfe vnto our will,
And from that time vnto my names renowne
Did yeeld obedience to the Britaine Crowne.

The fame of this exploit being ſet on wing,
And through the Iles adiacent taking flight,
Doldauius of the Gotland nation King,
And great *Gunfacius* King of Orkney hight
Deſpairing to oppoſe our force in fight,
Did yeeld to hold their Crownes and dignitie
By tribute to the Britaine Emperie.

But ſhould I vnto light aſſay to bring
Each fight then fought and euery deed of worth,
Had I the ſtrength of thouſand tongues to ſing,
Or the ſhrill trumpe of fame to echo forth
My conqueſts, in thoſe Ilands of the North,
Yet would the glaſſe of time be quite outrun
Before that true report her part had done.

Should

Should I relate the many a field I fought
Againſt *Aſchillius* that bold Daniſh King,
And 'gainſt proud *Lot* the Norway King ſo ſtout,
Whom after thouſand ſoules being ſet on wing,
We at the length did in ſubiection bring:
Scarce would the eares of fraile mortalitie
Giue credit to our noble hiſtorie.

Yet thinke, what dread of death and dangerous wounds
We in thoſe trauels then might vndergoe,
From Albions rockes vnto the Ruſſian bounds,
And our great conqueſt 'gainſt the Northren foe,
The fame of our admir'd exploits will ſhow;
For to the Lap-land kingdomes vtmoſt end,
Our Britaine Empires bounds I did extend.

In deeds of Fame, thus did I ſpend the prime
Of golden youth, which lul'd in pleaſures bed,
Flies faſt away vpon the wings of time,
And ſcarce is knowne t'haue bin, when th'hoarie hed
With white of wintrie age is ouerſpred:
For age with ſhame of youths fond deeds ſtrooke blind,
Doth oft abhorre to beare the ſame in mind.

Who doth to ſloth his yonger daies ingage
For fond delight, he clips the wings of Fame;
For ſloth the canker-worme of honors badge,
Fames fethered wings doth fret, burying the name
Of vertues worth in duſt of dunghill ſhame,
Whom action out of duſt to light doth bring
And makes her mount to heauen with golden wing.

After my high atchieuements in the North
I being returned to my natiue land,
Fame through the world did ſo renowne the worth
Of theſe deeds done by my victorious hand,
That greateſt Kings did in amazement ſtand,
Strooke blind in looking at the ſunſhine blaze
Of my great worth, yet enuying at my praiſe.

For

For when true vertues glorious excellence,
Mounts vp aloft, and like the Sun in skies,
Breakes through the clouds of darkesome ignorance,
Then enuie rous'd from her darke den doth rise,
And dazel'd with the golden shine, that flies
From vertues splendor, seekes t'obscure the same,
And muffle it in her blacke clouds of shame.

That enuious beast of twice fiue hornes of might,
Who ore the world did long time tyrannize,
From Romes high towres viewing the golden light
Of my great fame, which dazled her weake eies,
Selfe swolne with haughtie pride, rows'd vp did rise,
And at my state with her proud hornes did push,
In hope my fame being yet but yong to crush.

The Roman King that bore great *Cæsars* name,
Twelue aged sires in Senate did select,
Men of renowne and all of noble fame,
Who as graue Legats his great will t'effect,
Through *Neptunes* wauie empire did direct
Their course to our sea-bounded Britanie,
To menace vs with their proud ambasie.

Where when they came, seeing our Court abound,
With honors sonnes emploi'd in deeds of fame,
Not in still waues of Court-deepe pleasures drown'd;
For vse in deeds of armes and martiall game
Exiling sloth the pride of lust doth tame;
They thought their antique Romane Emperie,
Had been transferr'd from Rome to Britanie.

Yet getting audience one among'st the rest,
With graue demeanor and great maiestie,
Thinking with words our greatnesse t'haue repress,
Began t'infold with high authoritie,
The thundring threatnings of his ambasie;
For he vnbidden boldly tooke his place,
And thus did threaten me vnto my face.

Arthur, ſaid he, from ample-ſtreeted Rome
Where mightie *Cæſar* thy liege Lord doth reigne
T'effect his will to thee loe, we are come,
And in his name to claime our right againe,
Which wrongfullie from vs thou doſt detaine:
For long time ſince ye Britaines well do know
That Britanie to Rome did tribute owe.

He doth diſlike thy farre commanding minde,
Nor thy proud bold attempts will he allowe
In any thing, by him not being deſign'd,
By vs he bids thy haughtie ſtomack bowe
Vnto the bending of his Kinglie browe,
And wils thy Kingdom ſtoop, though ſo renown'd,
To Rome, the miſtris of the worlds wide round.

But if thy hart do harbor haughtie pride,
And that thy people ſtill ſtiffnecked bee,
If that our words in ſcorne thou ſet aſide,
Then to thy face I here do threaten thee,
That ere thine eyes one ſummer more ſhall ſee,
More troopes of men gainſt thee we will imploie
Then erſt did Greekes againſt the ſonnes of Troy.

This threatning ſpeech did ſet my thoughts on fire,
And made me to returne this ſharpe replie:
Doting old wretch, ſaid I, thou doſt aſpire
In vaine by vanting words to terrifie
The hart of him that ſcornes thy ambaſie,
Nor can our perſon patiently permit
Thoſe barbarous taunts, ſignes of thy doting wit.

Do Romaines harbor ſuch a baſe conceit
That Britains *Arthur* is of leſſe renowne
Then is their King, in empire, though ſo great?
Or that vſurping *Cæſar* with a frowne
Can make vs yeeld the title of our crowne?
O ſillie ſots to thinke vs ſuch a ſort
As your baſe ſpeeches whilom did import.

Is

Is not our noble nation by deſcent
Sprung from the warlike Troians roiall race?
And ſhall our thoughts be then ſo baſelie bent,
As with ſubiection ſeruilie t'imbrace
The yoke of loftie Rome the worlds diſgrace?
Her fame ſhall fall, our Britaine ſtate ſhall riſe,
She ore the world no more ſhall tyrannize.

With ſwifteſt ſpeed returne thou this replie,
That we a people free will ſtill maintaine
Gainſt all the world our ancient libertie,
And that thou well maiſt know how wee diſdaine
The ſeruile yoke of Romes inſulting reigne,
Ile bring reuenge, which Rome ſhall neuer ſhun
For that great ſcath, which *Cæſar* here hath done.

This ſaid, they all amaz'd at my replie
Diſmiſt, made no abode in this our land;
But with winde-winged ſailes did ſwiftly flie
Ouer the depths of *Neptunes* high command,
Of whom their *Cæſar* ſoone did vnderſtand
How his command with ſcorne we did deride,
In tempting our diſdaine with ſuch vaine pride.

At which inrag'd, he in a fatall houre
The Tribune *Lucius* for the warre deſign'd,
Who into France came downe with all his power,
Where many legionaries he did finde
Vnto that quarter of the world aſſign'd,
To keepe it peaceſull by warrs threatfull ſtroke,
Which then began to ſhake off Roman yoke.

And as he did prepare to greedie fight,
So did we arme vnto the bloodie field
And from each quarter of our land did cite
All ſuch as able were with ſtrength to wield
Or launce, or bowe, or dart, or ſword and ſhield,
Whom we did muſter vp in armes well dight
To make them apt and skilfull for the fight.

And in our abſence in thoſe forren warres,
To guard our State againſt all aduerſe feare,
We left at home to manage all affaires,
Mordred the brother of my *Gawin* deare,
Our faithleſſe Nephew, that falſe hearted Peere,
Th'ignoble ſonne of *Loth* the Pictiſh King;
From whoſe blacke treaſon my ſad fall did ſpring.

Whoſe loyaltie I little did ſuſpect,
Though on my death his hopes did then depend;
But who ſo wiſe hath been, that can detect
The meanes and houre, by which the fates intend,
To mortall life to adde the finall end?
Though both the meanes and houre moſt certaine bee,
Yet moſt vncertaine is the times decree.

But being moſt ſecure of future chance,
My thoughts to meete the foes being ſet on wing,
Who did ordaine, that Auguſtence in France
Should be the place for each aſſiſtant King,
Vnto the Romane aid their powers to bring;
With warres loud trumpe from all parts of the land,
I call'd my Britaines downe vnto the Strand:

Where our blacke barkes all readie furniſh't lay,
In which departing from the barren ſhore,
Wing'd with full gale, the ſhips did force their way,
So ſwiftly with their bending bulkes before,
That 'bout their breſts the giuing waues did rore,
Through which we kept our courſe without miſchance,
And did at Harflew ſafe arriue in France.

Where thouſands troop't in armes the ſhoares did ſhow,
Sent from thoſe Princes by alleageance bound,
T'aſſiſt vs in our warres againſt the foe,
Who when our feet did preſſe the ſandie ground,
Did welcome our approch with ſhouts loud ſound;
In euery place *Bellona* loud did ſing,
Of horſe and foot the countrie round did ring.

Our

Our powers being ioyn'd and euerie ſeuerall band
Digeſted for the fight, without delay
We marched from the ſalt ſeas ſlimie ſtrand,
And ſent our ſcouts before vs in the way,
To know where *Lucius* hoſt encamped lay:
But hearing nought we forward did aduance,
Vntill we came to *Auguſtence* in France.

And there vpon a choſen plot of ground
The Roman hoſt with their eſpeciall aides
Arm'd in ſtrong ſteele for fight prepar'd we found,
The blaze of whoſe bright ſhields and glittering blades,
Did caſt a ſunſhine in the darkeſt ſhades:
With whom we thought t'haue then begun the fight,
Had ſetting ſun not ſhew'd approching night.

But when from vnderneath the ſiluer vaile
Of *Thetis* lap *Apollo* did ariſe,
And to the batlements of heau'n exhale
Nights dewie drops, which fell before from skies,
Our bands t'applie for fight we did deuiſe,
And euerie one did buckle to the field,
Thirſting to bloodie fight their ſtrength to yeild.

Then did the trumpet ſhrill ſound out alowd
To bring them bold to the inſatiate field,
And on the plaine both parts in thickeſt crowd
Oppoſing ſword to ſword and ſhield to ſhield,
Not fear'd with death, but with ſtout courage fild,
Began the fight, and none their backs did turne,
In euerie place the skirmiſh hot did burne.

But where the Kinglie Eagle *Ioues* faire bird
Great *Cæſars* ſtandard did maintaine the fight,
There both on horſe and foote the ſlaughtering ſword
Made greateſt hauock, where with moſt affright
To my bold Britons, *Lucius*, that ſtout knight,
Did beate the field or'turning troops of men,
As if the battaile onlie there had ben.

Which when I heard, with my victorious lance
Thirſting to do where deeds of worth were done,
I towards that part my ſtandard did aduance,
The virgin mother of great *Iones* owne ſonne,
Vnder whoſe badge I many a field had wonne,
Where 'mongſt the foes I ruſht with my bold bands,
T'auenge my ſlaughtered friends at *Lucius* hands.

Then prudent *Ione* vpon the foes did frowne,
And in his ballance holding either fate
Of both our fortunes made their lot ſinke downe,
Vpon our ſteps in fight did conqueſt wait,
Deaths terror did the foe-mens ſtrength abate,
Whoſe hands fell ſtrengthleſſe downe, being all inclin'd
To flie with ſhame, and leaue vs fame behind.

They fled, and we did eager purſuit make;
But ſad report on fames vnluckie wing,
With fatall tidings did vs ouertake,
How all our Britaine Ocean round did ring
With *Mordreds* deeds aſpiring to be King,
Which ſtrooke more terror to my grieued mind,
Then if the world 'gainſt me in armes had ſhin'd.

Yet with late conqueſt won in mind made bold,
Returning to our fleet we launcht from land;
And being out at ſea we might behold
Our owne rebellious kingdomes rockie Strand,
Strengthen'd about the coaſt with many a band;
Which did my vexed ſoule with ſorrow ſting,
To ſee falſe ſubiects bent to braue their King.

As Lions rob'd of yong with hideous rore
All raging wood, makes th'echoing forreſt ſhake
And beaſts to dread; ſo ſailing towards the ſhore,
My ſouldiers charging, with loud ſhouts did make
The ſtouteſt hearts on th'aduerſe part to quake:
A wrongfull cauſe makes fortitude giue backe,
And guilt of treaſon courage doth aſlacke.

Yet

Yet on the land at Sandwich port, before
We could set foot, we lost much life and blood;
For with stones, darts, and shafts thicke sent from shore,
Our men as on the deckes they stoutly stood
Were ouerturn'd into the wauie flood,
'Mongst whom without all helpe before our eies,
Did many sinke, and neuer more did rise.

For many 'mongst the rest being wounded sore,
Rising againe, to shun their timelesse graue,
Their fainting browes aboue the billowes bore,
And when their lips did ouerlooke the waue,
For helpe cri'd out their loued liues to saue.
But they, alas, made weake, with losse of blood,
Sinking, poore soules, were strangled in the flood.

To wreake such harmes with sharpned arrowes store,
Steele-headed iauelins, stones and singing darts
We charg'd the bold defendants on the shore,
Which did impresse deepe wounds in their best harts,
And made the rest retire t'escape such smarts,
From whom our men the firme land hauing won,
Twixt them and vs a dreadfull fight begun:

Where noble *Anguisell* the Scotish King,
Amidd'st the foes in fight incircled round,
Did in our cause endure deaths fatall sting;
And valiant *Cador* after many a wound,
Did sinke downe dead vpon the flowrie ground;
Whom my deare *Gawin* did consort in death,
And in our right, with them expir'd his breath.

For making slaughter with his mightie lance
Vpon the aduerse troopes, though many a band
Inclos'd him from all helpe, where he by chance
Was wounded by a fatall souldiers hand,
Yet 'gainst them all alone he made his stand,
And with his life halfe spent in their despight,
Did make retreate vnto his tent from fight.

Where through his wound, before his life did fleet,
These words hee spake vnto the standers by,
With sad farewell my soueraigne I doe greet,
In whose defence against his foes, though I
In death triumphant ouer death do die,
Yet brothers treason wounds my heart with woe,
For which with griefe vnto my graue I goe.

(Yee powers of heauen) on whose dispose diuine
The gift of conquest doth depend alone,
Let our dread King in battaile victor shine
Against his foes, let traytors falling grone
Beneath his sword, that do aspire his throne:
But cease my words, death doth my breath exhale,
Adue my Liege, I die, my life doth faile.

This said, he slept in death, yet neuer sleepes
The fame of his admired loyaltie,
Seald with his blood, record for euer keepes,
His name a mirror of true constancie
To his liege Lord for all posteritie:
For vnto vs he in true loyall loue
Gainst natures selfe to death did constant proue.

Natures affect leueld by rule of reason,
The due respect of common good doth binde
Gainst natures selfe, and when the hand of treason
Inuades the state of Kings, the noble minde
To shun the taint of blood gainst their owne kinde,
Aduerse in nature seeme, that loue to showe,
Which first to care of common good they owe.

Which this illustrate Knight in hart did keepe,
And with his blood in death did seale the same:
Which when I heard sad sorrowe seated deepe
In my grieu'd hart my thoughts did so inflame,
That on the foes I rusht with loud exclame,
And with heroicke wreake my hartes true loue
To my deare *Gawin* dead, I did approue.

In

In our reuenge ſuch ſlaughter we did make
With furious onſet on the aduerſe part,
That vnto flight themſelues they did betake,
Nor durſt the breſt that bore the boldeſt hart
Stand forth 'gainſt vs to ſhake his threatning dart;
  Falſe traytors hearts the cowards feare doth feele,
  Nor can an edge be ſet vpon their ſteele.

The Saxon *Cerdicus* and *Mordred* both
Confederates in this treaſon 'gainſt our State,
Did flie t'eſcape the meed of their vntroth,
Whom we did faſt purſue with deadly hate
From place to place, vntill vntimely fate
  Did by one battell ſhut vp all our ſtrife
  In *Mordreds* death, and loſſe of my deare life.

A ſecond field at Wincheſter we won,
Where many foes in fight were ſtricken dead,
'Mongſt whom falſe *Mordred* his blacke death did ſhun,
Who with his friends although from field he fled;
Yet t'hazard fortune once more he made hed,
  And on a plaine by Glaſtenburie towne,
  Fatall to all this land his tents pight downe.

Whom I as one, that of his owne accord
Had ſought to haſten death in armes bedight,
In perſon follow'd with reuengefull ſword,
To ſhew my ſelfe as well the firſt in fight,
As firſt in name, though with reſpectiue right
  To common good, whoſe ſtate depended then
  Vpon my life: I might haue abſent ben;

Yet could not this diſſwade me from the field,
But in the morne when as the daies bright king
The mountaine tops with golden ſhine did gild,
No ſooner did the warlike trumpet ſing
Warres fearfull ſong, the ſound of which did ring
  About my eares, but rous'd from reſt I roſe,
  And arm'd me for the field to meet my foes.

With trumpets blaſt *Bellona* ſummon'd out
My Britons to the field, and then began
Each ſeuerall band t'enranke themſelues about
My royall ſtandard, while each captaine ran
From troope to troope enabling euerie man
To charge the rebels with their vtmoſt might,
Who in the field ſtood brauing vs for fight.

With trumpets, drums and dreadfull ſhouts of men
The battailes ioynd, earths batterd pauements vnder
Did ſeeme to ſhake, heauen ſounded lowd, as when
Bold *Boreas* clad in darkneſſe, ſtormes and thunder,
Doth cuffe the cloudes and rends their ribs in ſunder,
Both parts being eager bent the day to winne,
The fight at firſt with furie did begin.

And as the hunter his ſhrill horne doth winde,
Breaths forth lowd ſhoutes and vſeth all his art
To make his dogs to pinch the game behinde;
So euerie where I chear'd vp euerie hart,
And vrg'd my men againſt the aduerſe part,
Exciting them by mine owne valiancie
To charge through death for fame and victorie.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did ſhine,
All valiantlie themſelues in fight did beare:
But when the King of flames began decline
From ſteepe *Olympus* top, th'whole hoſt with feare
Affrighted was, all troopes diſordered were,
Who giuing back from field had fled awaie,
If I through death, had not regain'd the day.

For loe a Pictiſh ſouldier 'mongſt the foes
Spake in the Britiſh tongue, yeeld (ô friends) yield,
No more your ſelues to death in vaine oppoſe,
Arthur is dead, and with him dead in field
His Knights are laid, on whom our hopes did build:
This ſpake he with lowd voice in th'heate of fight,
Thereby to turne our battaile into flight:

But I that heard and knew his close intent,
In front of all the field my selfe did show
Whereby my Britons that before were bent
To turne their backes, turn'd head vpon the foe,
Twixt whom the fight againe did feruent grow,
With whom I brake into the dangerous fight
In hope to meet with *Mordred* that false Knight:

My launce and sword did many a bosome sacke
Of lifes rich spoiles, which were all men of name,
The common sort my hand in troopes did wrack,
For through deepe wounds and death in martiall game
I did enforce my way to win me fame,
Till wounded in the head with fatall speele
My deaths approch in fight I gan to feele.

Yet when warme blood through my crackt veines flow,
And subtile aire gan pierce the liuely braine,
The eager anguish did my valor show:
For manie foemen in my furie slaine
Did pay my wreake with death and deadlie baine;
Still did I fight, although with fainting breath,
Vntill in fight I heard of *Mordreds* death:

Whose tragick fall, when true report did tell,
His souldiers fled away, and in their flight
Vp flew their heeles, in slaughter fast they fell,
Darts thick as haile their backs behinde did smite,
Farre more in chase did fall, then in the fight;
Yea none had scap't the furie of that day
Had not my bleeding wounds stood in my way.

In manie a fight before in deaths despight
Vpon my head ten wounds I did sustaine,
With life vntoucht: but in this fatall fight
Remorselesse fate to end my life and reigne
With one deepe wound did wound my vitall braine:
For in the chace with torment of that wound
Deathes touch I felt and fell vpon the ground.

From whence conuei'd to Glaſtenburie by
By my deare friends, who did in vaine pretend
To ſaue my life, loe as I there did lie
In th'armes of death, perceiuing how each friend
Did ſhew his ruth in teares for my ſad end,
These words I ſpake, before my vading breath
Did flie away vpon the wings of death.

Grieue not, ſaid I, to ſee your wounded King
Wrapt in the ruine of his life now done;
For Phœnix-like from death new life ſhall ſpring,
Which in this life I by my death haue wonne,
I dead, that left to liue, when I am gone,
Yea this in death ſhall liue my future grace,
I di'd a conquerour in cold deaths embrace.

The kingly ruth which our ſad ſoule attends
Is our deare countries ſight, which ſetled deepe
In depth of my deare loue (ô noble friends)
To you I tender 'gainſt all ſpoile to keepe,
When I in peace haue laid me downe to ſleepe,
Death now triumphs, my mortall daies are done,
My houre is ſpent, my glaſſe is quite outrun.

This ſaid, when I twice thirteene yeares had been
The ſtout defendant of my countries right,
My ſoule did leaue th'abodes of mortall men,
My liueleſſe limbes in ſecret hid from ſight,
Interred were at Glaſtenburie hight.
Thus haſt thou heard the truth of all my ſtorie,
My life, my death, and my nere dying glorie.

In which, as in a glaſſe ſeeing men may ſee,
That action only dignifies the name,
That vertue betters euery bare degree,
That vading pleaſures vpſhot is but ſhame,
And ſilent ſloth the oppoſite to fame,
Commit to mind, what I commend to thee,
That vnto men a Mirrour it may bee.

THE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDMVND, SVRNAMED IRONSIDE.

The Argument.

THis was a worthie Prince, quoth Memorie,
Peereleſſe amongſt the Kings of Britanie,
After whoſe death the Britiſh rule did ceaſe,
And th' Engliſh power did more and more increaſe;
For not long after on the Britaine throne
The Saxon Kings did rule and raigne alone,
Who did at firſt agree in one conſent
To make ſeuen kingdomes of this regiment,
Which did in that confuſed ſort remaine
Till the beginning of King Egberts *raigne:*
About which time from Denmarke with ſtrong hand
Inguar *and* Hubba *came t'inuade this land,*
With whom the Saxons manfully did fight,
And turn'd them oftentimes to coward flight;
Yet did they heere long time beare great command,
Though many a valiant King did them withſtand,
'Mongſt whom I find this one, whoſe tragedie
Is not recited in our hiſtorie,
Which Edmund *call'd, ſurnamed* Ironſide,
A famous Prince, in battell often tride,
Whom Fortune ſtill did grace with victorie
In fight againſt Canute *his enemie;*
Yet by the cruell fates vniuſt command
He loſt his life by wicked traytors hand,
Whom vp from graue let Fame with ſummons call,
To take his turne and tell his tragicke fall.

Another

Another Argument.

Fame calles vp Edmund *from his graue below,*
His life and lamentable death to show.

WE are not borne vnto our ſelues alone,
Deeds done, though good; yet from a greedy mind
Intending priuate weale, when life is gone,
Vading away, leaue no record behind
In Fames faire booke, for future age to find;
Self-loue to priuate good, no good can craue,
When life is gone ſuch loue lies dead in graue.

The fruits of loue, which after life do liue,
To grow from loue of common good are ſeene,
To reape ſuch fruit, whoſo his life ſhall giue,
Though dead, yet liues; his fruit aye waxeth greene,
Of which my life a Mirrour might haue been;
But whoſe ſad Muſe my tragedie doth ſing,
Or who to light King *Edmunds* deeds doth bring?

Now from my graue, the bed of my long reſt
Rous'd vp by Fame, through ſhades of ſilent night,
Behold I come obeying her beheſt,
As mirrours vnto men, to bring to light
My deeds, oft done in my deare countries right:
Heare then (thou ſleeping wight) whoſe mournefull Muſe
To ſing my ſtorie Memorie doth chuſe.

I am the sonne of that vnhappie King
Hight *Egelred*, whose daies were wrapt in woe,
And on whose head false Fortune downe did fling,
Such miserable scath and ouerthrow,
That he was forc'd his kingdome to forgo;
For subiects treacherie did him constraine
To leaue his kingdome vnto bloodie *Swaine*.

To bloodie *Swaine*, who from our Albion shore
Vnto the Norman Duke to saue his life,
Forc'd him to flie, whose sister he before,
My mother dead, had made his second wife,
In hope thereby t'appease domesticke strife,
And by the aid of Norman valiancie,
To quell the force of forren enemie.

But hence did rise the ruine of the State,
And fourth decay of *Albions* Emperie,
This was the gap, which by decree of fate
Was open laid for times posteritie,
Vnto the Norman conquerers victorie;
For by these fatall nuptials in the end,
The Norman Duke his title did pretend.

My sire being thus constrain'd by forren force,
And subiects treason, in such miserie,
Amongst his Norman friends to seeke remorce
Of his mishaps, the land meane time did lie
Groaning beneath the victors tyrannie,
For nere did captiu'd men sustaine such woes,
As did the English of the conquering foes.

(O noble England, nurse of my renowne,
Queene of all Ilands canoped of heauen)
How was thy towring state then troden downe?
How were thy sonnes from their sad mother driuen?
Thy daughters beautie vnto rapine giuen?
My words, alas, will thy sad heart compell
To bleed with woe, these woes to heare me tell.

The

The ſimple hinde, who with day-labour ſtroue
In fruitleſſe field to furrow vp his bread,
Nor for himſelfe the earth with paine did proue,
But for another, whom his labour fed,
Although in heart he often wiſht him dead,
In euery houſe Lord Dane did then rule all,
Whence layſie lozels Lurdanes now we call.

The nuptiall bed, the lodge of chaſte delight,
Was common vs'd in wedlockes foule diſdaine,
Sweet virgins daily forc'd to deeds of night,
Faire Ladies beautie ſet to ſale for gaine,
Children made bondſlaues, wretched husbands ſlain,
Who to ſuch ruſull ſpoile were iuſtly giuen
For their offence againſt the King of heauen.

Let ſuch, whoſe peacefull eares from ſad affright
Of warres dread voice the hand of heauen doth cloſe,
Who lull'd in that dames lap of ſweet delight,
The Queene of Peace do ſleepe ſecure of foes,
Thinke it humane, to thinke on others woes:
And in ſuch thoughts fear ſuch like woes to come,
For their offence ordain'd by *Ioues* iuſt doome.

The life of State lay ſtifeled in the ſmoke
Of blacke deſpaire, till death tooke life from *Swaine*,
Then th'Engliſh Peeres ſhooke off the heauie yoke
Of forren pride, which they did erſt ſuſtaine,
And did recall my father home againe,
Who did enforce by power of his ſtrong hand
Canute the ſonne of *Swaine* to leaue this land.

Then did he ſeeke to reerect againe
The ruines of his Crownes collapſed ſtate;
But he, t'whom at his birth heauen did ordaine
In all his deeds ineuitable fate
Of bad euent, euen to his daies laſt date
His wiſhfull hopes in vaine did ſeeke t'aduance,
Vpon th'vnſteadie wheele of fickle chance.

For

For ere thoſe ſprightfull horſe of heauenly breed,
That draw the chariot of the golden Sunne,
Who day by day do vſe their ſwifteſt ſpeed
From Eaſt to Weſt their yeares full race had runne,
Our fatall foe *Canute* King *Swanus* ſonne,
To wretched England made returne againe
From Denmarke ſhores with many a thouſand Dane.

Who taking land at Sandwich in their ire,
Deuoid of pitie in the ſpoile of good,
Senſeleſſe of humane woes with ſpoileſull fire
All things did burne, that in their paſſage ſtood,
Nor yet ſuffic'd; but thirſting after blood,
All doom'd to death, none kept for captiue bands,
Were ſlaine in troopes by their remorceleſſe hands.

T'oppoſe their powers in field I ſoone did cite
My fathers ſubiects from all quarters by;
But when prepar'd we were in field to fight,
Th'vnhappie tidings through our hoſt did flie
Of falſe Duke *Edrick* and his treacherie,
Who with his troope in depth of darkeſt night,
Vnto *Canutus* campe did take his flight.

Whereby made weake vnable to withſtand
Th'augmented powers of our inſulting foe,
We backe return'd with our diſabled band,
And to our kingly father we did ſhow
Duke *Edricks* treaſon, which alas with woe
So wounds his heart, that he expires his breath,
Poore aged King, and ends his woes in death.

He being dead, to me his eldeſt borne
Was left the reliques of a ruin'd State,
By rage of *Mars* a kingdome rent and torne,
A Diademe by ſterne decree of fate
Ordain'd for prize of bloodie warres debate,
Which was the end, for which *Canute* and I
In martiall field did many a battell trie.

O wretched end of glorie thirſting pride!
O vaine purſuit of Empire and renowne!
What lot the land of diſcord doth betide
But waſtfull ſpoile and all turn'd topſie downe?
What doe we purchaſe but a carefull Crowne?
A Crowne of care, the cauſe of froward ſtrife,
The cauſe for which I loſt my loued life.

For after that againſt th'inuading foe
Six bloodie battailes I had fought in field,
I that in warre away did victor goe,
On whom (O England) thou thy hopes didſt build,
Vanquiſh't in peace to death was forc'd to yeeld;
The chance of warre my chance could not apall,
But truſt in traytors wrought my wretched fall.

When as the Crowne my head did firſt adorne,
Theſe thoughts vnto my ſelfe, I thus did frame:
Vnto my ſelfe I am not onlie borne,
My countrie deare the cheefeſt part doth claime,
Who to my care now kneeles and craues the ſame,
To ſaue the remnant of her ruin'd ſoile
From cruell foes that threat her vtter ſpoile.

The thought of this did ſpirit bold inſpire,
And ſmart of wounds receiu'd from foes of late
Did with ſwift furie feather my deſire,
Which of it ſelf by natures gift did hate
To linger time, deferring vtmoſt fate
In doubtfull chance of battaile to be tride,
For which I was ſurnam'd, hight *Ironſide*.

This fire of expedition in affaires
And height of reſolution t'vndergoe,
Compar'd to ſtrength of limbes and reſtleſſe cares,
Redoubled in my thoughts t'oppugne the foe,
And yeeld releeſe to England in her woe,
Did touch *Canutus* hart with feare, though bent
To trie his fortunes in the warres euent.

Diſtracted

Distracted thus with doubt, in any place
By doubtfull fight t'ingage his hopefull fate,
False *Edrick* hoping for to purchase grace,
Who for his treason to my sire of late,
Had run in danger of my deadlie hate,
Did plot the downfall of mine Emperie,
And in the end did act my tragedie.

From Prince *Canutus* campe in dead of night,
Like the Greekes subtile *Synon*, to effect
His wicked plot, to vs he tooke his flight,
And at our feet himselfe he did proiect,
And spake, as if his thoughts had no respect
To his owne life; for he with craftie wile
Of seeming sorrow thus did me beguile.

O noble Prince, quoth he, loe I am come
As guiltie to my selfe, and do require
To suffer shamefull death by righteous doome
From thine owne mouth, against whose royall sire
And gainst thy selfe I did of late conspire:
Pronounce then death, a doome more sweet to mee,
Then aged dayes in loathed life can bee.

Ay me the dayes, on you I may exclaime,
In which to foule defame my life I lent:
Alas, the nights, that testifie my shame,
Your secret treasons I too late repent:
O wrongfull world, that made my thoughts consent;
Nor dayes, nor nights, nor world in future time,
But will for aye record my graceless crime.

In vaine mine eyes, that shame yee do lament,
Wich follows me where euer I doe wone,
In vaine my sighs, in vaine yee now are sent
From wofull hart to waile my trespasse done:
For should I liue, foule shame how shall I shun?
Then welcome death, ti's death must end my woe,
Vnto my graue my greefe with me will goe.

This

This said, he wept and I began relent
And take remorse on his calamie,
His hoarie head did moue me to lament
His wretched state, whom I from miserie
Restor'd againe to former dignitie:
For I whose thoughts nere double dealing knew,
Did also thinke his thoughts vnfain'd and true.

He being restor'd againe to liue in grace,
Did cloake beneath the vaile of loyaltie,
Th'intent of treason and did maske the face
Of foule deceit with fawning flatterie,
Till time-borne truth did shew his treacherie,
For many a field and many a dreadfull fight
His treason shew'd, which time did bring to light.

The scourge of peacefull pride, the god of warre,
The prodigue spender of sweet plenties store
Did ride about our coast in iron carre,
Whose thundring wheeles like *Neptunes* dreaded rore,
Were heard to rattle on our Albion shore,
So long, vntill the pale-fac'd Queene of night
Had twelue times borrow'd of her brothers light.

In six fierce battels fought in martiall field,
Fortune my sword with conquest did renowne,
Six times *Canute* ore-match'd in fight did yeeld
And fled away, by froward fate cast downe,
Leauing to me the hope of Englands Crowne:
Whose hopes my sword had smothered in the dust,
If I to traytors words had giuen no trust.

For after that, I had with foule affright
Dispers'd the bold *Canutus* mightie host,
That had begirt my loyall London hight,
Lest any breathing space might haue been lost,
I follow'd him vnto that rockie coast,
Ouer whose mountaine tops the daies great guide,
The golden Sunne appeares each morning tide.

And

And there where *Medway* with his ſiluer ſtreames
Runs gliding downe the lowlie dales of Kent,
Vntill he meetes his elder brother *Thames*,
Vpon a hill I pight my warlike tent,
Expecting how the foes, that night ſtood bent,
If till the morne they did determine ſtay,
Or daunted with late foile would flie away.

The night we paſt in quiet ſleepes repoſe,
And when the bright-cheekt Ladie of the light
Tir'd with nights toyle from *Tythons* bed aroſe,
And in her ſaffron-coloured robe bedight
With her approch brought vſe to mortall ſight,
We troopt our men in *Mars* his beſt array,
Vpon the foes in field to giue th'aſſay.

The foes ſtood firme vpon the ſandie ground,
Shaking their deadlie darts with countnance proud:
Then did the trump the ſong of battaile ſound,
And Daniſh kettle drums did beate alowd,
While euerie one in midſt of martiall crowd
Inſatiate in reuenge vndaunted ſtood,
Imbruing their bold hands in humane blood.

While thus oppoſ'd both parts in fight did ſtand,
Hopefull of conqueſt, on the right ſide wing
Of all the hoſt, nere to the ſlimie ſtrand,
Where the ſweet herbes by *Medwaies* ſtreames do ſpring,
The cries of wounded ſo'uldiers high did ring,
For there *Canute* did charge with violent ſway
Of his horſe troopes, in hope to win the day.

But to repreſſe the fire and quench the flame
Of his hot courage, with a troope of horſe
I ruſht amongſt his men with loud exclame,
Whom with fierce furie in our winged courſe
We did ſo charge, that we did ſoone inforce
Their faint retire, which we did ſwift purſue,
Vntill with open flight from field they flew.

Then were the Kentiſh vales imbru'd in blood,
Then death was ſet on foote and thouſands fell,
The brackiſh waues of *Medganaras* flood
With ſlaughtered bodies 'boue the bankes did ſwell,
Whoſe bluſhing ſtreames the fight far of did tell
Painting the bankes with crimſon in the way,
As they did glide into the Orean ſea.

Here heauen did ſmile on me with gracious looke,
And Fortune put faire conqueſt in my hand,
On bald occaſion hold I might haue tooke
And thence-forth freed the ſubiects of my land
From ſeruile yoke of forraine Kings command;
But what we purpoſe heauen doth ſtill decree,
In vaine we wiſh what heauen wils not to bee.

The treacherous Duke, the faithleſſe man at armes,
Ignoble *Edrick* thus did counſell mee;
(My Liege) quoth he, we hazard now more harmes
In purſuit of the flying enemie,
Then earſt we did before the victorie,
Tis beſt we ſound retreate and fall to ſpoile,
Of theſe dead foes vpon the ſandie ſoile.

Your men, though bold, yet wearied with the fight,
Be faint, and fortune may the foes ſo grace,
That they conſtrain'd with deſperate feare from flight
To backward death againe to turne their face,
May charge our troopes diſordered in the chace;
Diſtraction heartens feare in deſperate deeds,
Conſtraint in coward thoughts raſh valor breeds.

This did he ſpeake deſparing hope to come
For Prince *Canute*, if we purſu'd the chace:
Some did approue his counſell ſound, and ſome
Did vrge againſt the ſame, yet found it grace
With thoſe both rightlie wiſe and beſt in place;
By whoſe aduice retreate I did command,
Loſing the chance, then put into my hand.

Thus

Thus did Troyes helme-deckt *Hector*, when in chace
He had the Greeks vpon Scamanders plaine,
And made them houſe their heads with deep diſgrace
In their owne fleet; whom then hee could haue ſlaine
And burnt their ſhips, which did their hopes containe:
But then being croſt by luckleſſe deſtinie
He did omit the profferd victorie.

Thus did Romes ſcourge, the famous *Hanniball*,
For when he might with his victorious powers
Haue made that towne beneath his ſword to fall,
And leueld with the ground her high topt towers,
Then did he let paſſe thoſe auſpicious howers,
In which with eaſe he might haue queld the foe,
Who after wrought his and his countries woe.

Securefull thoughts do foſter fond delay,
Bewitching hopes breed careleſneſſe of minde,
Occaſion ſet on wing flies faſt away,
Whoſe backe once turn'd no hold faſt can we finde,
Her feet are ſwift, bald is her head behinde,
Who ſo hath hold and after lets her goe,
Doth loſe the lot, which Fortune did beſtowe.

Euen as a fire ſuppreſt, if yet remaine
A ſparke not quite extinct, whence growes a flame,
Wil ſoone reſume his former ſtrength againe;
Euen ſo *Canutus* power, which I did tame,
And with one blow might then haue queld the ſame,
Reſum'd proud ſtrength, which little time did yeeld,
And oft times after brau'd me in the field.

The bainfull'ſt battaile we did euer fight,
At Scorſtan was, in fruitfull Worſterſhire,
Where vnto both the hoſts in open ſight
Duke *Edricks* treaſon plainly did appeare,
Which in his hart gainſt me he ſtill did beare:
The heart once tainted with foule treaſons ſtaine,
Poſſeſt with guile, ſeldome proues true againe.

Two dayes in field we ſtood in doubtfull fight,
And after mutuall wounds with equall fate,
Both parts were parted by approching night:
But in the next dayes fight this traytors hate
Did ſhew it ſelfe, for ſeeing the foes in ſtate
Of ſtrength declin'd, he ſought by treacherie
To giue the day vnto the enemie.

In midſt of martiall throng my folk t'excite,
As I did ſtand in skirmiſh gainſt the foe,
A man of armes there was, which *Oſmeare* hight,
So like to mee, that ſcarſe you could him know,
By whom this traytor ſought to worke vs woe.
For as in fight he ſtood without all dread,
Falſe *Edrick* vndiſcernd did ſtrike him dead.

Whoſe liueleſſe lims in endleſſe ſleepe faſt bound,
After he had deſpoil'd and headleſſe made,
He tooke himſelfe vnto an higher ground,
And piching *Oſmears* head vpon his blade,
He held the ſame on high and thus he ſaid;
Flie (wretched countrimen) your King is dead,
The day is loſt, ſee here King *Edmunds* head.

The ſuddaine horror of this vncouth ſight
With ſuddaine fright my folke did ſo diſmay,
That they which were not in that part of fight
Where with my launce and ſword I did diſplay
Th'extreameſt of my ſtrength to win the day,
Away had fled and loſt the victorie,
Had I not heard of *Edricks* treacherie.

With ſpeed on top of an adioyning hill,
My ſelfe I did conuey, where I in ſight
Of all my hoſt thus ſpake with voice moſt ſhrill:
Fellowes in armes, quoth I, let not this ſlight
Of traytors practiſe your bold thoughts affright;
Behold yet free from deaths captiuitie,
I liue to be reueng'd on th'enimie.

This

This said, each one which had begun to flie
Turn'd head againe, and stoutly kept his place,
Then rushing with exclaimes on th'enemie,
Eager with furie of their late disgrace,
They gaue the charge so fiercely on the face
Of th'aduerse force, that by their violent might,
They brake the rankes and turn'd their foes to flight.

With whom the Mercian Duke fled fast away,
The traytor *Edrick* hopelesse now of grace,
Who wing'd with feare of his decreed decay,
Outstript our pursuit, yet with greedie chace
We did pursue, vntill the day gaue place
T'approching night, whose wished presence gaue
Time to the foes themselues from death to saue.

Canute being fled, did slacke no breathing space,
Once more to trie the chance of doubtfull fight;
But gathered his dispersed powers apace,
With whom I by a place, which Dearehurst hight,
In sea-side bordering Glostershire should fight,
Where I with resolution did intend
In single fight this spoilefull warre to end.

When on the fishie Seuernes bordering costs
Oppos'd for fight, the battels ranged were,
A noble Knight confronting both the hosts,
Did boldly in the midst aduance his speare,
At which both armies did from fight forbeare,
For straight my men I staid, because I knew
His purpose then, which thus he did pursue.

(Yee glory-thirsting sonnes of *Mars*) said he,
To what I speake, with good aduice giue eare,
Let not my words by you contemned be,
If any loue to humane good ye beare,
Yee will esteeme my exhortations deare,
If either part my counsell shall refuse,
No good can happen in these warres we vse.

Not th'hapleſſe fate, which followes hoſtile warre;
Nor terrible euents of bloodie fight,
Nor ſpoiles, that ſpring from contumelious iarre,
Nor woes produc'd from ſtrife for Lordly right,
To you (my countrimen) need I recite,
For woe alas, this land can teſtifie
The rauenous rage of *Mars* his tyrannie.

Pitie the teares of this our mother Ile,
Whoſe fame which 'bout the world once ſhone as bright
As *Phœbus* ſhine, now dim'd, alas the while,
With clouds of carefull ſtrife, hath loſt her light,
That to behold her in this wretched plight,
Like ſorowes image drown'd in waues of woe,
Would make the hardeſt flint with teares to flow.

Her fertile wombe, which goodly fruit did beare,
Now barren made, wars ſtormie breath hath blaſted,
Her buds of gayſome youth, which whilome were
the flowers of Chiualrie, haue headlong haſted
Their timeleſſe end, while ſhe in woe hath waſted,
And we the cauſe, we wretches, that delight
By wicked warre to worke her more deſpight.

O noble Princes, let not warres blacke hand
Put out for aye the ſhine of Englands light,
About whoſe right, both in contention ſtand,
But combate for it in a ſingle fight,
And he that conquers, his be it by right;
Faire conqueſts gift is in the hand of heau'n,
Which vnto truth, for truths owne ſake is giuen.

He hauing ſaid, forthwith I forth did ſtep,
And caſt my brazen gauntlet on the plaine,
To which *Canute* with courage bold did lep
And tooke it vp, caſting in deepe diſdaine
His rich grau'd-gauntlet on the ground againe,
Which I accepted and propos'd the day,
When we in fight each other ſhould aſſay.

For

For battell was deſign'd a plot of ground
Within a little Ile, which Olney hight,
Whom Seuerne with his armes incircleth round,
Where we as combatants in ſingle fight
Should d'araine battell in both armies ſight,
While they aſſigned were by our command,
On th'other ſide of Seuerns ſtreame to ſtand.

The day of fight being come and order giuen,
Through either hoſt to euery ſeuerall band
To keepe their ſtand, my ſouldiers vp to heau'n
Did caſt their eyes, beſeeching *Ioue* to ſtand
By me in fight, and grace my powerfull hand
With conqueſt 'gainſt *Canute*, by whom caſt downe,
They did expect the riſe of my renowne.

As they thus prai'd, I arm'd me for the fight,
And being mounted on a ſprightfull ſteed,
When twixt both armies I appear'd in ſight,
My terrible aſpect did terror breed
Vnto the aduerſe part, but hope did feed
My ſouldiers ſight to ſee my goodly grace,
My ſtout demeanor, and my ſtately pace.

As *Priams Hector* on the barren plaine,
Manag'd his horſe before the walles of Troy,
When he in ſingle battell did maintaine
Troyes right 'gainſt *Telamon*, who did imploy
All his beſt ſtrength bold *Hector* to deſtroy,
So on my ſteed I trotted to and fro,
Waiting th'approch of my expected foe:

Who came at length all arm'd in ſeemely wiſe
Into the liſts, and when the trumpe did ſound,
Our ſteeds as ſwift as birds of wings in skies,
Their courſe did run, and we with ſpeares ſharpe ground
Did fiercely meete, each other to confound,
In which ſwift courſe our ſhattered ſpeares did flie,
Like feathers borne by winde into the skie.

As two fierce buls fights twixt an heard of kine,
Whose violence doth increase, when in their sight
The crimson blood doth from their wounds decline,
So wounds giuen equally in doubtfull fight,
Our eager thoughts did to reuenge excite,
The anguish arm'd our armes with strength to strike
And made vs both incounter lion-like.

On horsback first the fight we did maintaine,
And when our horse did faile, dismounting straight
On foote the fight we did begin againe,
In which my foes haut courage gan t'abate,
I with my sword laid on such wounds of weight,
That his faint knees did stoope at euerie blow,
And in the fight did stagger to and fro.

Who tir'd with toile and fearing least my sword
Should beare away the palme of victorie,
Thus spake to me; Forbeare quoth he (braue Lord)
This doubtfull fight, and let vs both agree
To ioyne our harts and hands in amitie,
Least that our swords each other do destroy,
Leauing this land for others to inioy.

Right well thou knowst the chance of victorie
Vncertaine is, and though the Crowne thou claime
As due to thee and thy posteritie,
So (noble Prince) I in my fathers name
As my inheritance do craue the same:
In one consent then let vs both agree
That Englands bounds twixt vs may parted bee.

Let not the inward hands of dogged hate
Teare thy great minde, but supple it with grace
Of heauenlie loue, let loue end our debate,
Which if in thought thou trulie canst imbrace,
Then in my hart thou hast a brothers place,
To which all-seeing *Ioue* I witnesse call,
Who is the supreame souereigne of vs all.

To

To this I pauſde a while, but at the length
Conceauing well the combats doubtfull chance,
(Canute) ſaid I, ſince God hath giuen thee ſtrength
In fight to trie the manage of my lance
And ſlaughtering ſword without thy lifes miſchance,
I thinke right well his will likewiſe it bee,
That in my kingdome thou haue part with me.

This ſaid, our ſwords we ſheath'd in th'armies ſight,
And with kinde armes each other did embrace,
Happie it ſeem'd to thoſe, that did delight
In happie peace, to ſee ſuch loue take place
Twixt two ſuch mortall foes in ſo ſhort ſpace;
But hapleſſe I that did accord thereto,
Th'euent whereof did breed my after woe.

The traytor *Edrick* preordainde by fate
To act my fall, whom for his treacherie
I daylie did purſue with deadlie hate,
Did inſtigate his ſonne by villanie
With impious hands to act my tragedie,
Who to impietie by nature free,
After this tragick ſort did murther mee.

Vpon a time, when in the Muſes bower,
Englands Parnaſſus, famous Oxford hight
Was my abode, there in that fatall houre,
When as expedient vſe did me excite
To do the deed of nature requiſite,
Vnto the draught as was my wont I went
Vnto my natures vſe to yeeld content.

Where loe, the ſonne of this falſe Duke did lie
Hid in the vault to further his intent
With weapon arm'd; for on the draught while I
Secure did ſit, with fatall inſtrument
This villane gor'd my bodies fundament,
And there to death his due I timeleſſe gaue,
At Glaſtenburie I was laid in graue.

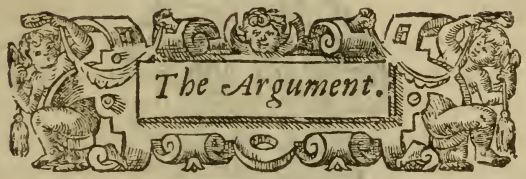
Thus

Thus after twice ſixe months, and as much ſpace,
As from the time the ſwallow leaues her neſt,
Till *Phœbus* haue the Lion in full chace,
With th'angrie dog, that from his burning breſt
Breaths mortall plagues, hot feuers and vnreſt:
When I had raign'd I loſt my life and crowne,
With which our Engliſh name loſt her renowne.

Thus haſt thou heard the ſad Cataſtrophe,
And fatall period of my life and raigne,
In which thou ſeeſt, that where falſe treacherie
Hath toucht the heart with her foule fingers ſtaine,
There ſeldome conſtant truth returnes againe,
Which that it may to future times be knowne,
Forget not what was ſaid, when I am gone.

THE

THE LAMENTABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF PRINCE ALFRED, BROther to King *Edmund Ironside.*



BY death of this braue Prince, quoth Memorie,
The Englisſh loſt both fame and libertie,
Too cruell were inexorable fates,
On him ſo ſwiftly t'execute their hates;
Yet with his brother Alfreds *wofull end*
For tragicke act, his death may not contend,
Who liues an exile all his infancie
With his deare vncle, Duke of Normandie,
Whence he in riper yeares recall'd againe,
Returning is betray'd, and on the plaine
By Guilford towne his friends betray'd by night,
Are tith'd to death by Godwin, *that falſe Knight,*
The Prince is ſent to Elie, where his eyne
Being both put out, with hunger he doth pine,
Till th'inſtruments of Harrolds *tyrannie*
Do butcher him with barbarous crueltie,
Who is the next in courſe, that muſt commend
To thee, the maner of his wofull end;
Let Fame then call his mourneſull ghoſt to tell
The woes and vncouth death, which him befell.

Another

Another Argument.

Prince Alfred *ſummon'd, telles to Memorie*
His life, his death, and Godwins *treacherie.*

OF all the ſonnes of men, vnhappie fate
With ſpight purſues the borne of high degree,
Where tyrant wrong vſurpes the chaire of State
The baſer ſubiect ſits from danger free,
Wofull it is of royall birth to bee,
Of which my woes a witneſſe may remaine,
Such tragicke woes no Prince did ere ſuſtaine.

Vp then (thou ſaddeſt of the ſacred nine)
Cauſe of ſad ſorow, neuer hadſt thou more,
Vp (ruſull ghoſts and ſhew ſome dolefull ſigne
Of heauie griefe) powre out your teares in ſtore,
Cauſe of ſad ſorow neuer had yee more:
And (thou) the pen-man of my hiſtorie
Prepare ſad verſe for my ſad tragedie.

I am that *Alfred*, famous *Edmunds* brother,
Who in the time of my minoritie
Was by Queene *Emma* our beloued mother,
Sent to mine vncle Duke of Normandie,
There to remaine ſafe from the enemie,
While heere at home againſt the ſonne of *Swaine*,
My brother *Edmund* battell did maintaine.

Who being ſlaine, as thou before did'ſt heare,
By treacherous *Edricke* and his bloodie ſonne,
They for their fact a guerdon due did beare;
For whereas praiſe by it they thought t'haue wonne
Of King *Canute*, they both to death were done,
Whoſe hands with blood, whoſe hearts with treaſon floe,
Seldome in peace vnto the graue do goe.

Canute being ſeated on the Engliſh throne
By ioynt conſent of the nobilitie,
To ſit ſole Monarch in the ſame alone,
Did daily ſeeke by wiſdomes policie,
T'eſtabliſh it to his poſteritie,
While I, and *Edward* hight my elder brother,
Did liue in exile with our wofull mother.

Meane time *Canute*, th'vſurper of our right,
Hug'd in the armes of peace and finding none,
That could oppoſe themſelues againſt his might,
After all ſtormes of warre were ouerblowne,
By blood gan tyrant-like t'vſurpe the throne;
For without cauſe the royall blood he ſpilt
Of *Edmunds* brother *Edwin*, void of guilt.

King *Edmunds* ſonnes, thoſe faultleſſe infants twaine,
Edmund and *Edward* by his ſterne decree,
Were ſent vnto the Norway King hight *Swaine*,
He being deſign'd to act their death; but hee
Lamenting their miſhaps, did ſet them free,
And ſent them both vnto th'Hungarian King,
Who kept them ſafe beneath his ſoueraigne wing.

Canute being freed from doubtfull feare of thoſe,
That to the Diademe might make iuſt claime,
To peacefull pleaſure did his thoughts diſpoſe,
And gan to thinke, how with ſome royall dame,
He in chaſt bed might amplifie his name,
No ſonne he had t'enioy this wretched ſoile,
But *Harrold* baſely borne of beauties ſpoile.

Vpon

Vpon our Mother he did caſt his loue,
On whoſe diſlike of loue we both did build
Our future hopes, but ſhe, alas, to proue
The weakeneſſe of her ſexe, as prompt to yeeld,
Leauing vs both, whom ſhe from harme ſhould ſheeld,
Did caſt her wauering thoughts vpon *Canute*,
And in the end did grant his vniuſt ſuit.

(O) who doth know the wandring eye, that feeds
Th'vnſtedfaſt fancie of weake womens heart,
Conſtant in nought, but in inconſtant deeds,
In weakneſſe ſtrong, as if the ſoules beſt part
Compoſed were by fond loues artleſſe art:
Alas, that faithleſſe faults ſhould ſo excell,
Where faultleſſe faith with reaſon ought to dwell.

She bath'd in bliſſe, while we lay drown'd in woe,
She grew in pride, while we did pine away,
She ſoft embrac'd in th'armes of our falſe foe,
Did ſmile at our miſhaps, while day by day
We did expect our loued liues decay;
For fatall ti's to Princes royall borne,
Where tyrants browes the garland doth adorne.

So long with her *Canute* ſhe liu'd in loue,
Till with loues fruit her wombe to wex begun,
Which being brought to light, a ſonne did proue:
But when that twice nine times the golden ſun
In heauens bright Zodiack through the ſignes had run,
The clouds of care began the dolefull night,
Which did eclipſe the ſhine of her delight.

Then the deare daies of her dread Lord were done,
The ſtroke of death no mortall may withſtand,
The kingdome *Harrold* his ignoble ſonne,
The baſtard did aſpire, by whoſe command
Our wretched mother was exil'd the land,
And in deſpight deſpoil'd of all that ſtore,
Which her *Canute* had giuen to her before.

But

But deaths cold touch ſo ſoone did cloſe mine eies,
That I beheld not my ſad mothers woes,
The baſe vſurper did my death deuiſe
Before her fall, in Court ſoone finding thoſe,
Whom he to act my tragicke murther choſe:
The Courts of Kings with Sycophants do ſwarme,
Tyrants do want no inſtruments of harme.

An Engliſh Earle there was, which *Godwin* hight,
Whoſe name about the world report did blaze,
A man of wicked wit, in Fortunes ſight
So highly grac'd, that he himſelfe did raiſe
To be the greateſt Peere in thoſe our daies,
The King was only then a King by name,
While he perform'd the office of the ſame.

And in the ruffe of his felicitie
Prickt with ambition, he began diſdaine
His baſtard Lords vſurp'd authoritie,
Plotting by priuate counſels, how to gaine
Th'emperiall garland after him to raigne,
Greatneſſe in ſway of State giues wings t'aſpire,
Aduancement feeds ambition with deſire.

In broken ſleepes he did conſume the night,
While his liege Lord lay lull'd in th'armes of ſhame,
Hope of a kingdome was his ſole delight,
While *Harrold* ſenſeleſſe of all Kingly fame,
To idle eaſe himſelfe did only frame,
Which ſet th'inſulting *Godwins* hopes on wing,
Whence woe is me, my woes did after ſpring.

My brother and my ſelfe, alas, the while,
Vnto his hopes to make the paſſage free,
Were markt for death, nor could our ſad exile
Suffice hard fate, my wofull tragedie
Muſt be the ſubiect of his treacherie,
We were the obiects of proud *Godwins* frowne,
We only ſtood betwixt him and the crowne.

T'effect

T'effect his purpoſe, he did ſoone excite
The tyrant King, whoſe actions he did ſway,
To thinke, that while mine eyes beheld heau'ns light,
He liu'd in reach of danger day by day,
His ſafetie liu'd vpon my liues decay;
For I, he ſaid, being of an haughtie ſpirit,
Would ſeeke by might my fathers right t'inherit.

The baſtard King to bloodie deeds inclin'd,
To rob me of my life ſtood fully bent:
Letters forthwith by meſſengers deſign'd,
Forged by wicked wits for their intent,
In our Queene mothers name to me were ſent,
Which I accepted as vnfain'd and true,
The tenor of the which doth heere enſue.

Emma, but only Englands Queene in name,
Edward and *Alfred*, her two ſonnes doth greet
From Englands chiefeſt Peeres, who do reclaime
You both from exile, and do thinke it meet,
That you in Normandie ſhould rigge ſome fleet,
And croſſe the ſeas your fathers right to claime,
They all will be aſſiſtant in the ſame.

Strike the hard ſteele, while yet the fire is in,
ſlip not occaſion put into your hand,
The tyrant *Harrold* daily ſeekes to win
The Peeres vnto his aid, who yet will ſtand
In your defence, and hazard life and land:
Then come with ſpeed, for warre we will prepare,
The way is plaine, the time doth proffer faire.

This in effect their letters teſtifie,
Which did my forward thoughts ſo much excite,
That though my brother then in Hungarie
Were abſent farre, yet to obtaine our right,
I tooke the ſeas with many a Norman Knight;
But curſed be that voyage euermoe
Whoſe end did end my life with bitter woe.

Woe worth the ground, where grew the towring maſt,
Whoſe ſailes did beare vs through the waters rore,
Woe worth the winde, that blew the banefull blaſt,
Woe worth the waue, whoſe ſurge ſo ſwiftlie bore
My tragick barke to Englands fatall ſhore,
Woe worth the maſt, the ſailes, winde, waues and all,
That cauſeleſſe did conſpire poore *Alfredes* fall.

Why were not they by cruell fates aſſign'd
To giue that due to death? which death did craue,
On ragged rockes O why did I not finde
A milder death? why was the darkſome waue
Vpon my way not made my bodies graue?
Ah why? why did they let my forward feete
Once touch the ſhore ſuch cruell death to meete?

After our ſhips had brought vs to the ſhore
And giuen vs vp as captiues to the land,
At Guilford downe, a place ſo call'd of yore,
A fatall place to me, did *Godwin* ſtand
To entertaine me and my Norman band,
Who with the ſhew of true fidelitie
Did maske the face of his falſe treacherie.

He did imbrace me round with treaſons armes,
And fawnd vpon me with a villaines ſmile,
His lookes were blith to hide his purpoſde harmes,
His words, which graced were with ſugred ſtile,
Made muſike in mine eares, and to beguile
Suſpitions ſelf a ſolemne vow he made
Againſt all aduerſe power my part to aide.

At Guilford he gaue counſell as a friend
To make abode with all my companie,
For there hee ſaid my fauorites did intend
To meete me with their powers, who would applie
Their beſt indeuours 'gainſt mine enemie:
In which being confident, with ioynt conſent
Of all my friends, I vnto Guilford went.

There did the chorus to proud *Godwins* play
Firſt tell the ſequele of my miſerie,
There firſt appear'd the plot of my decay,
There the ſad ſcene of my black tragedie
Was firſt begun by *Godwins* treacherie,
And there my friends took hands in death and led
The tragick daunce, which I did after tred.

When vnto Guilford with my troope I came,
Godwin of purpoſe did augment our traine,
And for one place could not containe the ſame,
Lodging in diuers Ins he did ordaine,
Which might twice tenne or thirtie men containe,
Which he before with *Harrold* did deuiſe,
The better to effect his enterpriſe.

Plentie, the childe of peace, in euerie houſe
Did furniſh out the tables with her ſtore,
Lyæus fruitfull cup with full carowſe
Went round about, mirth ſtood at euerie doore,
The oliue branch deceitfull treaſon bore,
Vſing the voice of peace which ſweet did ſound,
To vs at feaſt that were, in ſolace drown'd.

The greedie gorge repleat with plentious feaſt,
Beſots the ſenſe and duls the ſpritfull minde,
Th'infeebled braine with ſtrengh of wine oppreſt,
Loſing all quick conceit, ſoone waxed blinde,
The depth of *Godwins* plots we could not finde:
Deceit workes ſureſt, where the wit before
Hath weakned been by plenties feaſtfull ſtore.

This fatall banquet, that did then forerun
The day that death put many ſoules to flight,
To ſoone did end, too ſoone the golden ſunne
Fell to the Ocean, and the diſmall night
Came vp from ſeas to work my ſoule deſpight,
The woe which cheareſull day before did hide
To end our cheare, the night too ſoone deſcride.

When

When in my naked bed my limbes were laid
And I enchaind in deepeſt ſleepe did lie,
The ruſull clamors of my friends betray'd
Did ring about mine eares; with whoſe ſad crie
I roſe from ſleepe, and from my bed did flie:
But by the armed men and doores faſt made,
My weapons gone, I knew I was betraid.

Then did I looke, when death would at the doore
Come in, to ſeaſe my life with violent hand;
My chamber ſhooke, my hart gan tremble ſore,
And as in horror I did ſilent ſtand,
Vp flew the doores, in ruſht an armed band,
Who laid rude hands on me in ſpightfull hate,
Without reſpect vnto my princelie ſtate.

But when *Aurora* left her *Tythons* bed,
And through each part of heau'n diſperſt her light,
My Norman friends faſt bound in bands were led
To Guilford downe, to whom in dolefull plight
None gaue releeſe, falſe *Godwin* tooke delight
With ſight of their ſad death his eyes to feed;
Such ſight would cauſe the hardeſt hart to bleed.

By caſting lots they were ordain'd for death;
Often, ſtill nine did beare the bitter fate,
And in ſtrange torture did expire their breath;
The tenth reſeru'd did liue in wretched ſtate
Of bondage, till the day of finall date:
And thus ſix hundred vnto death being done,
All faithfull friends did my ſad fall forerun.

My friends thus ſlain, through couert ſhades of night,
That none to my abode might priuie be,
Conuey'd I was to th'Ile of Elie hight,
There to abide, till *Harrold* did decree,
What kinde of death from thrall ſhould ſet me free:
Where I with care conſum'd for death did call,
Vntill a fate farre worſe then death did fall.

Then cauſe thy Muſe with me to mourne her fill,
And all yee nightlie birds, that do appeare,
As gaſtly ſignes, ſhrieke out your deadlie ill,
Let all that woſull is and voide of cheere,
That may augment my dole, to me draw neere,
And helpe me with their vncouth companie
To tune the ſong of my ſad tragedie.

Deſpoild by foes of all my Princelie ſtate,
And lockt in dungeon deepe from ſight of heauen,
Sweete dame delight, with whom I liu'd of late,
Farre from my ſad abode away was driuen,
And carefull ſorrow for companion giuen:
The youthfull ſpring of my delight was done,
And winters ſtate now in my youth begun.

And with the winter of my woes begun
The froſtie ſeaſons winter bore apart,
Whoſe vnkinde cold did through my bodie run,
While gnawing hunger to increaſe my ſmart,
For want of foode did feed vpon my hart:
Thus I with cold and hunger long foreworne,
Did nought but mourning pine and pining mourne.

My greene of youth with griefes ſad ſighes was blaſted,
The ſap of my life blood began decay,
My fleſh through faſt and euill fare was waſted,
My hart did faint, my ſtrength did fleete awaie;
Ah God that death oft wiſh't ſo long did ſtay,
Why did not fates preuent my bloodie foes,
And with keene knife in death cut of my woes?

My woes, alas, as yet were to begin;
For though my foes were priuie to my cries,
Yet could my rufull plaints no pitie winne,
To take from me at length they did deuiſe,
The laſt of all my comforts, both mine eyes:
Ah cruell foes, too cruell were ye bent,
Why could my death to you not yeeld content?

When

When first the instruments of *Harrolds* ire
Did come prepar'd to rob me of my sight,
Hoping that death, which I did long desire,
Had then been sent to me, the last despight
That can be done to man in wretched plight;
  These words I spake to moue remorse of mind,
  While teares in plentie downe my cheeks declin'd.

Thrice happie men, if ye the tidings bring
Of happie death my dolefull daies to end,
From whose long houres my lasting death doth spring,
This last request to you I do commend,
That pitying my sad plaints, you may befriend
  My wretched soule with quicke dispatch in death,
  And not with torture, when I yeeld my breath.

Behold this bodie pin'd away with woe,
This starued carkas in such rufull plight,
That who, alas, can poore Prince *Alfred* know,
These cheekes, whilome so full of fresh delight,
Now wexed pale and wan, are dri'd vp quite
  For want of dew; yet dew'd with sad supplies
  Of mournefull teares still flowing from mine eies.

Yeeld then, ô yeeld some comfort in this case,
And do not yee augment my deadly smart,
Ile hug sweet death, and with kind armes embrace
His grizly shape, and wooe him with his dart
To end my woes, by wounding my poore hart,
  Only make ye dispatch when ye begin,
  And heau'ns impute it not to you for sin.

This did I speake, supposing they were come,
With violent hands to make my life the prize
Of wished death; but by more grieuous doome,
I first adiudged was to lose mine eies:
For while that vnto heau'n with pitious cries
  Vpon their crueltie I did complaine,
  They reft me of my sight with bitter paine.

Thenceforth, as caytife caſt in dungeon deepe,
Where with freſh griefe my hart did hourely bleed,
As *Philomel* that ſpends her time of ſleepe
In mournefull tunes recording his miſdeed,
Whoſe luſt in waſtefull woods her ſhame did breede,
Nights endleſſe houres till death did end the ſame,
Againſt my foes I waſted in exclame.

Famine, the childe of want did feaſt my ſoule,
And in my breſt her hungrie arrow ſteepe,
The black nights ſhreeking bird, the ghaſtlie oule
With balefull notes in waking woe did keepe
My greeued ſoule, when nature craued ſleepe,
With whoſe ſhrill ſhreekes my plaints did beare a part,
And kept true time with ſighes from ſorrowing hart.

Sorrow and griefe with waſte of teares drawne drie
Suppli'd the place, where eyes did once remaine,
Whoſe want of teares my hart did ſtill ſupplie
With drops of blood, freſh bleeding with the paine
Of wounding griefe which it did long ſuſtaine,
Of which impatient to deſpaire being driuen,
Curſing my birth, I thus did crie to heauen.

Woe worth the wombe, which nature did inforce
To bring me forth and leaue me in neglect:
Woe worth the ſtarre, that did direct my courſe,
If anie ſtarre the courſe of life direct:
Woe worth the houre, which did my birth detect;
Woe to you all, that did conſpire with foes
To drowne my better dayes in bitter woes.

Why do I liue? ah why liue I the ſpace
Of half a day in this my mournefull mew?
Why doth grim death ſo often ſhew his face?
The woefull waſte in me why doth he view
Of natures worke; and yet not craue his due?
Why do I liue, yet daylie die with paine?
Why do I die, yet daylie liue againe?

To you therefore ye heau'ns, whoſe cheerefull face
With mortall eyes I neuer more ſhall ſee,
To you and all your powers I crie for grace;
Let me, ah let me now no longer be,
But by ſwift death from foes do ſet me free;
My dayes be ouer long, for death I crie,
End then my dayes (O God) and let me die.

Wanting the ſalue of patience, wherewithall
To cure the ſore of ſorrow growne ſo rife
In my grieu'd hart, thus forc'd I was to call
For death to launch the wound with his ſharpe knife,
Which griefe had feſterd in my loathed life;
Who in his horrid ſhape himſelfe did ſhow
To me poore wretch with too much paine and woe.

For death at laſt with ſuch vnkinde conſtraint
Did force my ſoule from th'houſe of her vnreſt,
That neuer Prince had cauſe of more complaint;
Natures vnkindeſt children will deteſt
My deaths vnkindneſſe, and the flinteſt breſt
Will learne t'expire ſad ſighes with ſorrows breath,
To heare me tell the manner of my death.

From thence, wherein grim darkneſſe I did dwell
I forth was fetch't, and by my foes that been
Firſt ſtript I was, and then (O woe to tell)
My wombe was opened with a raſor keene,
With paine of which downe ſinking I did weene,
That then my gaſping ghoſt would haue expir'd
The breath of life, which I ſo oft deſir'd.

But after grieuous groane, when as my ſprite
With feeling ſenſe reuiued was againe,
My ſterne tormentors ſeeming to delite
In this their bloodie game, while I in vaine
Did beg diſpatch of my tormenting paine,
With vnremorſefull hands againe began
T'inflict more woes on me moſt woefull man:

At that ſmart wound, which in my wombe they made,
One of my intrailes ends they forth did take,
Which, out alas, (that ere it ſhould be ſaid
Of any Prince) they faſten to a ſtake,
And with ſharpe needles (yet my ghoſt doth quake
To thinke on it) my tender ſides they wound
About the ſtake to make me go around.

With painfull wounds they wound me in each part,
When ſtill I ſtood to eaſe me of ſuch woe,
Yet worſe then painfull wounds increaſt my ſmart
As oft as I about the ſtake did go,
Then in this pitious plight, what ſhould I do?
Deaths touch I felt; yet by my foes made blind,
The readie way to death I could not find.

At length my ſoule vnable to withſtand
Th'afflictions of my foes, in heart made ſtout
With torment of my wounds, I hand in hand
Went on with death that deadly ſtake about,
Vntill my bowels being winded out,
With death I fell, and in that fall did find
An end of woe, an end of griefe of mind.

Men light of credence warned be by me,
To deeme no profer'd friendſhip firme and ſure,
Till truth haue triall made, for flatterie
Makes fained loue the fitteſt cloake t'obſcure
Falſehood from truth, which practiſe puts in vre,
Of which, that henceforth I a Mirrour bee,
My ſtorie told, I leaue it vnto thee.

THE

THE TREACHEROVS LIFE AND INFAMOVS DEATH OF GODVVIN, Earle of Kent.

The Argument.

THe banefull plot of Godwins *treacherie,*
And Alfreds *rufull end, quoth Memorie,*
With doubt may ſhake a weake believing mind,
Which to reſolue, no better proofe I find
Then Godwins *ſelfe, who in his turne ſhall tell*
After Prince Alfreds *death, what him befell,*
How he in ſeruice of Canute *his King,*
In forren warres himſelfe in grace did bring,
How he in ſtate did riſe, with what increaſe
Of noble iſſue, heau'n his houſe did bleſſe,
His life produc'd to length of many yeares,
Foure Kings he ſerues, in Edwards *daies appeares*
His treaſon t' Alfred, *till that time conceal'd,*
Which by the hand of heau'n is then rtueal'd,
His oath, his periurie, bread ſtops his breath,
Heau'n plagues his iſſue for Prince Alfreds *death,*
The truth of which, that we at large may heare,
Let Fames trumpe cauſe his guiltie ghoſt t'appeare.

Another argument.

Godwin *as guiltie tels th'ambitious ayme*
Of his deſire, firſt cauſe of all his ſhame,

Faire

FAire fall the ſteps, that happily do end
Their courſe begun in vertues painfull race,
Many begin that ſteepie hill t'aſcend,
Where vertue dwels; but few do find ſuch grace,
As not to faint, ere they attaine that place,
To tread the path of praiſe I firſt begunne,
But loſt true praiſe, which I did weene t'haue wonne.

Ambition tooke me by the hapleſſe hand,
And with delight led me another way,
Both blood and treaſon in my way did ſtand,
Which heau'n with vengeance failes not to repay,
Although reuenge of men eſcape they may:
Of which that I a Mirrour be, giue eare,
And in thy mind my fatall ſtorie beare.

I am that *Godwin*, ſometimes Earle of Kent,
Who with King *Harrold* did conſpire to ſhed
Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I too late repent:
For whereas I vpon the glorious bed
Of ſpotleſſe honor, might haue laid my hed,
This one blacke deed of my falſe treacherie,
Doth brand my name with ſpot of infamie.

If

If from that way, my ſteps had neuer ſtrai'd,
Which in my youthfull daies I firſt did tread,
My famous acts, which now are all decai'd,
Had liu'd in lines of gold, and in the ſtead
Of foule defame, with praiſe had crown'd my head;
But partiall fame lets paſſe our deeds of praiſe,
Our worſer deeds ſhe keepes for future daies.

When bold *Canutus*, that victorious King,
Ore Danes and Engliſh did in triumph raigne,
Deſire did ſet my youthfull thoughts on wing
In purſuit of renowne, which to attaine,
From pleaſures idle bed I did refraine,
Eaſe duls the ſprite, each drop of fond delight
Allaies the thirſt, which glorie doth excite,

About this time we being ſecure of warre,
Fame by report did giue to vnderſtand,
That the bold Vandale threatned to inferre,
Such ſtrong inuaſion both by ſeas and land
Vpon the Danes, that all the force of hand,
That they for warre could make, would ſcarce ſuffice
To giue repulſe vnto their enemies.

Which when *Canute* did heare, his Daniſh force
He muſtred vp, and I inſpir'd by fame,
Troopt vp my Kentiſh friends, both foot and horſe,
With whom deckt in braue armes and skill'd in frame
Of varied fight, vnto *Canute* I came,
With whom to Denmarke I deſign'd did goe,
Conductor of the Engliſh 'gainſt the foe.

The ſeas we launcht, but long we had not wau'd
Vpon the deepe, when all our ſhips did ſcatter,
Proud *Nereus* fom'd, the ſea lookt blacke and rau'd,
The billowes rude rouz'd into hils of water,
Cuffe after cuffe the earths greene bankes did batter,
Which with their force our ſcattered nauie bore
In great diſtreſſe about the Norway ſhore,

Toſt

Toſt to and fro, the ſtorme at length ore-blowen,
We did arriue vpon the Daniſh coaſt,
VVhere, in the field the Vandale dreadleſſe growen
Their valours to auouch, did vaunt and boaſt
Of ſpoiles and captiues in their conquering hoſt,
'Twixt whom and vs the fight had then begun,
Had night, to part the fray, not twixt vs run.

The night, that giues each deathleſſe creature reſt,
In chaines of darkneſſe all the earth did bind,
And in our tents, each one as ſeem'd him beſt,
Did paſſe the time; but in my labouring mind
Nor reſt, nor ſleepe could entertainment find,
Care kept me waking, how I beſt might bring
My ſelfe in credit with *Canute* the King.

The time, I thought, did fit occaſion yeeld,
The foes with fond neglect of vs at ſhore
Did ſleepe ſecure, diſpread about the field,
Their guard ſlight kept, their men were wearied ſore
VVith hunting after ſpoile the day before,
VVhom to *Canute* vnknowne could we confound,
Our names I thought, would euer be renown'd.

Theſe thoughts, but newly borne in my great mind,
By ſecret meſſengers I did conuent,
The Engliſh Chiefetaines all, whom I did find
In heart ſo well inclin'd, that all were bent
VVith readie hands to ſtrengthen my intent,
And in each point their minds to mine did frame
For this affaire, all thirſting after fame.

Our Engliſh quarter, which did vtmoſt lie
VVe vndeſcri'd, drew forth, and on our way
VVith ſilence we did paſſe, the windes blew high,
And night her darkſome wings did wide diſplay,
Leſt th'aduerſe ſcout our purpoſe might bewray:
So forth we went, and gain'd with good euent,
The drowſie Vandales vtmoſt regiment.

The

The outward watch, and courts of guard being slaine,
Through all their rankes by slaughter making way,
We did at length their fatall tents attaine,
In which, as in neglect they sleeping lay,
Without respect all went the common way,
That leads to death, as well the noble kind
As the ignoble, were in death confin'd.

Then was th'alarum giuen, and euery where
The foes with fearefull shouts did pierce the skie,
Heere one affrighted silent stands, and there
Another dreading death doth mercie crie,
Heere one cries stand, another there bids flie,
In euery place deaths terrour did abound,
And all on heapes our foes we did confound.

At length, troopt vp in haste the foes made head,
Twixt whom and vs ensu'd a deadly fight,
Grim death in darknesse hid, did bring more dread
With his approch, the foes through sable night
Their friends from foes could not discerne aright,
In which distresse vnable long to shield
Their campe from spoile, they fled and left the field.

Darknesse suborn'd their flight, and did preuent
Our purpos'd pursuit for th'intended chase,
Their campe laid waste, we found in euery tent
Rich spoile and captiues, men of no meane place,
With more renowne our deed of worth to grace,
Of which *Canute* our King did nothing know,
Vntill the mornings light our deeds did show.

For when in East *Aurora* did appeare,
Canute intending to begin the fight,
When he of our supposed flight did heare,
In rage he vow'd reuenge for such despight,
And forth in furie marcht: but when in sight
The Vandales campe appear'd despoil'd with fire,
And all their host dispers'd, he gan admire.

The

The Danes, in troopes all gathered, ſtood amaz'd
To ſee through what great dangers we had run,
Vpon the ſlaughtered Vandales wounds they gaz'd,
Vpon the Captiues and the rich ſpoiles wonne,
Applauding all with praiſe, what we had done,
The King himſelfe in heaping praiſe on praiſe,
The worth of this our deed on high did raiſe.

The good ſucceſſe of this high conqueſt won,
My name in credit with the Dane did bring;
And to encreaſe this honor new begun
In th'horrid warre betwixt the Norway King
And Prince *Canute*, of which the world did ring,
I by my deeds vpon the Norway coaſt,
Did ſaue *Canutus* and his fainting hoſt.

When *Olauus* and *Vlfe* thoſe brothers ſtout,
With their Norwegians in a dangerous fight,
Againſt *Canute* ſucceſſefully had fought,
I with my Engliſh ſouldiers in his ſight
Regain'd againe, what he had loſt by flight,
And forc'd proud *Olauus* to flie the field,
Who to our King his Crowne did after yeeld.

Grac'd in all warre affaires without miſchance,
With King *Canute* in ſuch great grace I came,
That he, my name and fortunes to aduance,
His ſiſter gaue to me for wife, whoſe name
Hight *Thira* faire, a Ladie of great fame,
Whom I with earneſt ſuite did often proue,
And in the end obtain'd her for my loue.

Thus with auſpitious lookes the heau'ns beheld,
The new borne infant of my towring ſtate,
Which growing vp, with proud ambition ſwell'd,
Flattering it ſelfe with hope of happier fate,
Which to obtaine I long did lie in wait,
And left at length true honors path to tred,
To trace the footing which ambition led.

When

When death did end *Canutus* life and raigne,
I ſtanding in contention, t'whom the right
Of Englands vnſwai'd Empire ſhould remaine,
Canutes baſe ſonne, ambitious *Harrold* hight,
Did ſtep into the throne in my deſpight,
Being backt by diuers Peeres, that ſought to clime
By his ſupport in this new change of time.

'Gainſt whom I ſtood with fained loyaltie
To thoſe two Princes, ſonnes of *Egelred*,
The true borne heires to Englands Emperie;
In which affaire, had Fortune falſe not fled
And turn'd her backe, the Crowne had grac'd my hed:
For had I gain'd the garland in their name,
Neither of them ſhould haue enioy'd the ſame.

But al-ſeeing heau'n, that did my drift perceiue,
To take effect would not permit the ſame,
Thoſe ſtrong built holds I was conſtrain'd to leaue,
In which defiance I did firſt proclame,
Againſt the baſtard in Prince *Alfreds* name:
Wherefore my oath I vnto *Harrold* paſt,
To be true Liegeman, while my life did laſt.

Yet did not this my mounting thoughts beat downe,
Nor quell the pride of my aſpiring mind,
My heart ſtill aim'd at Englands royall Crowne,
Aſpiring hope did th'eies of reaſon blind,
To all impietie I was inclin'd,
Of which Prince *Alfred*, whom would I had neuer
Betray'd to death, a Mirrour liues for euer.

The maner of whoſe death I ſhame to tell,
Such was the cruell torment of the ſame,
And ſuch the noble vertues, that did dwell
In th'heart of that ſweet Prince, whoſe liuing name
To all poſteritie records my ſhame,
The more his vertues were, whoſe blood I ſpilt,
Remorſeleſſe wretch, the greater was my guilt.

Curſt

Curſt be the graceleſſe hearts vnſwayed pride,
Which tempted me to act ſo foule a deed,
Why as at firſt did not faire vertue guide
My ſteps in path of praiſe? why in her ſteed,
All grace aboliſht, did foule vice ſucceed?
With State and greatneſſe, vertue ſeldome dwels,
State foſters pride, pride all good grace expels.

After the murder of this guiltleſſe man,
Long time I flouriſht with proſperitie,
In ſlothfull *Harrolds* daies my houſe began
With many valiant ſonnes to multiplie,
Who after came to great authoritie,
Of whom hereafter I intend to tell,
Hearken meane while what vnto me befell.

Hearken ye glory-thirſting men, and heare
Iudgement of wreakful wrath powr'd downe by *Ioue*
On me, and on my houſe, that all may feare,
Aſpiring honors height thoſe plots to proue,
To which vaine pride the heart doth often moue,
Of which, both I, and all my progenie,
May Mirrours be to all poſteritie.

When *Harrold* had, the tearme of three yeares ſpace,
Vpon the Engliſh throne borne ſupreame ſway,
He dying left a name of foule diſgrace,
T'obtaine true fame, he neuer gaue th'aſſay,
His idle life in ſloth did fleet away:
In houres of eaſe, who euer ſpends his daies
To future time, leaues ſeldome any praiſe.

Vpon the throne, his brother did ſucceed
Prince *Hardiknute*, *Canutus* lawfull ſonne,
Whom I did feare, left for my bloodie deed
By his edict, I ſhould to death be done,
Which I in lawfull triall could not ſhun,
To murdred *Alfred* he was borne halfe brother,
Got by *Canute* on *Emma* his Queene mother.

Ye

Yet I being right expert in euery thing,
Which did pertaine to ſubtile policie,
Both tooke a ſolemne oth before the King,
That I from guilt of *Alfreds* blood was free,
With which his friends had often charged mee;
And alſo, that mine oth might fauour finde,
With golden gifts I did corrupt his minde.

If that the powre of gold doe conquer Kings,
Corrupts the noble, and deceaues the wiſe,
Subdues the valiant; yea the brother brings
To ſell his brothers blood for golden prize,
Wherewith to glut his greedie auarice:
No maruell then, if that my gold did bring
This fained oth in credit with the King.

Of *Hardiknute* this fauour I did finde,
I liu'd in grace and great felicitie,
To me the rule of all things hee reſign'd,
He onely kept his Kinglie dignitie,
All things were ſwaid by my authoritie:
But after two yeares ſpace, by ſuddaine death
In midſt of mirth, he loſt his vitall breath.

Being at a feaſt vpon a ſolemne day,
At Lambeth houſe, within the Biſhops place,
With cup in hand his life did fleet away,
To ground he fell and did cold death imbrace,
Leauing few friends to waile his woefull caſe:
In loue of drinke he liu'd, in drinke he dide;
Such drunken death oft drunkards doe betide.

Prince *Edward*, *Alfreds* brother, he being dead,
Was left the lawfull heire vnto the Crowne,
Which I did claime as due from *Edgelred*;
And on his ſeeming foes I ſeem'd to frowne,
That ſought with violent hands to pluck him downe:
For well I did perceaue, he being King,
To good effect my purpoſe I ſhould bring.

Zealous he was, and did so much delight
In sacred precepts of pure sanctitie,
That farre more fit he seem'd in all mens sight,
To liue religious in a Friarie,
Then sway the scepter of a monarchie:
Yet seing the right did vnto him pertaine,
He was permitted ouer vs to reigne.

Vpon whose minde more pliable to yeeld
To rule of others, then to rule alone,
The hope of future fortune I did build,
And after him, vnknowne to anie one,
I laid my plot to step into the throne;
For vnto him my daughter I did wed,
Twixt whom I knew would be a barren bed.

Although the choyceſt eye could not ſelect
A Virgin with more ſweets of beautie fild;
Yet for in hart he iuſtlie did ſuſpect
His brother *Alfreds* blood by me was ſpild,
Her beautie with delight he nere beheld,
My dreaded power, which might haue dangerous beene
To his eſtate, was cauſe he made her Queene.

Whereby in future time my valiant ſonne,
My *Harrold* ſtout a title did pretend
Vnto the Crowne, who by his valor wonne
High credit with the King, who in the end
So far to him his fauour did extend,
That after his deceaſe, he did ordaine
The Crowne and Kingdome ſhould to him remaine.

Thus did I ſit in top of Fortunes wheele,
Knit to the royall blood of Englands Crowne;
Till death did ſtrike, miſchance I nere did feele,
Fortune at my ſucceſſe did neuer frowne,
Who in the hight of pride pluckes manie downe:
Dreadleſſe I liu'd, being dreaded ſtill of all,
Fearing no luckleſſe chance, that might befall.

Beneath

Beneath the ſway of my ſecurefull power
I from the King my guilt did long conceale
Of *Alfreds* death, vntill that fatall houre,
When fate appointed did my ſoule appeale,
And in my death my bloodie deed reueale:
Blood for due vengeance neuer calls in vaine,
Heau'n will reuenge, when we remiſſe remaine.

Once ſitting at the table with the King,
My ſonne, whoſe office was the cup to beare,
By chance did ſtumble, as he did it bring,
And lightlie did himſelf againe vpreare,
At which by me theſe ſpeeches ſpoken were;
Ha ha my Liege, ſaid I, ſee how one brother
In time of need can well ſuſtaine the other.

To which the King return'd this ſterne replie
With browes contract, ſignes of his angrie minde,
Moſt true it is, ſaid he, and ſo ſhould I
My louing brother *Alfred* liuing finde
To helpe me now, but for thy ſelf vnkinde.
With which neere toucht; yet all diſtruſt to ſhun,
Bread ſtreight I took, and thus my oth begun.

This bread (quoth I) I neuer wiſh to take
Downe through this throat into my hollow cheſt,
But choaking me, God grant, that it may make
My death a ſcandall, to my ſoule vnbleſt,
Which heau'n henceforth for euer may deteſt,
If I your brother *Alfred* did betray,
Or gaue conſent to take his life away.

No ſooner had I ſpoke, and taken bread,
But of the heauens, my wiſh I did obtaine,
Vnto the ground I inſtantlie fell dead,
While yet the bread did in my throate remaine,
Through which to paſſe, the breath did ſtriue in vaine:
In death did heau'n detect my villanie,
In death did vengeance iuſtlie ſeiſe on mee.

Which in my ſuddaine downefall tooke not end,
This dreadfull iudgement could not ſatiſfie
The wrath of righteous *Ioue*, who did intend
The extirpation of my progenie,
In the reuenge of *Alfreds* tragedie,
With ſeu'n ſonnes done to death, all valiant men,
My name did vade, as it had neuer ben.

My eldeſt ſonne, hight *Swaine*, in his raſh moode
With rage incen'ſt, with his vnhappie hand,
Did beaſt-like ſpill his vncle *Byorns* blood,
For which a pilgrim to the holie land
He was inioynd by Churches ſtrict command;
Where rouing Saracens vpon the way,
With murther did his vncles death repay.

The next was *Harrold*, who in *Edwards* reigne,
After my death grew famous in this land,
Manie great victories he did obtaine
Againſt the Welſh, who with rebellious hand
Againſt the King themſelues did proudlie band;
For which in name and fame he was renown'd,
And by the King with manie merits crown'd.

But the third brother did thereat enuie,
Toſtie by name, a man of mickle pride,
Which when his brother *Harrold* did eſpie,
His angrie hart did ſwell, and rage did guide
That reaſon, which doth man and beaſt diuide;
For on a time inrag'd with angers ſting,
They fell at ods in preſence of the King:

VVhere *Harrold* caught young *Toſtie* by the haire,
And with his fiſt did ſmite him on the face;
But by well-wiſhing friends they parted were:
Yet *Toſtie* in his minde for ſuch diſgrace,
Did vowe reuenge in more conuenient place,
And forthwith from the Court with angrie looke,
To *Harrolds* houſe his readie way he tooke:

VVhere

VVhere when he came, the ſeruants hee did finde
Preparing all things for the Kings repaire,
On whom he wreak'd the vengeance of his minde;
For not a man his wrathfull ſword did ſpare,
In his reuenge they all alike did ſhare:
Yet could not this his furies heat aſſwage,
Their limmes he hew'd in peeces in his rage.

Which he amongſt the hogſheads of pure wine,
Veſſels of ale and cydar did beſtow,
And in the lomes of meath, and tubs of brine,
And other ſorts of liquor he did throw
Heads, legs, and armes, whence yet warme blood did flow:
Then ſent he word, that at his brothers houſe
The King ſhould find good ſtore of poudered ſowce.

For which offence, he was exilde the land,
And *Harrold* after *Edward* as his right
The crowne did claime, gainſt whom no peere did ſtand:
Yet *Toſtie* did the Norway King excite,
In battaile gainſt his brother for to fight,
In which by *Harrold* vpon Stamford plaine,
Both *Toſtie* and the Norway King were ſlaine.

Stout *Harrold* in the field his deaths wound tooke,
With this two bretheren *Girth* and *Leowin*,
At Battaile abbey gainſt the Norman Duke;
For in iuſt iudgement then did heau'n begin
To plague this land for my deteſted ſinne,
Which from that time twice thirtie yeares and foure,
With Norman bondage was oppreſſed ſore.

Thus by decree of fate without remorſe
By the keene ſword fiue ſonnes to deaths doome paſt,
The ſixt in riding on a head-ſtrong horſe
Into the ſiluer Thames dark deepe was caſt,
In which his ſoule the panges of death did taſte;
The ſeuenth and laſt was in cloſe priſon kept,
Vntill in death the conquering Norman ſlept.

Yet heere heau'ns heauie iudgement did not end,
My wretched mother, though forworne and old,
Vntimely fell, who, while ſhe liu'd, did ſend
Yong Dames to Denmarke, where for gaine of gold,
Their virgin beauties vnto luſt were ſold,
For which offence, to all the world a wonder,
She ſtricken was from heau'n by horrid thunder.

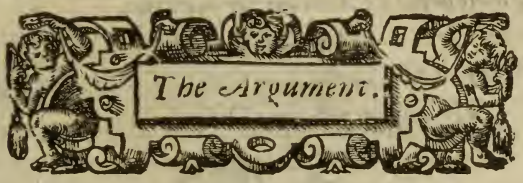
And that on earth, my ſhame might neuer die,
The ſeas proud waues haue ouerrun my lands,
VVhich did of yore by Sandwich hauen lie,
VVhere now bound vp in *Neptunes* watrie bands,
They at this day are called *Godwin* ſands,
And ſince are made of paſture-ſpringing-ground,
A dangerous gulfe, the ſea-man to confound.

Thus for Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I did ſhed,
Ioue in the tempeſt of his wrathfull mood,
Powr'd downe his wreake vpon my wretched hed:
Of all foule ils moſt aduerſe vnto good,
Vengeance purſues the bluſhing ſinne of blood,
Blood out of earth with cries importunes heau'n
To grant reuenge, vntill reuenge be giuen.

Vnto a ſinfull wight, though time do ſeeme
With wings of waſte his ſhame away to wipe,
Although the King of heau'n ſecure he deeme;
Yet when his ſore of ſinne is waxen ripe,
Of his ſmart ſcourge he feeles the bitter ſtripe,
The truth whereof, that I may teſtifie,
Amongſt thy Mirrours, place my tragedie.

THE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT SVRNAMED CVRTHOSE, Duke of Normandie.



WHen Ioue, *said Memorie, for Normans slaine*
Through Godwins *treason vpon Guilford plaine,*
From Englishe birth his wreake would not reuoke,
But made it stoope to conquering Williams *yoke:*
In that sad time, that noble Prince I find
Most worthie of record, that Norman blind,
The stout Duke Robert, *who in th' hopefull spring*
Of his greene youth, rebels against the King,
His hopes deluded sets his heart on fire,
He fights successfully against his sire,
Is absent, when his father leaues to line,
Who to his second sonne the Crowne doth giue,
The Duke returnes, finds Rufus *on the throne,*
Both rise in armes, but gold doth make th' attone,
Robert *to Palestine with* Godfrey *goes,*
Wins fame in field against the Pagan foes,
Hearing of Rufus *death, he thence returnes,*
Finds Henrie *King, with indignation burnes,*
Meets him in field to wreake it with his sword,
But Peeres on either part make them accord,
After in peace they liue like brethren,
The Dukes kind nature wronged by the Queene,
Againe he armes him to reuenge his wrong,
Fights with the King, whose part he finds too strong,

In fight is taken and to Cardiffe sent,
Where long captiu'd, in seeking to preuent
The fate of loathed thrall by secret flight,
He taken is, and is depriu'd of sight,
And after with long life in thrall oppresst,
He pines away with hunger and vnrest,
Whose Princely ghost let Fame from graue vpraise
To make those deeds a Mirrour for our daies.

Another argument.

The Norman Prince tels Fame, how he was borne
To be a King, yet dies a Duke forlorne.

IN that great booke of *Ioues* decrees in heau'n,
Compil'd ere time had any wings to moue,
The wofull wight, to whom blacke fate is giuen,
To cancell it in vaine doth after proue,
No change of time can change the will of *Ioue*;
What power so potent is, that can controle
The first decree that he did there inrole.

Let Fortune hold a crowne aboue thy head,
And at it with wits best direction aime,
Rise to it royally from honors bed,
Iustly deserue it for thy deeds of fame;
Yet shall thy carefull brow nere beare the same,
If thou in that star-text of euery thing
Foredoom'd for fate, be not inrol'd a King.

Of

Of which that thou a lasting Mirror haue,
Behold me heere a wretched Prince of yore,
To whom true birth a crowne and kingdome gaue,
Whom vertue did inrich with all her store
Of goodly gifts, to make me fit therefore,
Of which depriu'd by destinies decree,
Woe and alas was only left to mee.

Behold this feeble bodie pin'd away
With hungers waste, which once so stoutly bore
Our Sauiours badge in many a bold assay;
Behold the place where eyes haue stood before,
Now filled vp with blacke congealed gore;
Behold blind *Beauchampe* Duke of Normandie,
New crept from graue to tell his tragedie.

A Prince I was borne of the Norman blood,
To that victorious King the eldest sonne,
Who with his Normans, like a furious flood
From Southerne seas did England ouerrun,
And to his heires the golden garland wonne,
Though heau'ns and Fortune neuer would agree,
That of the same I should possessor bee.

When Fortunes gentle hand had set the crowne
Vpon his happie head, when all assaies
Of his bold foes in field were beaten downe,
To me his eldest borne my state to raise,
The Norman Dukedome with such long delaies
Assigned was, that I being set on fire
For such protract, turn'd rebell 'gainst my sire.

Like lustie *Phaeton*, that gaue th'assay,
To guide the head-strong horses of the sunne,
Puft vp with pride to seeke his owne decay,
Gainst conquering *William* his rebellious sonne,
T'aspire the Dukedome violently begun,
And fier'd with heat of gaysome youth did venter,
With warlike troopes the Noman coast to enter.

The false French *Philip* dreading euery houre,
The towring state of my vnconquer'd sire,
Gaue life to my attempt, and sent a powre
Of tall strong men, as fuell for the fire
Of my ambition, lest I should retire,
And faint in pursuit of the warre begun,
Betwixt my sire and me his graceless sonne.

As th'hungrie flame growen powerfull by degrees,
And flying on wings of winde throughout a wood,
With thirstie tongue lickes vp the leauie trees,
Or as the rising of some stormie flood;
So blinded with neglect of humane good,
My natiue Normandie I did inuade,
Making her soile the spoile of *Mars* his blade.

To whose distresse the wrathfull Conqueror came
Through seas rough waues, wilde furie was his guide,
Cursing my birth, 'gainst me he did exclame,
And in reuenge affection set aside,
He vow'd to scourge my most vnnaturall pride,
Setting his second birth yong *Rufus* hight,
Before me in his loue, and in my right.

At Archenbraie, both battels first did braue
Each other with proud proffer for the fight,
There th'ensignes with the wanton winde did waue,
The plume-deckt helmes with gold all horrid bright,
With pale reflection glitter'd in the light,
And 'bout both hosts in troopes the horsemen stood
Like loftie cedars in a thicke-set wood.

When as the trumpe the banefull blast begunne,
In clamorous noise we clos'd on either side,
Brother 'gainst brother, father 'gainst the sonne
Themselues oppos'd, nature in fight defi'd
Euen natures selfe, the sun in heau'n did hide
His glorious head, denying vs his light,
As lothing to behold so strange a sight.

The ſoules of mortall men were put to flight,
Blacke deeds of death each one did vndergo,
Need boldned cowards, hope gaue wings to might,
And made each one his beſt ſtrength to beſtow,
To purchaſe fame by downefall of his foe,
Death ſet on foot ran round about the field,
Whole troopes of men t'her conquering ſtroke did yeeld.

In th'heate of fight, I caus'd a troope of horſe
To breake vpon the rereward of the foe,
Who brauely gaue the charge, and with ſuch force
Their fainting troopes in heapes did ouerthrow,
That they their rankes were forced to forgo,
Whom I well mounted on a tall ſtrong ſteed,
To the maine battell did purſue with ſpeed:

Where vnder th'enſigne of his royall armes,
T'encounter with the King it was my chance,
Who bent with his owne hands to wreake his harmes,
Did fiercely charge me with his well-aim'd lance,
'Gainſt whom vnknowne my ſelfe I did aduance,
And in my winged courſe with ſtaffe in reſt,
I gaue the charge vpon his royall breſt.

But heau'n did calme falſe Fortunes threatfull brow,
And did auert the point of my ſharpe ſpeare;
Yet by his ribs the fleſh it vp did plow,
And running through his arme made blood appeare,
The ſtubborne ſtaffe the King to ground did beare,
Who falling from his horſe in mind diſmai'd,
Vnto his men aloud did call for aid:

The voice deſcri'd my error, and with ſpeed
I downe diſmounting to my royall ſire,
Did take him vp, and for my graceleſſe deed
His pardon vpon my knee, I did require,
Pleading miſtake t'appeaſe his Kingly ire,
Whom I remounted, and from field conuey'd,
Leſt danger ſhould his noble life inuade.

Meane

Meane time the horse troopes, who by me design'd
Gaue charge vpon the flankers of the foe,
So beat the field about, that conquest shin'd
Vpon our helmes, slaughter and ouerthrow
On the'aduerse part inforc't such workes of foe,
That all by flight sought saftie, none durst stay,
Rufus disgrac'd, and wounded went his way.

Conquest in triumph on my brow did stand,
Fame did renowne my sword in euerie place,
Fortune with fame did ioyne her helping hand
With my displeased sire to winne me grace,
T'whom nature pleaded my vnhappie case,
And forc't him yeeld (that both in loue might liue)
What reason would, and rage denide to giue.

Restor'd to grace like *Saturns* god-like sonne,
To England I returned with the King,
Where *Malcome* in his absence had orerun
The North from Tuuidale, where Tweed doth spring,
Vnto the Tine, whose streames such profit bring
Vnto that towne, which on her bankes doth stand,
Now call'd Newcastle built by my command.

T'oppose the furie of th'inuading foe,
The King my late tri'de valor did imploy,
The Tine with wasting waues did seeme to woe
My swift accesse, to saue her from th'annoy
Of her proud foes, who dayliedid destroy
The Towres and townes, which did themselues enranke
About her streames, vpon the pleasant banke.

Where with my troopes, when I appeard in sight
Beneath the Kinglie lyon marching on
Towards Tuuidale, to seeke the foes for fight,
Malcolme retirde beyond the Tweede, and none
In Englands bounds durst stay to looke vpon
Our angrie host, for peace the foemen su'd,
Which for the common good I did conclude.

But

But leaue I now, to ſpeake of bleſſed daies,
In which I liu'd true ſubiect to my King,
Leaue we a while to memorize the praiſe
Of my beſt deeds, thy Muſe againe muſt ſing
My rebell pride, whence worſe effects did ſpring,
Miſchiefe now tracts each ſtep, that I do tread,
Vnlookt for plagues falles downe vpon my head.

Suppoſe thou ſeeſt me on the German coaſt,
Clad in rebellious armes againſt my ſire,
Trooping vp men, to make a compleat hoſt,
Waging th'vnwilling mind with golden hire,
And hope of ſpoile, to furniſh my deſire:
Bent once againe, vnto my ſire vnknowne,
To claime the Norman Dukedome, as mine owne.

But ere my wicked ſword I could vnſheath,
Vpon the bed of fraile mortalitie
Lies conquering *William*, in the armes of death,
T'whom enuious fame in his extremitie,
Brings tidings of his ſonnes impietie,
Debatefull enuie, finding once the thing
That breeds our ſhame, ſets euill newes on wing.

Could enuie find a darker cloud of ſhame,
Wherewith t'obſcure the ſhine of my renowne?
Could fate for future woes more fitly frame
The houres of time, to cauſe the Conqueror frowne,
Then when in death, he ſhould diſpoſe the crowne?
Enuie, fate, time and all things elſe agree,
To croſſe that man, t'whom Fortune croſſe wil bee.

The ſickly King my ſire, whoſe daies were done,
Thinking my courſe did threaten ſure decay
To the rich trophie of his conqueſt wonne,
What nature gaue to me, did giue away,
To ſet the State vpon a ſurer ſtay:
For leauing life, he left by his decree
His Crowne to *Rufus*, and his curſe to mee.

Tell

Tell me ambition, whence hadſt thou that might,
To ſtirre vp nature in bold *Beauchamps* breſt
Gainſt God, gainſt King, gainſt natures ſelfe to fight,
Enacting by my hand ſuch deeds vnbleſt,
From the firſt motion of my minds vnreſt?
From hope of rule, and Empires blind deſire,
Thou hadſt that power to make me firſt aſpire.

Reaſon ſtrooke blind euen from my youths firſt ſpring
With fond-bewitching hope in ſtate to clime,
That hope made fruſtrate by the powerfull King,
Did but prefigure out for future time,
Th'vnfortunate effects of my foule crime,
The loſſe of Crowne, the loſſe of all my right,
The loſſe of freedome and my bodies ſight.

Scarce had the hand of vnimpeached death,
Clos'd vp the eyes of Englands conquering King;
But Fame, whoſe liſtning eares feeles euery breath
Of whiſpering rumour, ſet her ſelfe on wing,
And ouer ſeas to vs did tidings bring,
That our dread ſire was to his graue gone downe,
And vnto *Rufus* had bequeath'd his Crowne.

Heart-ſwolne with furie to reuenge ſuch wrongs,
And claime the priuiledge then almoſt loſt,
Which vnto birth by natures gift belongs,
Leſt *Rufus* pride in my diſgrace might boaſt,
My quarrell ſtrengthned with a mightie hoaſt,
I did arriue on Englands Southerne ſhore,
Gainſt whoſe white rocks the Britiſh billowes rore.

The Engliſh Peeres abhorring *Rufus* pride,
In me expecting a more milde command,
Both by affection and by dutie tide
T'aduance my cauſe, each with his armed band,
Gainſt *Rufus* powers in field did ſtoutly ſtand,
Whoſe wilder nature knowne in former daies,
Now many friends to my attempt did raiſe.

Th'vncon-

Th'vnconquered Kentiſh in the Engliſh Eaſt
With that ſtout Biſhop *Odo*, firſt made head,
The actiue people, coaſting on the Weſt,
Marcht beneath *Mowbraies* enſigne proudly ſpread,
The Northerne rout the valiant *Bygod* led,
And the bold Britaines fauouring my right,
Were troopt by braue *Mountgomerie* valiant Knight.

Th'vſurping King ſeeing ſuch ſterne ſtormes to frowne,
On the firſt ſpring of his ambitious raigne,
Fearing the fall of his new-borne renowne,
Sought by inſinuating words to gaine,
What by the ſword he could not now maintaine,
His golden gifts with many faire ſweet words,
Did turne the edge of our reuengefull ſwords.

He did not ſeeke t'vſurpe the Crowne by might,
Such pride his loyall heart did nere inuade,
He knew my Senior birth did claime that right,
He, we being abſent, tooke in hand, he ſaid,
In our behalfe the Scepter then vnſwai'd,
The which, ſince now, he did the ſame enioy,
He crau'd to hold of vs, as our Viee-roy.

His gifts ſtill flowing from him in exceſſe,
Did giue full power to euery mouing word,
And that in me he might all doubts ſuppreſſe
Of fraudulent deceit, he did accord
That he of me, as of his ſupreame Lord,
Should hold the Crowne, and yearely I ſhould claime
Three thouſand markes, as tribute for the ſame.

Fraternall loue ſo well her powers appli'd,
To end theſe iarres begun betwixt vs twaine,
That he conſtrain'd t'appeaſe his wonted pride,
And I reſpecting glorie more then gaine,
Did reunite our ſelues in loue againe:
The frowne of *Mars* did bring his ſtomacke downe,
And golden gifts did calme our martiall frowne.

Farre

Farre from the fruitfull Albions peacefull shoare,
For th'Easterne world thy Muse thou now must wing,
Who in her flight a loftie pitch must soare,
Of those stout pilgrims in high straine to sing,
Which th'holy Hermit did to *Salem* bring,
Imploring aid of Princes in the West,
Against the Pagans bloodie acts in th'East.

I as a partner in that great affaire,
With my support that iourney to vphold,
My wants with store to furnish, did not spare
My Norman Dukedome, which for summes of gold
Till my returne the King did morgag'd hold.
Gold doth mens thoughts to high attempts prepare,
And ouergilds the danger of the warre.

Hearken how fame vpon the Norman coast
With her shrill trumpe from kingdomes far away,
Summons vnto an head my warlike host,
Behold the sackfull troopes in braue array,
Beneath my ensignes for this bold assay,
Who martiall'd by my hand, with ample traine,
Do crowne the vtmost bankes of Belgike Seine,

Behold the English famous for his bow,
Sharpning his angrie arrowes for the field,
The Scot with his long pike his cunning show,
The Britaine big-bon'd-bold, not borne to yeeld,
Addressing brauely both his sword and sheeld,
See how the Norman manageth his horse,
The Irish shakes his dart with manly force.

As wak'd from sleepe, with Christians wofull cries,
Bound by the Saracen in captiue bands,
And often blushing at the late surprise
Of those milke-hony-flowing holy lands,
Now made the spoile of Pagans conquering hands,
Hence did we march with heau'ns great King for guide
Into the East, to beate downe Pagans pride.

Inglorious

Inglorious age, made drunke with dregs of peace,
Heere iustly may I taxe thy peacefull time,
Heere must our Muses warlike song surcease,
A carping straine, a more inuectiue rime,
Doth best befit the nature of thy crime:
Looke backe at vs, mourne thine owne want of praise
And glorious deeds, to glorifie thy daies.

Say glorie, say, hath peacefull follie furl'd
Thy flag of honor, li'st thou dead in graue,
With great *Heroes* of the elder world,
Who led vs ouer *Hellespontus* waue
Beneath his badge, whose blood the world did saue:
Arise, arise, call forth the Christian man,
Against the house of tyrant *Ottoman*.

Hearke how Thessalian woods records the cries
Of captiu'd Greekes vpon *Penæus* shore,
Behold how sacred Salem wasted lies,
See, see, how Sion mournes, where Saints of yore
Did in sweet Hymnes the King of heauen adore,
Behold that blessed land, the curfed seat,
Where raignes th'Arabian Turkish *Mahomet*.

O warlike nation, where is now that name,
Which th'English sword did graue on Acons wall,
Why do your valours sleepe, vp, vp for shame,
Let not your countries ancient glorie fall,
Go free poore Christians from proud Pagans thrall,
Redeeme his sepulchre, who did redeeme
The world from death, with blood of such esteeme.

Transport thou now thy Muse to *Bosphorus* brim,
Ouer whose waues from *Iuno* iealous dame,
To Asian meades of yore did *Io* swim,
From whom transform'd the streame then tooke his name,
And since that time hath still retain'd the same,
Ouer whose waues as we did wast our host,
Much Christian blood we 'gainst the Bulgar lost.

Hence did we march to *Hellespontus* flood,
Where *Helle*, with yong *Phrixus*, put to flight
By stepdams rage, of which in feare they stood,
Flying, alas, and falling with affright,
Into the waue sunke downe in *Phrixus* sight:
Yet still to liue, in leauing her deare breath,
She left her name to *Pontus* at her death.

The coast we tooke, where once *Abydos* stood,
Whence nak'd *Leander* wasted by the light
Of *Heros* loue, so often swom the flood,
Till *Helle* rauisht with so sweet a sight,
Enuying *Heros* hap, in her despight
Into the deepe her deare *Leander* drew,
Where to his loue he sigh'd his last adew.

There on the plaines, where Troyes sad ruines stand,
Whence *Agamemnons* troopes haue often run
To shun the furie of great *Hectors* hand,
Against the Pagan many deeds were done
Beneath our standard of *Ioues* powerfull sonne,
There all the host as towards Nice we past,
With spoilefull hands laid all the countrie wast.

The Noble citie Nice, so strongly wall'd,
We with our conquering host begirted round,
Her gates we wonne, her turrets tops we scall'd,
Her towring walles we equall'd with the ground,
And all her pride did in the fire confound;
Amongst whose spoiles great *Solymans* faire make,
With her deare children we did captiue take.

Then did stout *Heraclêa* stoope her pride
And seeing the Niceans yeeld, did yeeld with them,
From thence to Tarsus we our host did guide,
Fast by the bankes of of *Cydnus*, whose sweet streame
Did seeme t'inuite vs to that stratageme,
Wafting vs with slow waters sliding downe
From mountaine Taurus, vnto Tarsus towne.

Where

Where when we came with spr'ite infus'd from heauen,
We through the walles did force our dreadfull way,
The mightie towne into our hands was giuen,
The captiue foes in pitifull dismay,
With teares bemoan'd the imminent decay
Of their strong walles, which *Perseus* so renown'd
Had long before erected from the ground.

Thence our triumphant standards we aduance
To Syria-ward with *Godfrey* for our guide,
Where on the way with seruice of my lance
In many a fight against the aduerse side,
I with fresh strength our fainting host suppli'd,
And forc'd the *Pagan Pyrrus* from the field,
Who fled, and made faire Antioch wals his shield.

Whom we pursu'd, and by the siluer streames
Of swift *Orontes*, where the King of light
Vpon our armes did cast his golden beames,
Our troopes did tracke the foe-men, turn'd to flight,
Till Antioch towers shot vp themselues in sight,
Whose pride we menac'd with victorious armes,
And shooke it in long siege with loud alarmes.

Nine times the pale-fac'd Queene of peacefull night,
Did lose that siluer lustre in her wane,
Which she receiu'd from *Phœbus* cheerefull sight,
And nine times did her brothers light againe
Renue that losse, which she did erst sustaine,
VVhile Antioch walles our armie did enclose,
And stood in daily skirmish with the foes.

In the ninth month, vpon the topfull brow
Of the towne-gate, the flag of truce did waue,
The *Captaine Pyrrus* haughtie heart did bow,
The citie stoopt her pride, and for to saue
Her selfe from spoile, her gates wide open gaue,
VVhose wealth, as due reward of our long toile
To th'vniuersall host, was giuen for spoile.

Should I assay to tell each conquest wonne,
Which at that time the Christian host did crowne,
Or bring to light each high atchieuement done,
Before we could attaine that sacred towne,
Which Gods sonnes sepulchre doth so renowne,
Our Muse, though willing all at large to show,
Yet were too weake, such taske to vndergo.

See how the Persian fronts vs in the field,
Vnder the sway of whose huge horse-armd host,
The earth with bowing backe doth seeme do yeeld,
Whose troopes in number infinite doth boast
Our swift decay, ere we do crosse their coast,
Hemming vs round, in hope t'enrich their hands,
With noble conquest on our conquering bands.

With shouts, and war-like instruments loud sound,
Hid all in clouds of smoake they toward vs came,
In fearefull fight vpon the groaning ground
Both hosts incounter'd, glorie did enflame
Both bent to fight, both greedie after fame,
Standerd 'gainst standerd stood, and band 'gainst band,
Troope clos'd with troope, men fingl'd hand to hand.

Corbona hight, a Persian farre renown'd,
Chargeth our host with all his troopes of horse,
Stiffe stands each regiment, no ranke giues ground,
Power beats backe power, and force repelleth force,
The foes repell'd doth often shift their course,
Oft charging and recharging euery ward,
Where they do find the rankes most vnprepar'd.

Then thicke as haile from aires darke regiment,
When in blacke clouds a tempest raues in skie,
Steele-headed shafts from th'English bowes are sent,
Threatning the armed men as they do flie,
With singing slaughter, thicke prepar'd on high,
Who in their flight, though some fall short of wounds,
Yet some againe both men and horse confounds.

Here th'angrie courſer chaſt with deadlie ſting
Of wounding ſhaft, for verie paine and woe
Doth ſtampe, doth plunge, and vp from ground doth fling,
Doth ſnuffe, doth puffe, doth boggle, ſnore and blow,
Till from his back his rider he doth throw;
Then ranging through their hoſt with ſinewie ſhankes
He wounds his friends, diſturbing all their rankes.

There one with ſhaft infixed in his breſt,
As the ſtalke ſtoopes his top orecharg'd with ſeed,
Hangs downe his head; another here oppreſt
With feare of death, forſakes his wounded ſteed,
Each place throughout the field our eyes did feed
With ruine of the foes diſpred on ground,
Gaſping for breath with many a bleeding wound.

Greate *Ioue* the God of conqueſt, who from harme
Did garde our hoſt in euerie ſuch aſſay,
Did through the cloudes ſtrech out his mightie arme,
And on the foes did powre downe ſwift decay,
Slaughtering their men on heapes, few fled away;
Twice fiftie thouſand dead in field did fall,
With ſtout *Corbona* their cheife Generall.

Here could I tell the ſack, which did decline
The pride of *Salem*, whoſe high walles withſtood
Our fierce aſſaults twice fifteene dayes and nine,
How euerie ſtreet polluted with the blood
Of Pagans ſlaine, did ſeeme a crimſon flood;
How Egypts Soldan did before vs fall,
Whom to theſe warrs, this towne diſtreſt did call.

But back to England we muſt turne our eye,
From whence, ſince firſt to Paleſtine I came,
Fiue times bright *Piſces* in the azure skie
Had in their ycrelie courſe outrun the *Ram*,
Whoſe iuſt returne againe begins the ſame,
Where in our abſence let vs view in State,
What changes haue ben wrought by time and fate.

Our brother *Rufus* with vnrighteous hand,
Swaying the ſcepter in the Engliſh throne,
Did ſo oppreſſe the people of his land,
That, when he left to liue, he then left none,
That would as friends his ſuddaine death bemone:
He in that forreſt did deaths cup carowſe,
Which fatall was vnto the conquerors houſe.

A goodlie place, that forreſt once had ben,
Where manie a towne and manie a temple ſtood,
Made ſacred with the prayers of holie men,
All which without reſpect to common good,
My father did conuert into a wood,
Intitling it New Forreſt, and for game,
Did after keepe wild beaſts within the ſame.

Which ſtir'd the ſtormefull wrath of heauens great King,
Who ſeeing his temples equald with the ground,
And where his Prieſts ſweet Pæans once did ſing,
And oft with thankfull prayers his altars crownd,
Hearing the crie of th'hunter and his hound,
Did in that place puniſh th'impietie
Vpon my ſire, in his poſteritie.

His ſecond ſonne, my brother *Richard* hight,
A hopefull youth, whom natures hand had ſtor'd
With ſweetes of youth, as he, for his delight,
Did range this wood, was through the bodie gor'd
By ſauage beaſts, whoſe death my ſire deplor'd
With bitter teares; yet could not quench the fire
Of *Ioues* fierce wrath, ſo moued was his ire.

Rufus, his third borne ſonne, in that ſame wood,
When he had ſtrook an Hart, that fled his ſight,
Was by another croſt, where as he ſtood,
At whom one *Tirrill* call'd, a Norman Knight,
A ſhaft let flie, which in the luckleſſe flight
Miſſing the Deere, and glancing on the ground,
Vpon the breſt, the King to death did wound.

He

He dead, yong *Henrie* for his learning skill
Surnamed *Beauclerk*, did aſpire the crowne,
And wonne the Engliſh peeres vnto his will;
Fortune once more vpon my ſtate did frowne,
And from ambitious throne did keepe mee downe,
Mocking my hopes, denying mee command,
VVhen ſhe had put a ſcepter in my hand.

After the conqueſt of Ieruſalem,
The Princes did amongſt themſelues accord,
To crowne my temples with the diademe,
That my abode might in diſtreſſe afford
Comfort t'all Chriſtians gainſt the heathen ſword:
But tidings of my brother *Rufus* fall,
From Paleſtine to England me did call.

That ſword renownd with fall of Pagan foes
I now did brandiſh gainſt my brothers breſt,
That ſheeld, which did the Perſian oft oppoſe
In skirmiſh in the field, was now addreſt
Againſt my friends, to worke mine owne vnreſt:
And all mine enſignes ſam'd in forraine fight
At Wincheſter did waue in *Henries* ſight.

Where, cloſe to ſwords in fight we would haue ſtood
Had not our friends foreſeene the future harmes
Of our debate, who tendring eithers good,
To calme the tempeſt of warres threatfull ſtormes,
Firſt caus'd vs lay aſide our angrie armes,
Then counſell'd *Henrie* to ſuch couenants yeeld,
As *Rufus* did, when he the State did weeld.

As he, while he did liue, for Englands crowne,
Inioyned was by general States decree
Three thouſand markes each yeare to pay me downe,
So *Henrie*, younger borne by birth, then he,
To like conditions thenceforth ſhould agree,
To which we both conſenting did depart,
One from the other ſeeming pleaſde in hart.

But hooded with the shew of outward loue,
Beguiling my simplicitie of mind,
He in the end a deadly foe did proue,
In my franke breſt by nature too too kind,
A cunning way to catch me he did find:
Into the beſt minds pliable to good,
Deceit ſoone enters maskt in truths plaine hood.

His Queene, a woman ſweetly tongu'd and faire,
By whom the King at his deſire did aime,
With ſpeech ſo affable did ſo inſnare
My princely pliant thoughts, that in the ſame,
She could impreſſe, what forme ſhe pleas'd to frame;
So free was I, that what her heart could craue,
As was my wont, with prodigue hand I gaue.

The tribute due for Englands Emperie,
At her requeſt I freely gaue away,
Whereby my title and my dignitie
I loſt, in that I could not then gain-ſay
A Queenes requeſt, proud *Henrie* had his prey:
A womans power to proue my power but vaine,
What I had done, did ſoone vndoe againe.

Wanting in after times neceſſitie,
Thoſe golden ſinewes of my Dukedomes State,
To ſtrengthen my much weakned royaltie,
I gaue the King words of deſpitefull hate,
And for reuenge tooke armes; but froward fate
With clouds of ſhame did now eclipſe the ſhine
Of all my conqueſts, won in Paleſtine.

Ore the ſeas narrow breſt from Englands coaſt
To Normandie my furious brother came,
Gainſt whom, my cauſe being good with my ſmall hoſt,
Before the fort of Tenerchbray by name;
Though fewer farre, in battels bloodie frame
We did aduance, where though *Mortaigne* and I
So ſtoutly fought, our folke the field did flie.

Vpon

Vpon that day, when fortie yeares before,
My ſire to conquer England gaue th'aſſay,
In which he firſt ſet foot on Englands ſhore,
The King and I did meet in battell ray,
In which, alas, we Normans loſt the day:
For on that day the Normans England won,
Was Normandie by Engliſh men orerun.

Where, though falſe Fortune turn'd her treacherous face,
And then began to worke our future woe,
Though dreadfull *Pallas* did denie vs grace,
And 'gainſt our ſide her ſelfe in field did ſhow,
Yet did we ſcorne, as ſcar'd, to flie the foe,
Mortaigne and I 'gainſt them alone did fight,
Till multitudes did ouermatch our might.

Let *Pallas* ceaſe to ſing of armes oppos'd,
Sorow muſt be the ſubiect of her ſong,
In ſtead of greaues with golden buttons clos'd,
In which ſhe marcht amidſt our martiall throng,
Now in ſad ſtraine, while we relate our wrong,
She in the ſock the tragicke dance muſt lead,
Whoſe dolefull meaſures, we captiu'd do tread.

Thy Muſe, that in warres bloodie hew was ſent
To Paleſtine, muſt now in blacke be found,
Each word with heauie fall ſhe muſt accent,
Each ſymphonie muſt yeeld a dolefull ſound,
Each meaſure with a captiue band be bound,
And euery couples ſad cataſtrophe,
Double the woes of our captiuitie.

Now Normandies great Duke in *Henries* hand
Vpon the rouling billowes running high,
Is caried captiue from his natiue land,
To which oft turning backe his heauie eie,
It ſeemes a farre to follow him and crie,
Adew, deare Lord, adew, who neuer more
With one ſteps touch ſhall grace my ſandie ſhore.

With

VVith griefe arriu'd on Cardiffes rockie coast,
VVhere Seuerne first meets *Nereus* wauie brood,
Through whose blacke waues faire *Sabrines* guiltlesse ghost,
T'Elizium bankes did passe the fatall flood,
In whose defence King *Locrine* lost his blood,
The tyrant King, in dread what might befall,
Did confine me within the castle wall.

As bird in cage debarr'd the vse of wings,
Her captiu'd life as natures chiefest wrong,
In dolefull dittie sadly sits and sings,
And mournes her thralled libertie so long,
Till breath be spent in many a sithfull song:
So heere captiu'd I many daies did spend
In sorowes plaint, till death my daies did end.

VVhere as a prisoner, though I did remaine;
Yet did my brother grant this libertie,
To quell the common speech, which did complaine
On my distresse, and on his tyrannie,
That in his parkes and forrests ioyning by,
VVhen I did please I to and fro might goe,
VVhich in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as *Aurora* bright
Began to scale heau'ns steepie battlement,
And to the world disclose her cheerefull light,
As was my wont, I with my keeper went
To put away my sorowes discontent:
Thereby to ease me of my captiue care,
And solace my sad thoughts in th'open aire.

Wandring through forrest wide, at length we gaine
A steepe cloud-kissing rocke, whose horned crowne
With proud imperiall looke beholds the maine,
Where Seuerns dangerous waues run roling downe
From th'Holmes into the seas, by Cardiffe towne,
Whose quicke deuouring sands so dangerous beene
To those, that wander *Amphytrites* greene,

As

As there we ſtood, the countrie round we ey'd
To view the workmanſhip of natures hand,
There ſtood a mountaine, from whoſe weeping ſide
A brooke breakes forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plaine, and there a wood doth ſtand,
Here paſtures, meades, corne-fields, a vale do crowne,
A caſtle here ſhootes vp, and there a towne.

Here one with angle ore a ſiluer ſtreame
With banefull baite the nibling fiſh doth feed,
There in a plow'd-land with his painefull teame,
The plowman ſweates, in hope for labors meed
To get the earth with childe of *Ceres* ſeed,
Heere ſits a goatheard on a craggie rock,
And there in ſhade a ſhepheard with his flock.

The ſweet delight of ſuch a rare proſpect
Might yeeld content vnto a carefull eye;
Yet downe the rock deſcending in neglect
Of ſuch delight, the ſunne now mounting high
I ſought the ſhade in vale, which low did lie,
Where we repoſde vs on a greene wood ſide,
Afront the which a ſiluer ſtreame did glide.

There dwelt ſweet *Philomel*, who neuer more
May bide th'abode of mans ſocietie,
Leſt that ſome ſterner *Tereus* then before,
Who cropt the flower of her virginitie,
Gainſt her ſhould plot ſome ſecond villanie;
Whoſe dolefull tunes to minde did cauſe me call
The woefull ſtorie of her former fall.

The Redbreaſt, who in buſh faſt by did ſtand
As partner of her woes, his part did plie,
For that the gifts, with which *Autumnus* hand
Had grac'd the earth, by winters wrath ſhould die,
From whoſe cold cheekes bleake blaſts began to flie,
Which made me think vpon my ſummer paſt
And winters woes, which all my life ſhould laſt.

My

My keeper with compaſſion mou'd to ſee,
How griefes impulſions in my breſt did beate,
Thus ſilence broke, would God (my Lord) quoth he,
This pleaſant land, which natures hand hath ſet
Before your eyes, might cauſe you to forget
Your diſcontent, the obiect of the eye
Oft times giues eaſe to woes, which inward lie.

Behold vpon that mountaines top ſo ſteepe,
Which ſeemes to pierce the cloudes and kiſſe the skie,
How the gray ſhepheard driues his flock of ſheepe
Downe to the vale, and how on rockes faſt by
The goates frisk to and fro for iollitie;
Giue eare likewiſe vnto theſe birds ſweet ſongs,
And let them cauſe you to forget your wrongs.

To this I made replie: Fond man, ſaid I,
What vnder heau'n can ſlack th'increaſing woe,
Which in my grieued hart doth hidden lie?
Of choice delight what obiect canſt thou ſhow,
But from the ſight of it freſh griefe doth grow?
What thou didſt whilome point at to behold,
The ſame the ſumme of ſorrow doth infold.

That gray coat ſhepheard, whom from farre we ſee,
I liken vnto thee, and thoſe his ſheepe
Vnto my wreatched ſelf compar'd may bee:
And though that carefull paſtor will not ſleepe,
When he from rauenous wolues his flock ſhould keepe;
Yet here alas, in thrall thou keepeſt mee,
Vntill that woolfe my brother hungrie bee.

Thoſe ſhaghair'd goates vpon the craggie hill,
Which thou didſt ſhew, ſee how they friske and play,
And euerie where doe run about at will;
Yea when the lion markes them for his prey,
They ouer hils and rockes can flie away:
But when that lion fell ſhall follow me
To ſhed my blood, O whither ſhall I flee?

Theſe

Thoſe ſweet-voic'd birds, whoſe aires thou doſt commend,
To which the echoing woods returnes replie,
Though thee they pleaſe, yet me they do offend:
For when I ſee, how they do mount on hie,
Wauing their out-ſtrecht wings at liberties,
Then do I thinke, how bird-like in a cage
My life I leade, and griefe can neuer aſwage.

Heere ſighes broke off my ſpeech, and that in mind
I vndiſturb'd might in that place bemone,
The lot adiudg'd to me by fates vnkind,
I did command my keeper to be gone,
And there to leaue me to my ſelfe alone,
Who doubting nothing what I would aſſay,
Left me, as was his wont, and went his way.

He being gone, I wandring to and fro,
Began t'imagine how I might preuent
My wretched thrall, doom'd endleſſe by my foe,
T'attempt all danger I ſtood fully bent,
Finding the meanes to perfect my intent,
Which at the laſt I found, alas, the while,
Since fawning Fortune did my hopes beguile.

Alone long wandring through the deſert wood
Farre from the caſtle, I did chance t'eſpie,
Whereas a luſtie gelding graſing ſtood,
Whom ſtraight I backt, and did for freedome flie
Through vnknowne waies, that none might me deſcrie,
But what is hid from heau'n, or who can ſhun
Gods firme edict, by which all things are done?

In ſwift careire, as I did heedleſſe paſſe,
And through a meadow greene did make my way,
In midſt of which a muddie quauemire was,
Into the ſame my horſe did fall, and lay
Vp to the bellie, which my flight did ſtay,
Where ſtriuing, as I was from thence t'haue paſt,
They that purſu'd me, found me ſticking faſt.

To Cardiffe thence they bore me backe againe,
As one whom frowning Fortune did despise,
And to the King of me they did complaine,
VVho with himselfe did tyrant-like deuise,
That I for this offence should lose mine eies:
VVhich when he tooke, what did he leaue behind,
But woe in captiue bands to leade the blind?

My bodie thus the darkesome caue was made,
In which my soule abode, as it had been
Confin'd to dwell in house of endlesse shade,
The windowes shut, no light could enter in,
The light put out no comfort could be seene;
And left thus blind, I seeke to flie my foes,
Both soule and bodie Cardiffe doth inclose.

Bidding farewell vnto the world for euer,
There in my chamber, as a forlorne gueſt,
My wretched selfe I wilfully did seuer
From all resort, where with long night oppreſt
(For day did shun the place of mine vnrest)
To yeeld griefe passage, after sad sighes giuen,
Thus oft I call'd with hands vp-lift to heau'n.

Thou powerfull God, whose champion I haue been
Fiue cold bleake winters, both by day and night
In field against the curſed Saracen,
Although I seeme forgotten in thy sight,
Yet now behold me heere a wofull wight:
And seeing I liue in such calamitie,
Send death to end my dolefull miserie.

Can I distinguish day from darkesome night?
Or do I know the seasons of the yeare?
Know I when spring deckes earth with sweet delight,
When summers sun glads earth with his bright cleare,
Or when in woods *Autumnus* fruits appeare?
O no, of nought but winter can I tell,
Whom by his boystrous blasts, I know right well.

Where

VVhere is become that azure concauite,
That doth ſo many wonders rare infold?
VVhere all the hoſt of ſtarres ſo infinite?
Where daies great monarch drawne in carre of gold?
Where nights bright queene, ſo beautious to behold?
O ſtill, they do remaine in heau'ns faire frame,
Although I neuer more ſhall ſee the ſame.

VVhere now the valley greene, and mountaine bare,
The riuer, forreſt, wood, and cryſtall ſprings,
The Hauke, the Hound, the Hinde, the ſwift-foot Hare,
The Lutes ſweet ſtraine, the voice, that ſweetly ſings,
And Princely ſports in courts of mightie Kings?
VVhere now are theſe? ô let not memorie
VVith thought of theſe augment my miſerie.

Heere do I ſit in ſhades of darkeneſſe grim,
VVhile others walke in light at libertie,
Heere I in waues of wofull teares do ſwim,
Condoling my vnhappie miſerie,
VVhile others laugh, and ſing for iollitie:
Send then, O God, ſend death for my reliefe,
Too heauie is the burthen of my griefe.

Thus many times with bitter plaint and mone,
To vtter woes in words I did aſſay,
VVitneſſe ye waſtefull walles, whoſe flintie ſtone
Haue euen dropt teares, to heare me night and day,
VVith pitious voice lament mine owne decay,
Oft wiſhing death, which ſorow in the end,
And *Henries* vnkind ſcoffe did timeleſſe ſend.

For as he ſhould vpon a ſolemne day
Make triall of a ſcarlet veſtiment,
The cape being ſtraite, the which he did aſſay
To put vpon his head, by chance did rent,
VVhich with this ſcornefull ſcoffe to me he ſent,
Vnto our brother beare the ſame, ſaid he,
We know he hath a ſharper head then we.

The garment being brought, the rent I found,
At which my troubled thoughts so grieued were,
That many doubts did in the same abound,
Which made me aske of him, that did it beare,
If any one before the same did weare;
Who told me of the Kings disdainfull scorne,
And how by chance the same by him was torne.

Affliction bleeding fresh at this wide wound,
My heart griefes burthen could no longer beare,
But downe I cast my selfe vpon the ground,
Where I with wretched hands, the hoarie heare
From off my aged head, alas, did teare,
And when my tongue was free, against my foe
I forc'd it vtter forth these words of woe.

Woe, woe is me, that I was euer borne
Of halfe so many yeares to liue the space,
And in the end to liue my brothers scorne,
Yea trebble woe to me, since such disgrace,
Doth in despight my former deeds deface;
Then perish all my deeds, be neuer seene,
Die fame with shame, as it had neuer beene.

Could not disdainfull *Henrie* be content,
Into his hands my Kingdome to surprise,
Could not my thraldome cause him to relent,
Nor th'vnsustained losse of both mine eyes
His rage 'gainst me his brother yet suffice?
But must he thus my Princely state abuse,
And as an almesman his owne brother vse?

Why haue yee then, ah why haue yee thus long,
Ye vnremorsefull fates produc'd that thread
Of loathed life, by life to lengthen wrong?
Why clip ye not my clew? why am I fed
With breath of life, and yet in life am dead?
Curst be such fate, and curst that fatall hower,
When first begot, I came within your power.

Hardned

Hardned with griefe, in ſpight of death to die,
Thenceforth as loathing life I ſtopt mine eares,
When hungrie food for appetite did crie:
And while with hunger nature ſlowly weares,
My food was ſighes, my drinke griefes mournfull teares,
Famine at length did blow the banefull breath,
Whoſe bitter blaſt did ſtrike my ſoule with death.

Euen as the naked woods, whoſe grecne is loſt,
Clad all in hoare, their ruth do ſeeme to ſhow,
In teares turn'd t'yſicles by wintrie froſt;
So I my head made white with age and woe,
While from th'eyes organs teares downe drizeling flow,
When as I did perceiue approching death,
Thus tooke my laſt farewell with fainting breath.

Adiew the daies, that did my dole prolong,
Adiew the nights, that vexed me ſo ſoee,
Adiew falſe Fortune, cauſe of all my wrong,
Who laughes to ſcorne the fame I won of yore,
Adiew ô wrongfull world for euermore,
Ye that conſpir'd my ſorowes to renew
Both daies, nights, fortune, world and all adew.

Theſe hands to thee (ô God) that for a gift,
Thine owne deare Sonne for ſin to death did yeeld,
Theſe hands, I ſay, to thee I now do lift,
Which once did beare thy badge in brazen ſhield,
Againſt the Pagan foes in many a field,
Beſeeching thee, from whom all mercies flowes,
To grant ſuch grace, as death may end my woes.

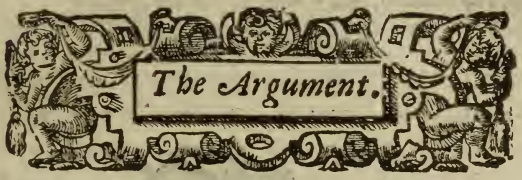
Twice fortie yeares and more, my daies haue ben,
And twice fifteene the Ram his race hath runne,
Since firſt, ô Cardiffe, as in darkeſome den,
Within thy walles mew'd vp from ſight of Sunne,
Forlorne, to mourne my fortunes I begunne:
Then pitie take, ô God, on th'aged blind,
Death now begins my captiue bands t'vnbind.

Leade on, leade on, vnto that heau'nly place,
Where in eternall blisse my soule must dwell,
Flie faith before, sue penitence for grace,
Backe, backe, my griefe, and vnto *Henrie* tell,
Beauchampe is dead, Cardiffe adew, farewell;
This said, I downe did sinke into my bed,
In which my soule did leaue the bodie dead.

Thus hast thou heard the Normans blind Duke tell
His fame in forren parts, the wretched wracke
Of his renowne, and cause for which he fell.
The Iudge of heau'n to punish is not slacke,
Where men do cast heau'ns gifts behind their backe:
Of which let my sad life in Cardiffe lead,
A lasting Mirrour be, though I be dead.

THE

THE MEMORABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF King RICHARD the first, surnamed *Cœur de Lion.*



THis Prince, quoth Memorie, did liue too long,
At his sterne brothers hands to beare such wrong,
Which yet reuenged was by Gods owne hand,
Vpon himselfe, his children, and his land.
Two sonnes he had, of daughters also twaine,
Of which three drown'd, were swallow'd in the maine,
The fourth a daughter was, which Maud *by name,*
Of whom Plantagenets *two Houses came:*
Duke Gefferie *of Anion noble Knight,*
Vpon this Maud *begate that worthie wight,*
Duke Henrie, *second King that bore that name,*
Though second to no King in deeds of Fame,
Who yong, yet forc'd th'vsurper Stephen *in fight*
To leaue to him the crowne, his due by right.
He in chast bed begot three sonnes and one,
Hight Henrie, Richard, Gefferie, *and* Iohn:
Mongst whom that Richard *when both* Henries *dide,*
On Englands throne did sit as supreme guide,
Since Williams *conquest, only he of Kings*
His host in person gainst the Pagan brings,
He sackes Messina, beats the Cypriotes bold,
Captines their barbarous King in gyues of gold,
Takes Acons towers, is of the French enuide,
And left forlorne, yet after quels the pride

Of Saladine *in field, after whose flight*
He makes all Syria subiect to his might:
Prince Iohn *rebels, the valiant King is sold*
To captiue bands, and bought againe for gold;
At his returne he crownes himselfe againe,
And is by traytors hand vntimely slaine:
The truth of which that we exactly heare,
Fame sound thy trumpe, and cause his ghost t'appeare.

Another Argument.

Fames siluer trumpes farre-flying sound, doth make
King Richard Cœur de Lions *Ghost t'awake.*

THe wrath of heau'n doth most pursue those men
With secret iudgement of disaster fate,
That gainst their parents haue rebellious ben,
Nature displeas'd at such vnkindly hate
Against it selfe, it selfe doth aggrauate,
Causing the starres at such abortiue birth,
With bad aspects to frowne vpon the earth.

Seldome such curfed insects in our kind
Escape the scourge of hatefull destinie,
Vnhappie chance in iudgement is assign'd
Till death, to follow such impietie,
Which to the world my life might testifie,
If any in this age with painefull pen,
Had made the same a Mirrour vnto men.

Why ſhould the glorie of ſo great a King
Be darkned by obliuions cloudie frowne?
Why ſhould this age as loathing euery thing
Of th'elder world, my Trophies all caſt downe,
And let my deeds in waues of ſilence drowne?
As if twixt beſt and worſt no ods there were,
When both alike are laid vpon the bere.

Long hauing ſlept, and now rouz'd vp by Fame
That keepes the due reward of doing well,
In hope thy pen will helpe to raiſe my name
Out of obliuions den where it did dwell,
In courſe I come my ſtories truth to tell,
That by the praiſe, or diſpraiſe of my name,
Others may make a Mirrour of the ſame.

Of noble *Henrie*, ſecond of that name,
The ſecond ſonne I am of ſonnes twice two,
Yet ſecond vnto none in worthie fame,
If yeelded were to me my praiſes due,
As may appeare by that which ſhall enſue:
Firſt *Richard* call'd, firſt true borne Engliſh King,
That wore the crowne ſince Normans conquering.

In large diſcourſe to light I will not bring,
The obloquie of that now loathed crime,
In ſtubborne youth againſt my Lord and King,
Bluſhing, I wiſh all ſuch records of time
In darkneſſe dead, and wrapped vp in ſlime:
Yet ſeeing that truth bids hide no part of blame,
I will in briefe blaze out mine owne defame.

My fathers browes with prints of age repleate,
Fortune that erſt did ſmile, began to frowne,
Abus'd by flatterie and his owne conceat,
As bent with wilfull hands to haſten downe
The Statefull dignitie of his renowne:
His eldeſt borne he made his fellow King,
From whoſe ambition his diſtreſſe did ſpring.

Yong *Henrie* ſharing equall dignitie,
And hauing ſet one foot within the throne,
Puſt vp with pride to make a Monarchie
Of his new State, he would be King alone,
A partner in the crowne he would haue none:
Which pride of mind with bad aduice borne higher,
Caus'd him rebell againſt his royall ſire.

To ſtrengthen his ambition yet but yong,
The falſe French King in perſon did ſupport
His part in field; and to be yet more ſtrong,
The Scot and Flemming he did both exhort
With them gainſt aged *Henrie* to conſort,
To whom both I and *Gefferie* my brother
Did giue conſent, excited by our mother.

Not one of vs whom natures band did bind
With due alleageance to our ſire and King,
Did vnto natures ſelfe not proue vnkind,
Yet could not power preuaile, nor enuies ſting
Againſt our ſire, whom heau'n did helpe to bring
Our ſtubborne neckes againe beneath his yoke,
Our knees did ſtoope to his victorious ſtroke.

Oft did we threaten ruine to his State,
His Norman Dukedome with warres waſtefull ſpoile
We did deface, and ſought to ſet debate
Twixt him and his; yet after all our toile,
At his weake hands we did receiue the foile:
So iuſt is heau'n to patron right gainſt wrong,
And guard the weake with ſtrength againſt the ſtrong.

To future time the King to leaue report
Of our rebellion and his long vnreſt,
Did cauſe to be depainted in his Court
A Pellican, who breeds beneath his breſt
Foure yong with tender care in his warme neſt,
Of which three waxing ſtrong, vnkindly riſe
And pecke his breſt, the fourth peckes out his eies.

By the three first, he did decipher forth,
Geffrie, my selfe, and *Henrie* his first sonne;
The fourth was stubborne *Iohn* his yongest birth,
Of whom when he was likewise left alone,
He beat his manly brest with age foredone,
And ending griefe in death, to vs vnkind,
My selfe and *Iohn*, he left his curse behind.

The sinne that drew these plagues vpon his head,
Was wanton lust and loose lasciuious life,
Burnt with desire, he left his lawfull bed,
For which the iealous Queene his angrie wife,
Twixt him and vs stir'd vp debatefull strife:
Mischiefe pursues the steps that false do proue,
In the firme couenant of sinlesse loue.

Vnhappie we, his graceless sonnes that were
The rods of heau'ns reuenge for his misdeed,
Did the reward of our rebellion beare,
In vs our fathers curse, the plaguefull meed
Of disobedience after did succeed,
The rods, with which *Ioue* executes his ire,
He oft in iudgement casts into the fire.

When *Henrie* crown'd a King in royall throne
And made in state coequall with our sire,
Attempting oft the soueraignetie alone
In sway of sceptre, which he did aspire,
And yet could neuer compasse his desire:
With indignation at his fortunes croft,
Being stricken to the heart his health he lost.

And seeing in sickneſſe with repentant eies,
The vglie shape of sinne, heart-freez'd with cold,
Of deaths pale terror, he for mercie cries,
And begs but this, that he may but behold
Our fathers face, ere he be wrapt in mould;
Which last request our father him deni'd,
Doubting deceit in death when *Henrie* di'd.

My yonger brother Britaines *Gefferie*,
A partner with vs in rebellious pride,
To pay iuſt paines for his diſloyaltie
Vnto our father, bruzed on the ſide
With fall from off his horſe, vntimely dide,
In youth cut off, as moſt vnworthie life,
That with his father liu'd in rebell ſtrife.

This vengeance for ſuch diſobedient ſin,
Vnto my brethren as in mercie ſent,
Might to my future deeds haue caueats bin;
But I in heart too ſtubborne to relent,
And proud Prince *Iohn* did once againe conſent,
To lift rebellious hands againſt our ſire,
In his laſt daies when age did reſt require.

The French Kings power we did ſupport in field,
And did in armes the aged King conſtraine
To ſuch diſhonor'd tearmes of truce to yeeld,
That he in heart vnable to ſuſtaine
The griefe of ſuch diſgrace, with ſorow ſlaine,
In thoſe laſt words which dying he did breath,
To vs his curſe moſt iuſtly did bequeath.

After his death, to ſhew that griefe and ſhame
Of my miſdeeds, did put his ſoule to flight,
His cold dead corps as I beheld the ſame,
Streaming out blood did ſhew the great deſpight,
That it conceiu'd at my deteſted ſight,
Which forc'd griefes drops to dew my manly face,
Toucht at the heart with ſhame of ſuch diſgrace.

Thus hauing blaz'd out thoſe vnnaturall crimes,
The wicked brood of my degenerate pride,
I will no longer vilifie thy rimes:
Thou now to tell what after did betide
Vnto the houſe of Fame, thy Muſe muſt guide,
And mount her thoughts to th'higheſt pitch of glorie,
In loftie ſtraine to ſing my golden ſtorie.

No

No sooner was the kingdomes scepter seene
In my right royall hand, but that in mind
Transform'd I was from what I once had beene,
And turn'd my back to fore-past shame; heau'n shin'd
Vpon my head, thoughts only now enclin'd
To actions of true praise did heau'n aspire,
Forren affaires gaue wings to my desire.

For absolution for my trespasse done
Against my sire, when I did vnderstand
How *Saladine*, the Pagan Prince, had wonne
The sacred Salem and the holy land,
Which Christian Princes did of late command;
The Christian badge I bore vpon my brest,
And did direct my iorney towards the East.

The ablest men through my large Emperie,
That I could chuse for this so great affare,
From England, Guien, Poyctou and Normandie,
From Britaine and from Aniou did prepare
Themselues in best habilliments of warre,
T'insue their fathers steps, and game againe
What they had wonne, and we could not retaine.

Report from Rome did tidings daily bring,
Who stood in feare of th'Heathens bold assay,
How mightie *Saladine* the Pagan King,
Had proudly purpos'd Palestines decay,
To glut the gulfe of his vnsaciate pray;
Wishing vs hasten to the Christian aid,
Who ouer matcht with power, were much dismai'd.

The warre-god rouz'd with ratling drummes alarme,
Rose vp and left his louely lemmans bed,
Himselfe he for the field did brauely arme,
Tooke vp his mightie launce, and boldly led
Our battels forth, with crosse-fam'd ensignes spred,
On which as marching we infixt our eies,
We hastned on to meet our enemies.

Leauing

Leauing my kingdomes ſtate beneath the ſway
Of foure eſtates, in peace to keepe the ſame,
I croſt the ſeas and tooke my readie way
To Lyons that French towne; where when I came
The King I met, then *Philip* call'd by name,
Who for this great affaire had vow'd to goe
With his ſupport againſt the common foe.

Our armies being ioyn'd, we marched on,
Where that ſtrong bridge that ouerlookes the waue
Of Rhodanus, beneath our feet did grone,
And brake, where many, whom no helpe could ſaue,
In that blacke ſtrugling ſtreame did find their graue;
At which diſmai'd, to part we did agree,
And after both to meet in Scicilie.

From hence ore aged *Tythons* purple bed,
For Scicilie thy Muſe muſt take her flight
To mount Pelorus, on whoſe loftie head,
Let her inſiſt and view our nauall might
Afloat vpon thoſe ſeas, ſo faire a ſight,
King *Philip* on the ſhore with his French powers
Did then admire from off Meſſanaes towers;

There do behold my men in thickeſt throng,
Scaling Meſſanaes walles, and beating downe
The citie gates in wreake of that foule wrong
Done gainſt vs all by that iniurious towne,
Who with firſt conqueſt did our ſword renowne:
Vpon whoſe walles our banners we did pight,
Which did the falſe French *Philip* much deſpight.

In ſpight of hate the cauſe we did protect
Of our Queene ſiſter, *Ioan* of Scicilie,
Whoſe husband dead, Prince *Tancred* late elect
To ſway the ſcepter of that Emperie,
Did with vnfit repulſe her due denie,
Till now at length he by our power compell'd,
Did yeeld her dowrie, which he long withheld.

Keeping the feaſt of his natiuitie,
Whoſe birth true peace t'all humane ſoules did bring,
In *Tancreds* Court, there firſt the treacherie
Of faithleſſe *Philip*, that ignoble King,
Did ſhew it ſelfe; who did intend to bring
All my deſignements for the Chriſtian aid,
To ill effect by plots which he had laid.

The ſtout Scicilian King he did excite
T'inuade my campe, and that he might not faile,
He wiſht him take th'aduantage of the night;
And leſt my dreaded might his mind might quaile,
He with his power would helpe him to aſſaile;
So much did he maligne my names renowne,
Which all true noble hearts with praiſe did crowne.

But I that did preferre a royall minde
Before baſe thoughts of griping auarice,
And Prince-like did with bounties hands ſtrike blinde
The eyes of enuie in mine enemies,
Did finde ſuch grace, that none could preiudice
My name or ſtate, but euen amongſt my foes
I found ſuch friends as would the ſame diſcloſe.

Tancred that did admire the royalties,
That in my Kingly breſt did make repoſe,
Could not conceale the French-mans treacherie;
But with a Kingly ſp'rit diſdaining thoſe,
That traytors were, this treaſon did diſcloſe:
Seldome baſe treacherie it ſelfe can ſeat
On the high pitch of Kingly bred conceat.

Philip diſgrac'd, did launch into the deepe,
Being bound for Acon that beſieged towne,
Where leauing him, thy Muſe her courſe muſt keepe
Vnto that land, whoſe name did firſt renowne
The Queene of loue, and her firſt altars crowne;
Whence ſhe may ſafely ſee how *Neptune* raues,
And wrackes my ſhips in the Pamphilian waues.

When

When launcht vpon the seas my ships were seene,
From the Scicilian shore with that sweet Maid,
Nauares faire *Berengaria*, my new Queene:
Neptune as if he did intend t'haue pray'd
On my late chosen loue, began t'inuade
My blacke fleetes wooden walles, which he did batter
With bounding billowes of his rough rouz'd water.

Tempestuous winds, whose swelling cheekes did draw
The louring clouds full burthened with blacke showers,
Flew on the waues, which breaking with the flaw,
Foaming white froth, did rise like loftie towers,
In roring traine, trooping vp all their powers,
Darkenesse did hide the chearefull face of heau'n,
Our ships disperst, were each from other driuen.

T'encrease our feare, and make the night more grimme,
Through heau'ns thicke clouds pale lightning still did flie,
Whose dazeling flash our mazed sight did dimme,
While the worlds soueraigne in the thickned skie,
Aboue our heads did thunder horriblie,
From whence his darts with sulphurie flash he threw,
Which brimstone-like did sauour as it flew.

The seas did swell, and proudly braue the heau'n,
The windes did bellow and the billowes rore,
Many tall ships with gust of tempest driuen,
To saue themselues from spoile, all desperate bore
Vnto the hauens of the Cyprian shore,
Vpon whose strand the barbarous Cypriotes stood
T'encrease their woes that did escape the flood.

Of those whose barkes did perish in the deepe,
Some hauing gain'd the shore with life halfe drown'd,
They tooke, whom as their captiues they did keepe,
And some by swimming hauing footing found,
Comming on shore with death they did confound:
Which when I heard, the storme once blowen away,
Such wrong with iust reuenge I did repay.

The depth of danger we did vndergo
To gaine the shore, such ods there was in fight;
Yet at the last our foes their backes did show,
And left the shore to vs, but after flight
Isakius their stout King resuming spirit,
Troopt vp his people, summon'd far and neare,
And threatned fight when day light should appear.

But to preuent his threats, before the day
His treasure, standard, horse and royall armes
In field we tooke, from whence he fled away
Despoil'd and naked, fearing th'horrid harmes,
Which through his tents did ring with our alarmes;
That night, whose next daies light did promise faire
Vnto his hopes, did end them in despaire.

Heere could I tell the conquest and rich spoile,
Which for those wrongs, that we did erst sustaine,
My souldiers made on Cyprus fruitfull soile;
How false *Isakius* yeelding did remaine
With me in hold, and fled away againe,
Whom after taken for his trespasse past,
In guiues of gold I then did shakle fast.

But deeds of more import are to be told,
Thy Muse must launch with vs from Cyprus shore,
That on the surging seas she may behold
Prince *Salphadines* huge barke, whose bosome bore
Such furniture for warre, sent to restore
The weakned strength of Acon almost lost,
Then round besieged by the Christian host.

Salphadine the brother of *Saladine.*

To whom like floting *Delos* on the waue
We gaue the chase, till turning backe from flight,
With all her sights set vp she did vs braue,
And fifteene hundred men all arm'd for fight,
Vpon her deckes did shew themselues in sight,
Whom in our gallies thronging in thicke croud,
My souldiers did assaile with clamours loud.

Of

Oft times with valour the repulse they gaue
To vs, that sought to boord their ship and scale
Her wooden walles, so high aboue the waue,
Till from our bowes, shafts thicke as winters haile,
Their stoutest hearts with deadly wounds did quaile,
Who shrinking from the fight my men did boord,
And in their furie did not spare the sword.

Then did appeare the ruine of the foe,
Gasping for breath in vaine, sweet life they craue,
The blood of wounded men did streaming flow
Into the flood, and heere and there it gaue
A crimson colour to the siluer waue:
Whereby through th'English fleet each little boat
In Pagan blood triumphantly did float.

With that great monster barke two hundred men
Reseru'd from death, in triumph we did scower
The seas; to Acons siege begirted then
By all the Christian host, from whose watch-tower
The foe-men viewing my approching power,
And hearing of my deed vpon the deepe,
No longer did intend the towne to keepe.

Yet after my arriue they being fed
With lingring hope, did change their first intent,
Gainst vs the towne did proudly beare her hed:
For hearing of a priuate conuoy sent,
With fresh supplie for their prouision spent,
Though faint for food, yet they did after sheeld
Their walles with stout defence and would not yeeld.

To frustrate Acons hopes of such supplies,
And with some high aduenture to renowne
Our English name, finding by my espies
The passage where the carriages came downe,
From Babylon to that distressed towne;
I with a band of choice selected men,
Departed from the Christian host vnseene.

From

From vnder couert of a thicke-set groue,
On the Carauan first the charge we gaue,
Three thousand burthened Camels in a droue
We from the conuoy tooke, who for to saue
The rest from spoile, at first aloofe did waue,
But when we towards them made, though more they were
In number farre, they tooke the wings of feare.

With many a thousand mule, and many a beast
Of other burthen, we return'd with speed
Vnto the Christian host, where we did feast
Vpon the prey; the towne of this our deed
Inform'd by fame, and forc'd by hungrie need,
Her gates did open of her owne accord,
To saue her sonnes from warres reuengefull sword.

Heere must thy willing Muse desist to tell
Our happie hopefull conquests in the East,
Cauils breake forth, enuie rouz'd vp from hell,
Creepes into false King *Philips* cankred brest,
Who with old hate of my good hap possest,
Doth by his plots the Austrian Duke excite,
To ioyne with him to worke vs all despight.

As still th'infection of this foule disease,
Contagious venome in their brests did breed,
So my names greatnesse daily did encrease,
While they on spleene nere satisfied did feed,
Fortune still grac'd me with some glorious deed:
Vertue enui'd shines brighter, like the Sun,
Which breakes through clouds, with which it was orerun.

With enuious eyes, impatient to behold
The golden beames of my sun-shine like fame,
Philip with Austrian Duke hight *Leopald*,
Without respect vnto our Sauiours name,
The cause for which to Palestine we came;
Seeming heart-sicke, did thence depart away,
Hoping to leaue me to the foes for pray.

He

He gone, the hand of heau'n that doth dispose
The course of things, did beare before my breſt
The ſhield of ſafetie gainſt our Pagan foes;
With my ſmall troope their powers in field ſuppreſt,
The bordring Chriſtian held his right in reſt;
No croſſe euent while I did there abide,
In honor'd deeds of armes did me betide.

If thou deſire thoſe famous acts to know,
Mount *Perſeus* horſe, to Ioppa take thy way,
Which at this time that fatall ſtone can ſhow,
To which the Virgin faire *Andromeda*
In bands was bound, to be the monſters pray;
There on that rocke thy Muſe may ſit and ſee
Thoſe deeds of fame, that then were done by mee.

Aſſur can ſpeake my praiſe, before whoſe wall
Great *Saladine* with all his Heathniſh hoſt,
In battell did beneath mine enſignes fall,
Who in my paſſage ſeeking to haue croſt
My way to Ioppa, on that ſalt ſea coſt,
Fought from noone-tide vntill the ſetting Sun,
And then did flie, the field we Chriſtians won.

In fortie yeares before the Saracen
Such loſſe did not ſuſtaine in Paleſtine,
Nor in one battell loſt ſo many men;
The towring ſtate of mightie *Saladine*
In this fight ſhaken, daily did decline:
That ancient kingdome of the Syrian land
Did fall from him, and was at our command.

From wel-wall'd Aſcalon, that ancient towne
The Pagans fled with all their golden good,
Darus did ſtoope her pride, Aſſur came downe
Vpon her knees, Ioppa the port that ſtood
Vpon the Syrian ſhore, before the flood
With generall deluge did the world oreſpread,
Did beare the Chriſtian badge vpon her head.

To follow Fortune brauely marching on,
Who with auſpicious looke did ſeeme to ſmile,
We did direct our courſe to Babylon;
But ſhe falſe Ladie did my hopes beguile,
And forc'd me with mine armie to recoile:
Fame ouer ſeas on her vnluckie wing
Sad tidings from the Weſt to vs did bring.

Backe backe to England with a grieued heart,
Leauing theſe bleſt affaires of th'holy one
Of Iſrael, we muſt with griefe depart:
Philip my foe excites my brother *Iohn*
In my long abſence to aſpire the throne;
My Englands rockie bounds ring with alarmes
Of factious traytors, *Iohn* is vp in armes.

Warn'd by report, my courſe I did direct
For Englands bounds. But heere thy Muſe muſt know
My fathers curſe began to take effect;
Heau'n ſeem'd to frowne, the ſea became my foe,
And earth conſpir'd to worke my greater woe;
By ſeas darke waues and froward winds from heau'n,
Vnto my foes at ſhore I vp was giuen.

By tempeſt driuen, from danger to be free,
I made heard ſhipwracke on the Iſtrian ſtrand,
Depriu'd of all my traine, excepting three,
Enforc'd I was to make my way by land
Through Auſtria, to Vienna, that doth ſtand
Vpon Danubius bankes, that Dukedomes ſeat,
The bulwarke now gainſt Turkiſh *Mahumet*.

There being deſcri'd vnto mine ancient foe
The Auſtrian Duke, I was giuen vp for pray;
Who like himſelfe, himſelfe to me did ſhow,
Bearing in mind the malice of that day,
When I at Acon for his proud aſſay,
In taking for his lodging in the towne
The Palace vp, I caſt his enſignes downe.

Yet with this Duke not long was my abode:
For when report of my captiuitie
Was newly set on wing, and flowen abroad,
Henrie then Emperour of Germanie,
Forgetfull of Emperiall royaltie,
Of that false Duke that had me fast in hold,
Greedie of prey, did purchase me for gold.

Vpon that man, whom Fortune doth begin
To leaue forlorne, who will not seeme to frowne?
When he is sunken vp vnto the chin
In waues of sad distresse, all thrust him downe,
And suffer him in wretchednesse to drowne:
They that did enuie my great State before,
Did wish such State might nere betide me more.

Ambitious *Iohn*, and *Philip* that false King,
Taking the time to perfect their intent,
To *Henrie* did a golden message wing,
In hope if he to set me free was bent,
Such purpose with corruption to preuent:
Which when with terror stricken I did heare,
No hope I had, no comfort did appeare.

Ignoble age branded with this foule crime,
This blemish thou canst neuer wipe away;
When true record shall tell to future time,
How most vniust the Christian did repay
His backe returne, that did through death assay,
Gainst Paganisme t'aduance the Christian name,
Euen children shall vpbraid thee with the same.

In tempest of this trouble long being tost,
Sore grieu'd in mind for my captiuitie,
At length compounding with my greedie host
Th'Emperour *Henrie*, hight of Germanie,
With ransome to redeeme my libertie;
An hundred thousand pounds I did agree
To giue to him before I could be free.

Now is my iourney set on foot againe
For my deare England; now false *Philip* stormes,
Now *Iohn* repents, and feare doth him constraine,
In peace to lay downe his rebellious armes,
And by our mother seeke to shun those harmes
Approching on; t'whom I in reuerence
Of her estate, gaue pardon for his offence.

In England safe arriu'd, the people greet
My glad returne with bright bone-fires and bels,
My royall London in each seuerall street,
By her large gifts and golden glorie tels
Within her walles what faithfull subiects dwels;
And I in hope that heau'n would blesse my reigne
With better fortunes, crown'd my selfe againe.

But on the swift wings of reuenge for France,
Hasten thy Muse to Vernuile that strong towne,
There see French *Philip* flie before my lance,
And at Vandosme how his armes cast downe,
He flies, and leaues vs treasure and renowne:
Of which two flights, this age doth since that time
To his disgrace record a shamefull rime.

Disgrac'd, he cals the Britons to his aide,
With their yong *Arthur* sonne of *Gefferie*
My brother dead, for which with wrathfull blade
I entred his rich Dukedome Britanie,
And vengeance tooke for his disloyaltie;
Whence, when my wreake was past, I did aduance
With ensignes spread into the bounds of France:

Where heau'n did blesse me with such fate in fight,
That *Philip* in each field I did repell:
Let Gamages and Vernon speake his flight,
And at another time let Gysors tell,
How flying from Curseiles, with his horse he fell
Into the waues of Geth, the bridge brake downe,
Whom mongst his men the streame did almost drowne.

Repulſt with ſhame, he caſting in his mind,
With rags of honor, how to patch the rent
In his wide wounded name, this ſhift did find;
Out of the greatneſſe of his mind he ſent
This challenge bold; If I durſt giue conſent,
That fiue for him in field ſhould hazard life,
Againſt fiue men of mine to end our ſtrife.

To this bold offer I did gladly yeeld,
Yet interpoſing this condition,
That he as chiefeſt champion in the field,
Should mongſt the fiue vpon his part make one,
Gainſt me on th'aduerſe part to fight alone;
From which, without reſpect vnto a name,
Mongſt men renown'd he did reuolt with ſhame.

Yet was a truce concluded twixt vs both,
To which with willing minde I did encline,
For that I then had bound my ſelfe by oath
Once more to ſhape my courſe for Paleſtine,
T'employ my valour gainſt great *Saladine*:
But what I did decree, death ſoone preuents,
Heau'n beares the chiefeſt ſtroke in our intents.

Thy Muſe muſt now put on a mourning weed,
Death doth begin to ſhew his ghaſtly face,
With ſad teares mourner-like let her proceed,
To Chalus Cheuerell that fatall place,
Where death with his cold armes did me embrace;
There let her ſtand, and on that townes ſtrong wall
Behold the manner of my hapleſſe fall.

My treaſure ſpent by my long warres with France,
And gainſt the Pagan for the Eaſt parts bound,
I was inform'd that in my land by chance
A Britiſh Vicount, *Widdomer*, had found
A wealthie treaſure hidden vnder ground;
For whom when I had ſent, he guiltie fled
To Chalus Cheuerell to hide his hed:

Whom I did follow, haſtned on by fate,
And did beſiege the towne, where in mine ire
For ſuch indignitie againſt my State,
I made my vowes thence neuer to retire,
Vntill I ſhould obtaine my iuſt deſire:
Three daies with fierce aſſault I did aſſaile,
But all in vaine, my power could not preuaile.

The towne ſo ſtrongly ſituated was,
And the ſtout foes imboldned by the ſame,
That of our powers they did little paſſe:
Whoſe ſtubborne pride of ſtrength that I might tame,
I choſe a Captaine, *Marchades* by name,
To walke with me, and view that fatall towne,
Where t'vndermine her walles and caſt them downe.

Each ſtep I treade doth haſten on my end,
And leads to death vnthought vpon, vnſeene;
For as with eyes infixt I did attend
The townes foundation, loe an arrow keene
Sent from the towne wall, wounded me betweene
The necke and ſhoulder with his venom'd poynt,
Iuſt in the natiue cloſure of the ioynt.

Deepe was the wound and full of deadly paine,
Yet did it not my mightie minde appall,
Before the towne in ſiege I did remaine,
Vntill her people did for mercie call,
And proſtrate at my feet did humblie fall:
Whom when the raging ſouldiers in their ire
Would haue deuour'd, I ſpar'd from ſpoile and fire.

But death doth haſten my vntimely end,
The wound lookes blacke, the poiſon doth appeare
In his effects, and bids me to commend
My ſoule to God; my friends who held me deare,
All round about me ſtand with heauie cheare:
And when I knew that breath began to vade,
I call'd for him that had my life betray'd.

Vnto the man before me brought, whose name
Bertram de Gord'an was, these words I spake,
What iust offence, quoth I, did cause thee aime
At my deare life? or wherefore didst thou take
Me for thy marke, and in thy aime forsake
Hight *Marchades* my friend that by me stood,
When thou didst shoot thy shaft to shed my blood?

The man with courage turn'd this stout replie:
Because, said he, thou in thy warres didst kill
My father and my brethren, therefore I
Did vow in my reuenge thy blood to spill;
Which since I haue attain'd and haue my will,
What do I care though all thy friends do weepe,
Seeing that mine shall not vnreuenged sleepe?

I did admire that his sterne words were such,
And yet forgaue his fact, and gaue command
That none amongst my friends with violent touch
On him should after lay offensiue hand;
And that he might not in their danger stand,
I gaue him twentie crownes to beare him thence,
From those that seem'd to threaten his offence.

Thus with my chiefest foe my peace I made,
And when I sensiblie felt natures waste,
To friends about me such like words I said:
Quoth I, come neere, and since all hope is past
Of longer life, whose line long cannot last,
Attend my words, and witnesse after death,
What in my will I to the world bequeath.

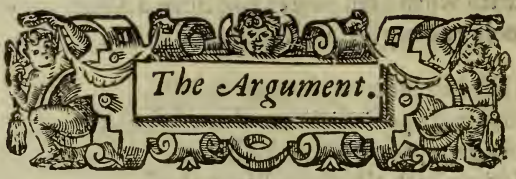
To *Iohn* my brother I resigne my crowne;
Arthur is French and rebell to the State:
Seeke not with wilfull hands to hasten downe
What I haue built by future times debate:
Factions will grow, and I foresee the fate,
The wofull fate that England will betide
When I am gone, that did enrich her pride.

Not

Not long thy King, deare England, can I be,
Deaths cold begins into my heart to creepe,
No more thy fame can be aduanc'd by me,
To *Iohn* the Prince I tender thee to keepe,
When I with death haue laid me downe to sleepe:
Thus death when I ten yeares had been a King,
T'vntimely end my life and reigne did bring.

My deeds I did atchieue with much vnrest,
Death with blacke period did my deare life close,
In prime of age approuing heau'ns behest,
Which seldome doth allot long life to those
That to their parents proue rebellious foes:
Of which that I may testimony giue,
Let *Cœur de Lion* in remembrance liue.

THE VNFORTVNATE LIFE AND DEATH OF King IOHN.



THis Prince to future time, quoth Memorie,
Remaines a Mirrour of true charitie,
Who at his death that traytour did forgiue,
Whose bloodie hand did him of life depriue:
But Marchades *for vengeance did suruiue,*
The traytour taken he did flay aliue.
Now to the next, whom vp from graue we bring,
Prince Iohn *the brother of the late dead King:*
He takes the crowne as due to him of gift,
At whose good fortunes many hands do lift.
Philip *beyond the seas inuades his lands;*
Arthur *in Anion with his British bands,*
Pursues the aged mother of the King,
Who to the rescue all his powers doth bring;
Takes Arthur *captiue, and for his disdaine*
Sends him to Rouen Castle, whence againe
He nere returnes: wonders in heau'n are seene,
Treason amongst the Peeres, the wrathfull spleene
Twixt Romes proud Innocent *and stout King* Iohn.
The French afresh inuade, the King finds none
To take his part: the Irish do rebell;
The Welch breake forth, both whom he doth compell
To stoope their pride: the curse of Innocent,
Against whose pride the King stands stiffely bent.
Philips *huge Nauie doth on England frowne,*
The King vnto the Legate yeelds his crowne:

The

The Lords rebell, the King is left forlorne,
Abus'd, reuil'd, and made his peoples ſcorne:
Seekes th'aid of ſtrangers, and in his fierce ire,
Flies ore the kingdome like a flaming fire.
The Barons flie from him, and ſeeke to bring
The French Prince Lewis *in, to make him King;*
He lands in Kent, London receiues his traine,
From th'hapleſſe King all fals away againe;
The French mens pride the Engliſh ſore oppreſt,
King Iohns *reuenge, poore Englands woes encreaſt:*
In midſt of hope t'expell his enemies,
The wretched King at Swynſted poyſoned dies.
All which, ſince many writers in his daies,
Of very malice writ in his diſpraiſe,
That we may heare, let Fame with Summons call
His Princely ghoſt, to tell his tragicke fall.

Another Argument.

Fame cals King Iohn; *his grieued ghoſt doth wake,*
Comes vp from graue, and heere his turne doth take.

DIſcord the daughter of diſſenſion,
Home-hel-hatcht furie with bewitching charmes,
Doth ſooner ruine *Cæſars* royall throne,
Then all the imminent inuading harmes,
That can inferred be by forren armes:
Where people hate, and where the Prince doth frowne,
What might builds vp, diſſenſion ſoone puls downe.

Of

Of which I once that ſway'd this ſcepter State,
Vniuſtly wrong'd by Peeres, vnkindly ſold
To wretched fortune by my ſubiects hate,
A Mirror might haue been in lines of gold,
If to this age my ſtorie truth had told:
But th'vnkind age preſents to iudgements eye
My ſhame at large, but let my praiſe go by.

To whom ſhall I my many wrongs complaine?
Since falſe traditions of thoſe enuious times,
Inuented by my foes, do yet remaine,
Liuing to euery eye in forged rimes,
As matter for the ſceane obiecting crimes
Vnto my charge, which firme in cenſure ſtands,
Though nere enacted by my guiltleſſe hands.

The long concealed griefe of diſcontent,
Which for ſuch vniuſt ſcandall I ſuſtaine,
Vp from the graue my grieued ghoſt hath ſent,
On ſuch ſterne people iuſtly to complaine,
That vilifie my praiſe with lips prophane,
Speaking what then the ſuperſtitious wits
Vnto this age recorded haue in writs.

Could not the enuie of that age be quell'd
With my laſt houres vntimely tragedie?
Could not theſe burning veines with poiſon ſwell'd,
Their deadly hate againſt me ſatisfie?
O no, in death their malice will not die:
For which now ſummon'd by the trumpe of Fame,
I gladly come to put away ſuch ſhame.

My royall birth *Plantagenet* can ſhow,
Stout *Cœur de Lions* life declares the ſame,
Who was the ſecond ſonne as thou doſt know,
Vnto King *Henrie* ſecond of that name,
Who grew ſo great in wealth, in ſtrength and fame,
His yongeſt ſonne I was, by name hight *Iohn*,
Next after *Richard* ſeated on the throne.

Thy

Thy lines with ſpot of that diſloyaltie
Againſt my ſire, Ile not defile againe,
Nor will I tell that falſe conſpiracie
Againſt my brother *Richard*, to obtaine
From him his life, his kingdome, and his raigne:
For he at large doth in his tragedie,
Declare the manner of my treacherie.

Ambitious ayme at greatneſſe in the State,
Moſt incident to men of mightie mind,
At firſt did bring me in my brothers hate;
Yet in the end ſuch fauour I did find,
That he to me, though I ſo moſt vnkind
Did oft times ſeeke the fall of his renowne,
Forgaue my fact, and gaue to me his crowne.

With free conſent of all this kingdomes Peeres,
Aduanc'd I was to all the royalties
Of my late brother dead, and thrice three yeeres
Inthron'd I was, before my hapleſſe eies
Were made beholders of thoſe miſeries,
Which in deep waues of woe did England drowne,
And brought confuſion to my State and Crowne.

In my firſt riſe vnto the kingdomes State,
Falſe France did frowne, and ſtirred vp the fire
Conceal'd in aſhes of our ancient hate,
The yong Duke *Arthur*, as he did require,
Gainſt vs rebell'd and did with him conſpire;
Both ſtretching forth their enuious hands, to crop
My new growen greene vpon our Cedars top.

On the ſwift whirlewinde of tempeſtuous warre,
Into Touraine and Aniou th'vtmoſt bound
Of this our Empire, then inlarg'd ſo farre,
They furiouſly did breake, where what they found
In my defence, they laid it waſte on ground;
Of which the Duke proclaim'd himſelfe the Lord,
And ſought to obtaine it by the threatfull ſword.

Warres

Warres fearefull earthquake ſhaking more and more,
The ſtate of Aniou, I did vnderſtand,
How th'aged Queene my mother *Elinor*,
Beſieged was by *Arthur* with ſtrong hand,
Within a tower; which on that coaſt did ſtand:
Who ſore oppreſt, and in her mind diſmai'd,
In ſuch diſtreſſe did call me to her aid.

Incens'd to heare my nephewes vnkind deed
Gainſt her now in her age, that gaue him breath:
As dutie bound me, on the wings of ſpeed
I haſtned to the reſcue, to vnſheath
My angrie ſword, whoſe edge did threaten death;
A filiall loue to reſcue her from harmes,
Both day and night did make me march in armes.

Before the foes of my approch did heare,
Such expedition thither I did make,
That at their backes my enſignes did appeare;
At which diſmai'd, their ſiege they did forſake,
And moſt did vnto flight themſelues betake:
Of whom were many ſlaine that ſtood in fight,
Arthur vnhurt was taken in his flight.

T'whom brought captiu'd before me, thus I ſpake:
Coſin, quoth I, what madneſſe was that ſame,
That moued you theſe warres to vndertake?
Why do you thus your royall friends defame,
In bearing armes in falſe King *Philips* name?
Preferre you him in your eſteeme more deare,
Then me, that am to you in blood ſo neare?

For ſhame that French mans company forſake,
Let not his counſell tempt you any more;
Turne vnto me, ſo ſhall I euer take
Your cauſe as mine, and you againe reſtore
Vnto my wonted fauour as before:
With gentle ſpeech thus did I him entreat;
But thus he made replie with many a threat.

Tyrant

Tyrant, ſaid he, thou doſt detaine my right,
I am, thou knoweſt, true heire to Englands Crowne:
Though vniuſt fortune in this luckleſſe fight
Looke blithe on thee, and on my State do frowne,
Heau'n may againe aduance what now is downe:
My friends be free, though I in bands be bound,
That will not reſt vntill thou be vncrown'd.

The arrogant deliuerie of this ſpeech,
Vnto th'impeachment of our royall right,
Did in our former loue make ſuch a breach,
That with contracted brow for ſuch deſpight,
We did in rage command him from our ſight,
And did this cruell paine on him impoſe,
That he for ſuch offence his eyes ſhould loſe.

But when ſuch readie inſtruments of ill,
Who for reward act any villanie,
To Rouen caſtle came t'effect my will;
Hubert de Bourgh a man of valiancie,
That then had *Arthur* in his cuſtodie,
Withſtood their purpoſe, and his part did take,
Saying, that I thoſe words in furie ſpake.

The heate of anger cool'd, conſcience began
In th'eare to whiſper how I had offended,
And when I heard how *Hubert* valiant man,
Preuented had what I in rage intended,
As reaſon would, his courage I commended:
Yet after this by *Arthurs* hapleſſe woes,
I did incurre the ſcandall of my foes.

Cloſe kept in Rouen caſtle by that Knight,
Whoſe wals his ſteps from ſtarting thence did bound,
Caſting in mind how to eſcape by flight,
At laſt vnfortunate a way he found
To climbe the wall, that did begirt him round;
A forward mind impatient to ſuſtaine,
The loſſe of freedome did procure his baine.

Haſte

Haſte prickt him forward to redeeme the time,
Greedie deſire his freedome to regaine,
Aboue the caſtle walles did cauſe him clime;
From whence as enuious fate did firſt ordaine,
He downe did fall into the riuer Seyne:
Whoſe waues againſt that caſtle wals did ſwell,
Where to the world he breath'd his laſt farewell.

He dead, vnto my charge falſe *Philip* laid
That in his blood I had imbru'd my hands,
And in reuenge thereof did craue the aid
Of many Princes, who with warlike bands
Did in their rage depopulate my lands:
T'whoſe diſtreſſe with aid I could not come,
Worſe fortunes did befall me heere at home.

Miſchiefe on miſchiefe fals t'encreaſe my woes,
At home my faithleſſe Barons do rebell,
The Iriſh riſe, the Welch turn'd treacherous foes,
And enuie, leſt this monſter I ſhould quell
Of many heads, her ſelfe comes vp from hell,
And ſtirres vp Rome to ioyne her hands with hate;
No King did fall beneath ſo hard a fate.

The heau'ns foretold ſuch things before their time,
Before my hapleſſe hand that cup did take,
In whoſe blacke deadly wine my death did ſwim,
Th'whole aggregate of heau'n did ſeeme to ſhake,
Sad ſignes on earth my tragicke fall foreſpake:
Seldome ſuch fatall deeds of death are done,
But prodigies do their euents forerun.

Before the founder of that famous tower,
Which ouer lookes our Thames ſiluer cleare,
Did in the Senate meet his liues late hower,
Horrid oſtents and accents full of feare,
To many Roman eyes did oft appeare,
The graues did open, and the dead did riſe,
Filling the ſtreets with lamentable cries.

Before

Before ſtout *Brutus* that proud Roman Lord,
Whoſe bloodie hand ſtrooke mightie *Cæſar* dead,
With fatall blade his owne deare bodie gor'd,
Strange apparitions, full of feare and dread
Foretold his heart blood ſhould ere long be ſhead:
Dead *Cæſars* ghoſt ſpake to him in his tent,
The night before his tragicke deaths euent.

Before proud *Commodus* that Roman King,
With violent poyſon did the combate trie,
Heau'n many wonders vnto light did bring,
And many dreadfull meteors blaz'd in skie,
Flames of bright fire out of the earth did flie,
Before he tooke that fatall cup of wine,
Of faithleſſe *Martia* his falſe Concubine.

Before thoſe miſchiefes then were ſet abroch,
Which did infect the peace of my eſtate,
Before that luckleſſe houre did then approch,
In which that deſperate villan did await
With deadly waſſaile to abridge my fate:
Heau'n did behold the earth with heauie cheare,
And plaguefull meteors did in both appeare.

Fiue moones were in heau'ns concaue nightly ſeene,
As if that heau'n vpon our ſtate below,
Foreſeeing our harmes compaſſionate had been,
And had foreſent them with their ſhine to ſhow
To purblind England her approching woe:
Who not being warn'd by them of future harmes,
Was after wakened by tempeſtuous ſtormes.

The earthquake-making God, to warne vs all,
With violent hand ſhooke earths foundation,
And from his thickned clouds in ſtormes let fall
Such ſhowers of ycie bals, that vnto none
In former times the like had ere been knowne:
For euery haileſtone of ſuch thickneſſe was,
That it in compaſſe did foure inches paſſe.

Fire

Fire making rupture through the earth did breake,
And burned many a towne and ſteeple high,
Ghoſts in high-waies were often heard to ſpeake,
And ſpirits in ſhapes of birds in darkſome skie,
With fire in their beakes about did flie;
Wherewith they did afflict much ſcath and woe
Vpon the countrie, flying to and fro.

O ſtubborne England, that with ſuch foreſigne
From future euill couldſt not warned bee;
When heau'n and earth deſtruction did diuine,
For thy rebellious ſinne to fall on thee,
Why didſt thou cloſe thy eyes and would'ſt not ſee?
When God did thunder iudgement in thine eare,
Why wert thou deafe, as if thou would'ſt not heare?

For pitie reade thy ruine, drawing nigh,
Vpon the cryſtall battlements of heauen,
Where grau'd in golden letters to each eie,
Thou maieſt behold thy wretched kingdome giuen
Into a ſtrangers hand; thy ſad King driuen
To flie from thee forlorne and leaue his State,
Sold to misfortune by his ſubiects hate.

Let times blacke hand blot out the memorie
Of that vilde age, and let it not be ſaid
That *Iohn* did euer guide this Emperie,
That future time with ſhame may not vpbraid
This nations name, by whom I was betraid,
And ſay that ſubiects yet did neuer bring
Such grieuous wrongs vpon a wretched King.

To guide thy Muſe, that ſhe the cauſe may know
Whence firſt theſe euils in the State did ſpring,
To blood-built Rome, our Albions ancient foe,
Nurſe of all factions, let her take ſwift wing,
That when this wofull ſtorie ſhe ſhall ſing,
She truly may define the Roman hate,
Which firſt did broch theſe miſchiefes in our State.

When

When as our Englands Metropolitan
Leauing his life, had left at emptie chaire,
I did elect a right religious man,
Who with the best might in those daies compare,
For habitude to manage that affaire;
In whose behalfe at Rome I did entreate,
That he might be installed in that seate.

Great Rome then in the ruffe of all her pride,
Deiects my suite with proud contempt, and chose
Langton, a man vnfit that place to guide,
On which such trust in State we did repose,
Since he was nurst in France amongst our foes;
And might in time, bearing such rule in State,
Vnto my fortunes worke vnluckie fate.

For this with Romes proud Priest thus I contend,
Thinke not, said I, that I that right will yeeld,
On which my royaltie doth sole depend,
The same in spight of hate I trust to shield,
While I shall liue this scepters state to wield:
No power on earth in my despight shall place
A stranger in my Realme to my disgrace.

If my decreed election may not stand,
I vow by heau'n, henceforth I will restraine
Those passages to Rome out of this land,
Which you hereafter will repent in vaine,
Since by the same you haue no little gaine:
For what need we to Rome a gadding go,
Since many learned men this land can show?

Hence grew the hate that after did ensue,
Heaping on wrongs vpon my grieued head:
Romes *Innocent* when he these lines did view,
Kindled with wrath, on raging furie fed,
Which through his brest a deadly venom spred:
Whose breath did soone infect our subiects blood,
And bred a plague vnto the generall good.

Thinking it ſhame to his pompaticke State,
To winke at my contempt of his command,
With lips prophane, big ſwolne with eager hate,
He breaths his curſe gainſt me, and gainſt my land,
To laſt ſo long as I his will withſtand;
And lockes vp all Church gates by his great word,
Forbidding vs acceſſe vnto the Lord.

Thou proud vſurper of our *Peters* key,
Behold thy ſinne, and bluſh at thy foule ſhame,
Why didſt thou locke the gate that leads the way
Vnto the holy place? why didſt thou name
Thy ſelfe the rocke on whom that power that came
To ſaue the world, his ſacred Church ſhould found,
And yet didſt caſt it then vnto the ground?

My people frightned with the roaring threat
Of wrathfull Bulles to England daily ſent,
Their due alleageance to their Lord forget;
Th'inglorious Peeres, as if the gouernment
Had been transferr'd from *Iohn* to *Innocent*,
Did ſhrinke from me, and would not by me ſtand,
For th'impeacht priuiledge of our free land.

Yet could all this not ſtoope my noble hart,
The rebell Prieſts, that did at his command
Pronounce his curſe prophane, did feele the ſmart
Of their offence, and from my furious hand
T'eſcape my vow'd reuenge, did flie the land,
Leauing their ſweet poſſeſſions for a pray,
Which to my friends I freely gaue away.

After this curſe it ſeem'd my bliſſe begun:
For when the ſtubborne Iriſh did rebell,
Meth witneſſe be of my atchieuements done;
And let cold Snowdens barren mountaines tell,
How the rebellious Welch my hand did quell:
No woſull fate befell me at this ſeaſon,
Till my falſe Peeres began to practiſe treaſon.

Infected

Infected with this curſe, and hauing loſt
My wonted loue, they did with Rome conſent:
For as to Wales I marched with my hoſt,
The Scotiſh King their malice to preuent,
Did ſend me letters of their whole intent,
How they were bent, if I did forward goe,
To kill me, or betray me to my foe.

Perplext in mind, thenceforth I ſtood in feare
Of ruine threatned to my life and State:
France did oppreſſe me, and the Welch did beare
Rebellious armes: but ſuch was my hard fate,
None could oppoſe them through my Barons hate:
Yet I, on whom mine owne no mercie haue,
In their diſtreſſe to ſtraungers comfort gaue.

To me with care oppreſt, the Scotiſh King
Letters did ſend full fraught with lines of woe,
Which vnto me his ſonne the Prince did bring,
By which he moued me, though once my foe,
On his oppreſſed age remorſe to ſhow:
For his baſe ſubiects gainſt him did ariſe,
And for his age his perſon did deſpiſe.

A mightie hoſt with ſpeed I did prepare,
With which enrag'd, I into Scotland went,
Where, in that warre my ſword but few did ſpare,
That gainſt their aged King their powers had bent,
To take from him his crowne and gouernment:
Guthred mac William cauſe of all this ſtrife,
Did with a traytors death ſhut vp his life.

But let vs turne vs backe from Scotlands bounds,
At home to view th'effects of Roman hate:
There ſee how *Innocent* inflicts freſh wounds
Vpon the mangled bodie of our State,
Who ſince that no old miſchiefe could abate
The ſpirit inuincible of my great mind,
To make me ſtoope, new miſchiefes now did find.

By power of his vſurpt authoritie,
He did abſolue all ſubiects in my land,
That by alleageance were oblig'd to me;
Then would he put into King *Philips* hand,
The crowne and royall ſcepter of this land;
If he from hence could me expell by might,
Or take my life away by treacherous ſlight.

Thou that doſt ride vpon the backes of Kings,
Yet feines to walke the ſteps of our deare Lord,
Thou that doſt make a cloake of holy things
To hide thy ſhame, and leau'ſt the ſacred word,
T'oppoſe the Lords anointed with the ſword:
Is this the path that th'holy one did paſſe?
When he to *Cæſar* gaue, what *Cæſars* was.

How canſt thou waſh thy hands of theſe foule crimes,
When thou didſt make this kingdomes crowne my ſhame?
Let not poſteritie in future times,
Impute this fact to Englands *Iohn* for blame,
That Rome did force him ſtoope to ſuch defame:
Since mine owne friends with all the world did frowne,
Before proud Rome could cauſe me yeeld my crowne.

See on the ſeas where France her way doth take,
To plucke me from my throne by force of hand:
See how my faithleſſe Barons me forſake,
And rather readie be themſelues to band
Againſt their Prince, then in his quarrell ſtand:
Yea ſee my houſhold folke do me forgoe,
And lift vp rebell hands to helpe my foe.

The ſtiffe-neckt Prieſts the ſubiect to excite
Againſt his King, a prophet did procure,
Who by the skill of his propheticke ſight,
Of peace to come the people ſhould aſſure,
And that as King I ſhould not long endure:
To which th'vnconſtant people credit gaue,
Whoſe minds in State do alterations ciaue.

In

In this diſtreſſe, in vaine I ſtriue to ſtand
Againſt th'approching ſhame which I lament,
Beſieged round with feare on euery hand,
Not knowing how ſuch miſchiefe to preuent,
Pandulph the Legate comes from *Innocent*,
To know if yet th'effects of his proud frowne,
Had in ſuch dangers brought my ſtomack downe.

O vnkind England now behold and ſee
Thy wronged King forlorne, and forc'd by feare
To yeeld his crowne vpon his bended knee.
O deepe diſgrace, that any Prince can beare,
O that ſuch pride in Prelates euer were:
Pandulph in ſigne that I my ſinnes repent,
Receiues my crowne giu'n vp to *Innocent*.

Remitting former faults with gratious doome,
And hauing kept my crowne for fiue daies ſpace,
As made contributorie vnto Rome,
The ſame againe he on my head did place,
And with my former title did me grace:
To the French King likewiſe with ſpeed he went,
Charging him leaue his courſe for England bent.

But he in hope the Diademe to gaine,
Would not deſiſt: but with a nauie came
Of twice foure hundred ſhips vpon the maine;
Whoſe powers t'oppoſe, proud *Pandulph* did proclame,
That all men ſhould in *Innocentius* name
Lift vp their hands t'auert thoſe threatned harmes,
Whereby the ſhores were ſtuft with men of armes.

Fiue hundred ſaile well man'd againſt the foes,
I launcht into the ſeas with them to fight;
And for the Generall of the fight I choſe
My baſtard brother, *William Longſpath* hight,
Of thoſe our troublous times the braueſt Knight,
Who at this time his valiancie did ſhow,
In this ſea-fight againſt th'inuading foe.

Gainſt whom they fought with ſuch ſucceſſefull hands,
That on our ſide the conqueſt did remaine:
Philip diſgrac'd with his diſmembred bands,
Vnto his home returned backe againe,
There to recure the loſſe he did ſuſtaine:
While I in vaine do ſeeke to heale my State,
All rent and torne by mutinous debate.

Out of the ruines of my countries woe,
What I to raiſe did carefull hands applie,
My rebell Barons downe againe did throw;
To take aduantage, while my miſerie
Is yet but freſh, they me in field defie,
For that to their demands I gaue no eare,
Which to mine honor preiudiciall were.

By friends forlorne, they forced me by might
To yeeld to them, to my diſgrace and ſhame:
The thought of which, and of that great deſpight
Done by Romes *Innocent*, did ſo inflame
My heart with furie, that I did exclame
Vpon my fates that did my daies prolong,
In which I was ordain'd t'indure ſuch wrong.

Of mine owne ſeruants left all deſolate,
But ſeuen in number did with me remaine,
Purſu'd by moſt diſloyall peoples hate;
Oft with meane food my life I did ſuſtaine,
Leſt they by poyſon ſhould procure my bane:
And for my ſafetie with thoſe few approued,
In ſtrange diſguiſe I to and fro remoued.

In this diſtreſſe into the Ile of Wight
My ſelfe in ſecret wiſe I did conuey,
Where while I did remaine, in my deſpight
Each ſlaue, whoſe heart my name could once affray,
With barbarous taunts vpon the ſame did play:
Some call'd me fiſherman, ſome rouing thiefe,
That fled the land, at ſeas to find reliefe.

Such

Such wrongs with patience I did seeme to beare,
Dissembling wrath in my reuengefull mind,
To such reports I seem'd to giue no eare:
But still did lie, as vnto peace inclin'd,
Till I fit opportunitie did find:
For in the end when I return'd againe,
For such contempt they paid me double paine.

Receiuing aid from friends beyond the seas,
Like to a tempest stooping downe from heau'n,
With spoilefull hands my kingdome I did sease,
All in my furie were to slaughter giuen,
My Barons into flight with terror driuen;
Fled from my face, and sought their heads to hide
For their misdeeds, in field none durst abide.

They all vnable to withstand my might,
Not with submission milde did mercie craue:
To do to me and mine the more despight,
To France they sent, desiring for to haue
Prince *Lewis* to their King, to whom they gaue
Their promise to aduance him to the crowne,
And as a tyrant King to cast me downe.

King *Philip* fostring malice in his mind,
And gainst me such aduantage hauing found,
Though no pretence of title he could find,
Whereon his purpos'd enterprise to ground:
Yet stretcht he out his arme our State to wound,
And take from me and my posteritie,
Our diademe and Kingly royaltie.

For his proud sonne Prince *Lewis* he did send,
With many a troope and many a warlike band,
Whose wisht accesse my Barons did attend,
With all their troopes vpon the Kentish strand,
Where with his host French *Lewis* first tooke land;
Whence with those traytors he to London went,
Which in this treason did with them consent.

Then did begin my former miſerie,
For thoſe, in whom chiefe truſt I did repoſe,
Thoſe ſtranger ſouldiers all from me did flie,
Except ſome few, that did lament my woes,
And Douer caſtle kept againſt my foes,
Vnto whoſe truſt I did the ſame betake,
All other ſeeming friends did me forſake.

But ſee the iudgement of almightie *Ioue*,
On the diſloyall people of this land:
The conquering French, whoſe nature is to proue,
Inſulting ouer whom they beare command,
Now being Lords of all, with heauie hand
The Engliſh people did begin t'oppreſſe,
Who could not helpe themſelues in this diſtreſſe.

Thus did the King of heau'n iuſt vengeance take
On them, for their vniuſt diſloyaltie:
My part he did not vtterly forſake,
But in the end did force my foes to flie,
And leaue the crowne to my poſteritie;
For he did chuſe out one amongſt the foe,
To be our enemies chiefe ouerthrow.

There was a noble minded man of France,
Vicount of Melum, and a French man borne,
Who falling ſicke did waile the ſad miſchance
Of th'Engliſh, iuſtly made falſe Fortunes ſcorne,
That thus had left their King to liue forlorne:
Yea with remorſe his conſcience it did ſting,
To ſee the ſubiect ſo oppreſſe the King.

When death in him began his due to take,
He for my nobles ſecretly did ſend,
To whom with fainting voice theſe words he ſpake:
My friends, quoth he, vnto my words attend,
Which ſhall ere long for euermore haue end;
Attend I ſay, conſcience bids me impart
The things that now lie heauie on my hart.

Woe

Woe to the wretched people of this land,
Which do their Soueraigne Lord and King forſake:
Woe to your ſelues, that for your King ſhould ſtand,
Of whom a ſcorne vnto the world ye make;
And woe vnto your children for your ſake:
Yea woe to England euermore ſhall be,
Vnleſſe with ſpeed ye ſeeke ſome remedie.

Lewis our Prince of late hath deepely ſworne,
And with him ſixteene Earles and Barons more,
That ye, that now haue left your King forlorne,
Shall die the death, or elſe exil'd deplore
Your caſe in forren parts for euermore:
Then let each Peere with ſpeed draw forth his ſword,
To helpe himſelfe and his diſtreſſed Lord.

If conſcience cauſe me to bemone the chance
Of this ſo braue a King, which ye poſſeſſe,
To whom I am a ſtranger borne in France;
Yea once his foe, though now as ye may geſſe,
I as a friend bewaile his ſad diſtreſſe;
How then ſhould ye that are his Liegemen borne,
For this his ſad miſhap with ſorow mourne?

Aſſiſt him then as dutie doth you bind,
Pitie your ſelues and your poſteritie:
And keepe what I haue ſpoken in your mind,
Of which no more to you I can deſcrie;
For now my heart doth faile and I muſt die.
Adieu pourtant, Adieu à chaſqu'amy.
Adieu ie dis ma vie ce fini.

My Peeres forewarned of ſuch treacherie,
And with remorſe viewing their natiue lands
Betrai'd to ſpoile by their diſloyaltie,
Did caſt in mind how they with helping hands
Might beſt reſtore themſelues from captiue bands;
And hoping now my grace againe to win,
From *Lewis* to decline they did begin.

Vpon

Vpon th'inſulting French to powre my ſpleene,
Throughout my kingdomes bounds I did proclaime,
That all my ſubiects that had wronged been
By forren foes, if vnto me they came
With minds for fight, I would reuenge the ſame:
Whereby with ſpeed came many a worthie wight
Vnder my ſtandard gainſt the French to fight.

Like raging ſtorme blowne out of *Boreas* mouth,
With violent furie I did force my way,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from North vnto the South
Deſtroying all things, that before vs lay;
Which did our aduerſaries ſo diſmay,
That none durſt ſtand t'oppoſe vs in the field,
But readie way vnto our will did yeeld.

Had proud Prince *Lewis* met with me in fight,
Our quarrell by the dint of ſword to trie,
Soone ſhould I haue obtain'd my kingdomes right,
And made th'vſurping Prince from hence to flie,
Who did ſupport my Peeres diſloyaltie:
But treaſon ſtretched out her deadly hand,
Who twixt the French and my reuenge did ſtand.

In Swinſted Abbie witneſſe of my wrong,
A Monke there was, the worker of my bane,
Who heard me vow that if I liued long,
Through England I would raiſe the price of graine,
To plague my ſubiects for their proud diſdaine:
Which was the cauſe, as fates did firſt decree,
For which this villan Monke did poyſon mee.

To vent the poiſned thoughts of his falſe breſt,
Loe all alone in dead time of the night,
When euery one had laid him downe to reſt,
When aire was huſht, when from the welkin bright
The golden ſtars did caſt a glimmering light,
He forth did walke into a garden by,
For to effect his wicked treacherie.

There

There as this villan wandred to and fro,
To find ſome weed that had the power t'expell
The vitall ſpirit, or any aduerſe foe
To humane life, ſome kind of ſerpent fell,
Or any thing that did with poyſon ſwell:
At laſt an vglie toad he hapleſſe found,
Big ſwolne with poyſon crawling on the ground:

With which full glad he did returne againe,
And to his chamber ſecretly did goe,
Where with his pen-knife he did pricke and paine
The lothſome toade, from whom the blood did floe,
By which the wicked Monke did worke my woe:
For poiſon which the toade did vomit vp,
With wine he mixed in a fatall cup.

With which to me he came, and thus he ſpake,
(My Liege) ſaid he, a cup of wine I bring,
Of which if that your Grace a taſte will take,
It will abate the edge of ſorowes ſting,
Which deepely ſeemes to wound my grieued King;
With it to Englands health I will begin,
Whoſe woes for euermore be drown'd herein.

Thus did this villan drinke, and dranke his laſt,
And after vnto me the cup he gaue,
Of which miſdeeming nought, I ſtraight did taſte,
Which done, not all the world my life could ſaue,
So deadly was it tempered by the ſlaue;
Th'effects whereof before my death were knowne,
Which came to paſſe immediatly thereon.

For when the raging venome had diſpread
It ſelfe throughout my bodie by the veines,
My blood did boile, my heart began to dread,
My bodie ſwell'd, and when no hope remaines
Of any helpe to remedie ſuch paines:
I for the Monke did call to haue his head,
But one did anſwere make, that he was dead.

Then

Then God (quoth I) haue mercie on my ſoule,
For of this wretched world no man am I,
Seeing nothing may this venoms force controule:
For ſenſiblie I feele how it doth lie
Vpon my woefull heart, and I muſt die:
Wherefore my ſonne fetch hither vnto mee,
That I before I die his face may ſee.

The child being brought, for then he was a child,
To him I thus did ſpeake with weeping eie:
My ſonne (quoth I) on whom my hopes I build;
Come neere to me, where heere in paine I lie,
Come neere and haue my bleſſing ere I die,
Nought elſe to thee is left for me to leaue,
Since of my crowne my foes do me bereaue.

Wherefore ye heau'ns who do behold my woes,
Now at my death giue eare vnto my prayer,
Protect this child of mine from all his foes:
And for your mercies ſake this infant ſpare,
Whoſe tender age doth want your tender care;
Elſe will that roring Lion *Lewis* kill
This litle lambe, though he hath done none ill.

And thou (my litle ſonne) take heed by me,
That thou thy Peeres and peoples loue procure,
Contend not thou with thy nobilitie;
So ſhall thy State and kingdome long endure,
And thou from forren foes liue ſafe and ſure:
For my falſe ſubiects vndeſerued hate
Did worke my woe, which I repent too late.

(Renowned *Pembroke*) thou haſt left my foe,
Be thou Protector to this pretie boy,
And for the fathers ſake thy fauour ſhow:
When I am gone do thou thy ſtrength employ
Againſt all thoſe that ſeeke this childs annoy.
And ye my other Peeres, who once haue ben
My foes, proue now true hearted noble men.

Redeeme

Redeeme your countrey from that captiue woe,
Which from the roote of ciuill diſcord grew:
Ioyne hearts and hands againſt the common foe;
Forget old wrongs, vnto the Prince proue true.
Farewell, my daies be done, I die, adew.
Thus after twice nine yeares of rule in State,
I loſt both life and rule by timeleſſe fate.

Behold the laſt effects of *Henries* curſe
On his laſt ſonne, for his rebellious pride:
Let Princes learne, that where debate, the nurce
Of diſcord, doth the Prince and Peeres diuide,
Nought but deſtruction can that State betide:
Of which let that ſad time of my ſhort reigne,
A Mirrour vnto future time remaine.

THE

THE WOFVLL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDVVARD the second.

The Argument.

WRiters (quoth Memorie) were much to blame
Of Iohn, *that noble Prince, to ſpeake ſuch ſhame;*
But little credit vnto them we giue,
Since they were foes to him, when he did liue.
His firſt ſonne Henrie, *third of that ſame name,*
Did him ſucceed, and with his ſword did tame
That French Prince Lewis, *whom he forc'd by might*
To leaue this kingdome, due to him of right.
Edward *his ſonne, the firſt that bore that name*
Since Williams *conqueſt made, whoſe noble fame*
Shall neuer die, did in the throne ſucceed,
And in his daies wrought many a worthie deed:
Yet neither of theſe Princes both did feele
Th'inconſtant courſe of Fortunes froward wheele;
That Edward *of Carnaruan, third from* Iohn,
Is next in courſe, whom we muſt ſtay vpon;
He in the firſt ſpring of his fatall raigne
Recals the baniſht Gaueſton *againe,*
Exil'd before by his renowned Sire,
At whoſe proud taunts the Peeres being ſet on fire,
Do quench it with his blood: the angrie King
Vowes his reuenge, the valiant Breuce *doth bring*
His powers into the field, and in the fight
At Banokeſborne turnes th'Engliſh into flight:

Heau'

Heau'n, dearth, and death foretels the sad euent,
Which did ensue vpon the riuer Trent.
The Queene is sent to France the peace t'haue mou'd,
Proues false, returnes againe with her belou'd;
Arriues in armes, gainst whom the King craues aid,
Who left forlorne, and at the last betrai'd,
Impriſon'd, and enforc'd by parlament,
Vnto his sonne resignes the gouernment:
On him depos'd, more mischiefe to inferre,
His Queene, the Bishop, and her Mortimer,
In darke enigma do conclude his death:
And lest that he should seeme t'expire his breath,
By violent hand a torment they deuise,
By which the King in Berckley castle dies:
Of which that we th'vndoubted truth may haue,
Let Fame call vp his wronged ghost from graue.

Another Argument.

Fame summons vp the King in briefe he showes
How Queene, Peeres, people, all did him depose.

THat subtill serpent, seruile flatterie,
Seldome infects the meaner man, that feares
No change of State through Fortunes treacherie;
She spits her poison at the mightiest Peeres,
And with her charmes inchants the Princes eares:
In sweetest wood the worme doth soonest breed,
The Caterpiller on best buds doth feed.

If

If ſlie diſſimulation credit winne
With any Prince, that ſits on higheſt throne,
With honied poyſon of ſoure ſugred ſinne,
It cauſeth him turne tyrant to his owne,
And to his State workes ſwift confuſion,
Aboue his cedars top it high doth ſhoot,
And canker-like deuoures it to the root.

Of which that thou a perfect Mirrour haue,
The wronged ghoſt of that depoſed King,
Carnaruans *Edward* hath forgone his graue,
Who doth with him ſuch dolefull tidings bring,
That yet thy Muſe the like did neuer ſing:
Thoſe ſad miſhaps which ſhe before did ſhow,
Compar'd to mine are counterfeits of woe.

To ſtrengthen her complaint before ſhe ſing,
And drowne her grieued thoughts in depth of woe:
(Yee murdred ghoſts, that vnder nights black wing,
In vncouth paths doe wander to and fro,
And oft in ſighfull groanes your griefe do ſhow)
Haſte vnto vs, and hauing heard our wrong,
Help with your ſhrieks to make a mourneful ſong.

The quill of ſome ſad Turtles wing applie
That mourn'd ſo long, till griefe did ſtrike her dead;
Blood be thy incke, which when it waxeth drie,
Moiſten with teares; and when all thine are ſhed,
From euery eye, that haps theſe lines to reade,
Let euery verſe compos'd, ſuch ſad ſound beare,
That for each word it may enforce a teare.

(Sorow, Diſtreſſe, and all that can befound,
Which once did helpe me waile my woefull ſmart,
When fatall *Bercklys* buildings did reſound
The echoing complaints of my poore hart)
Grant your acceſſe, and helpe to beare a part,
That our ſad Muſe more ruthfully may ſing,
The ſtorie of a dead depoſed King.

I tell of honie-soothing parasites,
Of stubborne Peeres, who louing sterne debate,
Did boldly braue me in two bloodie fights,
Of a proud Prelates plots, of peoples hate,
Of the sad ruine of a royall State;
And of a Queene betrai'd to fond desire,
Who too too cruell did my death conspire.

To the first *Edward*, since the Normans name
Grew famous for their crown'd-grac'd victorie,
The fourth of six of his faire sonnes I am,
Mongst whom I was ordain'd by destinie,
To sway the Scepter of this Emperie;
Before my Kingly father left to liue,
The first three borne to death his due did giue.

I did suruiue, the yongest of the foure,
And did succeed my sire in royall chaire:
But did not treade the path which he before
Had with his vertuous foot-steps beaten faire;
Birth binds not vertue to succeed in th'heire,
Else why did I of such illustrate race,
Obscure his vertuous deeds with my disgrace?

Had I but tract the steps of such a sire
To perfect that great worke, which he begun,
Had princely thoughts but mounted my desire
T'assay like glorious deeds, which he had done,
O what a prize of honor had I wonne!
But discord sent from hell did ruine bring,
Euen at that time, that I was crown'd a King.

As th'holy Priest with sanctified hand
The precious vnguent on my head should powre,
And as before the Altar I did stand,
Discord the furie sent from that blacke shore
By damned *Dis* where *Phlegeton* doth rore,
Shapt like th'appointed Priest whose hallowed hand
Should me annoint, by me vnknowne did stand:

Approching nigh, the venome ſhe did ſhed
Of ſad *Cocytus* poole, which ſhe did bring
In her blacke viall on my hapleſſe head,
Whoſe banefull ſauour borne on furies wing,
Did not alone infect th'anointed King;
But round diffus'd, as ſent from Peere to Peere,
Did poyſon thoſe high bloods that preſent were.

The ranke contagion of this foule diſeaſe
With rauing looke the mightieſt in the State,
Whoſe deſperate rage with remedie t'appeaſe,
Warre rouz'd himſelfe at home, who had of late
Slept in the boſome of pernicious hate;
And did incite them in pretence of good,
With their owne ſwords to let their bodies blood.

I moſt remorſeleſſe of that impious age,
That did not only then deny your aide
To your deare countrie, when with barbarous rage
The bordering foes her boſome did inuade,
And in her wombe ſuch ghaſtly wounds had made,
But as a nation borne of vipers brood,
O ſhame to tell, did daily ſucke her blood.

Great Queene of ſea-ſiedg'd Iles, what canſt thou ſhow
Of that good hap, when *Edward* thy late King
Did ſafely bulwarke thee againſt thy foe?
Thy *Edward* now doth with his minions ſing,
While thou thy hands in wretchedneſſe doſt wring:
And *Brewſe* doth mangle thee with many a ſcarre,
While thy proud Peeres prepare for ciuill warre.

In our diſcourſe, that we a method haue
Of euery action, let vs briefely tell
In his due place, which time and order gaue:
And that we may firſt know thoſe cauſes well,
From whence theſe ſad effects produc'd befell,
In the reſpectiue ſcope of this our ſtorie,
Let vs looke backe to *Edwards* daies of glorie.

In

In the freſh bloſſome of my youthfull ſpring,
Sucking the ſugered poiſon of delight,
Euen then when with ſtrict hand the carefull King
Kept backe my youth, I on the baites did bite
Of *Gaueſton*. that ſoothing Paraſite:
A yong Eſquire of Gaſcoyne in faire feature,
Shapt like an Angell; but of euill nature.

My royall father, who with iudgements eie
Could ſound the depth of things, perceiuing well
How follie did by him her charmes applie,
T'inchaunt my youth; ſuch miſchiefe to repell,
Did him exile, left by the powerfull ſpell
Of his allurements drawne from all renowne,
I ſhould be made vnworthie of a crowne.

(O prudent Prince!) the depth of that decree
Which heau'n did purpoſe by my *Gaueſton*,
Too ſecret was for humane ſenſe to ſee,
Who did ordaine, that exil'd Minion
To ruine *Edward* and thy royall throne;
For though an exile he did then depart,
Yet with him went thy wanton *Edwards* heart.

Too late it was that obiect to remoue,
To whom in Fancies cup I long before
Had quaff'd ſo deepe, that ſurfetting with loue,
Heart-ſicke I was till time did him reſtore,
And ſet him once againe on Englands ſhore;
Forgetfull of my faith to *Edward* dead,
Not to reuoke, whom he had baniſhed.

His bones were yet ſcarce cold, his royall throne
Scarce warme beneath me was, when in the ſame
I did embrace my deare, lou'd *Gaueſton*,
Who as infected with contagious ſhame
Of ſome corrupted place, from whence he came,
Throughout the land in little ſpace did ſpread,
That foule diſeaſe which our deſtruction bread.

In Court the leprous ſpots of his delights
Vnto the Palace wals ſo faſt do cleaue,
That from my preſence all the nobleſt wights
Withdraw themſelues, and in their roomes do leaue
Thoſe vp-ſtarts baſe, who them of grace bereaue;
No man is held to be the Kings true friend,
But he that doth his *Gaueſton* commend.

His lips were made the oracles, from whence
I tooke aduice, he in the counſell ſits,
Graue States as enemies are baniſht thence,
The ſhallow-brain'd yong giddie-headed wits,
Our wanton humour with beſt counſell fits,
The ſage inſtructions of the wiſemans mouth,
Do ſound harſh muſike in the eares of youth.

This was the ſpring, from whence at firſt did floe
Thoſe ſtreames of ſtrife, which riſing like a flood
Do ouerwhelme my State in waues of woe,
Which threat confuſion to the common good,
Which firſt in death do coole my Barons blood;
And which yet ſwelling higher, laſtly bring
A violent downefall to a royall King.

My *Gaueſton* in maieſties great armes
Being ſafely hug'd, no change of fortune feares:
He wantons with the King, ſoothes his owne harmes,
He playes the Buffons part, he flouts and ieers
The courtly actions of the honor'd Peeres;
The great in counſell and the noble borne,
Are made the ſubiect of his hatefull ſcorne.

Sterne wrath to let looſe rage, ſteps vp from hell,
Conducts my Peeres from court vnto the campe,
She claps her hands and with a countnance fell,
Gnaſhing her teeth doth fiercely raue and rampe,
And with her feet vpon the ground doth ſtampe:
Then whets them to reuenge in their raſh mood,
Whoſe furious thirſt muſt be allaid with blood.

Twice was my minion as an exile ſent
To forren ſhores, their furie to reſtraine,
And twice againe reuokte with their aſſent,
Who now no longer able to refraine,
Prouokte with daily wrongs of his diſdaine,
He being betrai'd, for vengeance all do call,
On Gauers heath where *Gaueſton* did fall.

They wreake their vengeance in his reeking blood,
My ſighes they laugh to ſcorne, while I lament,
With faire pretence to further common good
They vnderprop their cauſe, and to preuent
The miſchiefe, that may grow from diſcontent,
To tracke me ſtep by ſtep in euery thing,
Whom they do pleaſe, they place about their King.

Feeding on griefe for *Gaueſton* deceaſt,
And bluſhing at ſuch wrong done to my State,
Reuenge doth burne in my diſtempred breſt,
Anger takes hands with griefe, all ioyne with hate,
And to the Peeres threaten pernicious fate,
Who, leſt time weaken rage then too too ſtrong,
Do giue it ſtrength by adding daily wrong.

In this diſſenſion, while on euery hand,
We for our owne deſtruction do prepare,
Newes from the North giues vs to vnderſtand,
How valiant *Brewſe* in his ſucceſſefull warre
Againſt our powers doth proſperouſly fare,
Recouering that from vs againe, with more,
Which our dread ſire had kept from him before.

Beyond the bounds of his owne natiue ſoile,
He proudly breakes vpon our bordering coaſt,
None ſeekes t'oppoſe, he makes no faint recoile;
The ſpoile and riches of whole countries loſt
Can hardly bound the furie of his hoſt,
Neuer did bordering foe inuade ſo far,
Or wound our Kingdome with a greater ſcar.

Tempeſtuous tidings borne on *Boreas* breath
Cooles the hot vengeance of a wrathfull King,
And for a while delaies prepared death
For his proud Peeres, feare from the North on wing
Comes flying faſt, and 'bout our eares doth ring,
Bidding vs haſte, and powre our vengeance forth
Vpon our foes, that brau'd vs in the North.

Muſtering vp troopes of foot-men for the field,
To paſſe in perſon for this great affaire,
My hopes on number I do vainly build:
Our thoughts made aduerſe by the former iar,
Prepare vs miſchiefe in the following war;
Diſioyn'd in heart, yet ioyn'd in ranke we goe,
To giue a famous conqueſt to the foe.

Stout *Brewſe* renownes his ſword with *Edwards* flight,
Striuiling, whoſe ſiege our reſcue crau'd, can tell
Englands misfortune in that hapleſſe fight;
And Banokesborne, who 'boue her bounds did ſwell
With bodies dead, that in that battell fell,
Aboue the bordering brookes hath won a name
Fam'd for this field thus fought vpon the ſame.

O noble nation, t'whom true fame hath giuen
A glorious name for deeds accompliſhed,
Equall with any peoples vnder heau'n,
Be not diſmai'd, 'twas I, 't was I, that led
To ſuch miſhap, on whoſe vnhappie head
Heau'n neuer ſmil'd, but with ſterne lookes ſtill frown'd,
Till wearied with miſhaps, I was vncrown'd.

O had I periſht by the ſword of *Brewſe*,
And had not been reſeru'd to future daies,
To ſee my Peeres with treaſon take a truce,
And with their ſwords by all vniuſt aſſaies,
Attempt to hew downe him, whom heau'n did raiſe:
I had been bleſt, and had not liu'd to rue
The woes yet worſe, which after did enſue.

Th'

Th'inueterate wounds of wrong infixt ſo deepe,
Againſt my Barons in my ſwolne heart,
With drops of blood now made afreſh to weepe,
That I from *Brewſe* ſhould thus with ſhame depart,
Did ſo augment my minds impatient ſmart,
That by my Peeres mine ire now new ſtirr'd vp,
I with their blood quencht in *Bellonaes* cup.

What they do plot is by my powre controul'd,
What I intend, vnreuerently they croſſe;
What they do wiſh, I will not; what I would,
They do gain-ſay, though to a publike loſſe;
Thus vpon miſchiefes racket do we toſſe
The common good, till bandied by vs all
Into confuſions hazard it do fall.

Both heau'n and earth, as if in mourning clad,
They did bewaile, what they could not preuent,
When on our ſelues, our ſelues no pittie had,
Denide thoſe comforts in due ſeaſon ſent,
Which to this nation they before had lent:
As with their anger they would vs recall
From running headlong, where we needs muſt fall.

Towards th'Articke ſide of heau'n ore Albions rocks,
A blazing meteor ſtood in th'vpper aire,
Which with grim looke ſhaking his dreadfull locks,
Bids earth be barren, and the world deſpaire;
Then cals the furies with the ſnakie haire,
To execute that vengeance to ſucceed,
Which fates for wretched England had decreed.

Famine, forerunner to deuouring death,
Haunts euery coaſt, where food is to be found,
The fruits are blaſted by her banefull breath,
She makes the clouds to drop, till that be drown'd,
Which plenties hand had hidden in the ground;
Then doth ſhe ranſacke both the rich and poore,
Deuouring all, till ſhe can find no more.

If euer pitie moue a ſtonie eie,
Let her preſent our age for map of woe,
There ſee for food, how little infants crie,
Whom, parents wanting, what they would beſtow,
With griefe are either forced to forgo,
Or elſe with weeping woe to ſit them by,
Till faint for food before their face they die.

The ſpouſe, that wants to feed her fruitfull wombe,
Burying the babe, that neuer came from graue,
Cries in her Deares deare armes for death to come,
Who mad with ſorrow and in hope to haue
That left of death, which loue deſires to ſaue:
A horrid thing to tell, to ſaue his owne,
Steales others children for to feed vpon.

When leane-fac'd famine, who with furious thirſt
Coaſting the countrie, through the land had run,
Began to breath as hauing done their worſt,
That other furie peſtilence begun
To finiſh that, which they had left vndone,
Who 'boue our heads in the infected aire,
Her poyſned ſhafts for battaile did prepare.

Her angrie arrowes euery way do flie,
Thouſands on either hand in death do fall;
But happie they in bleſſed peace to die,
Not left with vs to liue, when death did call,
To ſee blood-thirſtie warre the worſt of all:
That vniuerſall flood of woes powre downe
In ſeas of blood, this wretched land to drowne.

In midſt of theſe extreames with griefe caſt downe,
The meaſure of our miſerie to fill,
My ſtubborne Peers take armes and proudly frowne,
Threatning in rage that little left to ſpill,
If baſely I ſubmit not to their will;
And exile thoſe, whom they themſelues did place
In ſtead of *Gaueſton* t'attend our Grace.

He

He that in boſome of a Prince doth dwell,
And by endeuour ſeekes to gaine his grace,
Though for his ſeruice he deſerue it well;
Yet as the Deere purſu'd from place to place,
The enuious dog will haue him ſtill in chaſe;
Danger in chiefeſt ſafetie it doth bring,
To ſeeme to be familiar with a King.

Spenſer, the man, on whom at firſt I frown'd,
Whom they preferr'd, my *Gaueſton* being dead,
Was he, whom they pretend to be the ground
Of all their griefe, gainſt him they now made head,
He was of vs too highly fauoured:
Him muſt we baniſh, ſo they thinke it fit,
If on our throne in ſafetie we will ſit.

William de Brewſe in ſelling *Gowers* land
To yonger *Spenſer* from the other Peeres,
Who would haue bought the ſame at *Brewſes* hand,
Firſt blew the coles, whence now that flame appeares,
Which had been hid in anger many yeares:
This is the cauſe of their conceiued ire,
For this in armes gainſt me they do conſpire.

Diſloyall *Lancaſter*, that did conduct
The rebels to the field by letters ſent,
With termes vnfit his Soueraigne will inſtruct,
Aſſigning daies, within whoſe termament,
I ſhould reforme ſuch things in gouernment,
Which he miſlikes, thus adding to that fire,
Which did at length conſume him in our ire.

This fire yet burning in our royall breſt,
The Queene doth with complaint her wrongs prefer,
That in her progreſſe after long vnreſt,
Our late falſe Steward Lord *Badeliſmere*,
Confederate with rebellious *Lancaſter*,
Vnkindly had deni'd in my deſpight,
Her lodging in Leeds caſtle for a night.

To make our furie in reuenge more ſtrong,
Letters from Scotland intercepted were,
Which touch vs neerer then all former wrong,
In number ſix; the one of which did beare
The armes of *Dowglas*, ſent to *Lancaſter*,
In which the *Dowglas* to conceale his name,
Vnto King *Arthur* doth direct the ſame.

Prouokt to vengeance for ſuch treacherous ſpight,
From London with our royall powres we paſt,
Whoſe ſtomackes fill'd with furie for the fight,
I vrged forward with the vtmoſt haſt,
To lay the Manours and the Lordſhips waſt
Of our proud Barons, promiſing for pray
All that was theirs, that came within their way.

Newes of th'vnnaturall deeds which they enact
Vpon the loyall people of our land,
Haſten vs forward with ſuch ſpeed exact,
That ere the *Mortimers*, who both did band
Themſelues with *Lancaſter*, did vnderſtand
Of our approch, our royall armed traine,
At Shrewsburie did front them on the plaine.

Far from confederates amaz'd with wonder
At our approch, both daunted to behold
Our frownes of lightning, and our threats of thunder,
Hang downe their heads, ſcarce daring be ſo bold
As looke on vs, their fainting hearts wax cold,
And on their knees they fall, in hope to ſtay
Our angrie doome, that threatned their decay.

Yeelding to fate by force of deſtinie,
Whoſe foreappointing prouidence hath power
In euery thing t'enforce neceſſitie,
We grant them life, reſeruing in the tower
That *Mortimer* at London for that hower,
In which by deſtiny it was ſet downe,
That that falſe Lord ſhould ruine my renowne.

Marching

Marching more northward from the Cambrian coaſt,
While vengefull breath the fire of furie fans,
After ſuch good ſucceſſe to bring our hoſt
To Pomfret, which gainſt vs our Barons mans:
At laſt we lite like flockes of ſnow-white ſwans
Faſt by the weeping Eye, which runneth downe
Into the Trent by little Caldwels towne.

There firſt did Needwoods echoing forreſt tell
The ſtubborne Barons of our whole intent,
There firſt they ſeeke our forces to repell,
When with their powers our paſſage to preuent,
Intended ore the boſome of the Trent,
They interrupt our purpoſe with proud braues,
On Burton bridge ore fiſhie Trents blacke waues.

The riuers watrie wombe did proudly ſwell,
As if it had turn'd rebell with the foes,
Or as if louing either armie well,
It would preuent poore England of the woes
Which muſt enſue, if both parts came to bloes:
Her waters roſe beyond their wonted bounds,
And for three daies deferr'd vnnaturall wounds.

Aquarius with the foot-bands manly fought
Gainſt thoſe, that on the bridge at Burton ſtood,
While with our troopes vnſeene we caſt about
Vnder the couert of a leauie wood,
Diſtant three miles from thence, where ore the flood
Th'whole hoſt did paſſe by ſhallowes lately found,
To meete the Barons vpon equall ground.

The deadly drum doth tell the foes from far
The fatall march of their approching King:
Who ſeeing their weakneſſe to ſuſtaine the war
Gainſt ſuch a powre, which with vs we do bring,
They turne their backes, ſwift feare their feet doth wing;
Yet ſtubborne men ſtill to prouoke our ire,
Before they flie, they ſet the towne on fire.

Horrour

Horrour purſues them euery way they flie,
Repentance comes too late to calme our frowne,
All former wrongs afreſh for vengeance crie,
They, that did whilome wiſh them all renowne,
By aduerſe Fortune being thus caſt downe,
Lift vp their hands, yet lower to ſuppreſſe them,
All friends turne foes in purſuite to diſtreſſe them.

At Burrough bridge in their vnluckie flight,
Where for th'encounter death did readie ſtand,
They were enforc'd in moſt vnequall fight,
For loued life to vſe defenſiue hand
Againſt the ſtubborne bands of Cumberland:
Led by ſtout *Herckley*, who with bold aſſay
Of his drawne ſword began a bloodie day.

In mutuall ſlaughter, both the hoſts do ſtand,
Earth trembling ſhakes beneath their trampling feet,
The ſinging ſhafts thicke loos'd on euery hand,
Flie to and fro, then hand to hand they meet,
And wound for wound each doth the other greet,
While ouer head the heau'ns remorſefull ſtood
Dropping downe teares to ſee their ſides drop blood.

Valiant *Bohume*, Herfords vndanted Lord,
That ſtood in fight by foes beſieged round,
His heart not female made to flie as skar'd,
Neuer gaue backe, but brauely kept his ground,
Till life gaue backe from that ſame deadly wound,
Giu'n by a ſtout Welch Britaine, that did ſtand
Beneath the bridge with fatall ſpeare in hand.

This luckleſſe chance ſo terrifi'd the foe,
And gaue ſuch ſtrength vnto the Northerne bands,
That th'aduerſe part their backes began to ſhow,
Clifford, though wounded with a ſhaft, yet ſtands
With *Lancaſter* in fight, till on all hands,
Oppreſt with multitude, themſelues they yeeld
To conquering *Herckley* victour of the field.

Thus

Thus hautie *Lancaster*, that did not feare
To tempt his Soueraignes peace with periur'd hate,
Who in the morning was the mightieſt Peere
That 'gainſt his Prince did euer moue debate,
By night was made the meaneſt in the State.
In right or wrong, who euer lifts his hand
Againſt his Prince, his cauſe doth ſeldome ſtand.

Not he alone made forfeit of his head,
Who in this proud rebellion led the ring,
The fatall axe ſtrooke many others dead,
Hewing downe all, that had conſpir'd to bring
Their powers for fight againſt their lawfull King.
Twice eight great Barons and as many Knights
In death paid paines for wrong t'our kingly rites.

O age infortunate, when ſubiects pride
Did force their Soueraigne to ſuch deeds of woe,
That when all men had laid remorſe aſide,
The Sunne in heau'n his griefe in ſhame to ſhow
Six houres with blood-red cheeks on th'earth below,
Did bluſh to ſee her ſoile drinke vp their blood,
Who liuing oft in her defence had ſtood.

Imprudent Prince, ſince rage did lift thy hand
To lop the pillers of thy kingdome downe,
On whoſe ſupportfull powers thy State ſhould ſtand;
Looke for a ruthleſſe ruine of thy crowne,
Looke helpleſſe now in wretchedneſſe to drowne:
The dance vnto deſtruction they haue led,
And the ſame feeting I the King muſt tread.

When th'hand of *Ioue* the mightie men ſhall take
From any State, for their rebellious pride,,
By ſuch foreſigne this vſe we well may make,
Some after-ſtorme of vengeance will betide
That hapleſſe land, who euer it doth guide.
The ſad effuſion of the noble blood,
Portends confuſion to the common good.

With

With dolefull pen I could bewaile their woe,
Whose wofull wants did after proue me weake;
But far more horrid things we are to show,
To those blacke deeds, of which we now must speake:
They before spoken did that ice but breake,
At which we falling in did helplesse drowne,
Once fallen, all do helpe to keepe vs downe.

Not *Herkleyes* treason plotted in that truce,
Which for aduancement most ambitious man,
He did intend t'our aduersarie *Brewce*;
Nor the new troubles, which *Valoys* began
In our dominions Guien and Aquitaine,
Shall be the subiect of our sadder verse;
Matter of more importance we rehearse.

O *Isabel* my Queene, my vnkind Queene,
Thy shame must be the subiect of our song,
Had not the weakenesse of thy faith been seene,
When faithlesse thou wast led to do that wrong
To him that liu'd in loue with thee so long;
That royall blood in Berklie castle spilt,
Had now not stain'd our storie with thy guilt.

The scene of lust foreruns the act of blood,
Priapus doth his lustfull breath inspire
Into the Queene, the Oceans wauie flood
Cannot extinguish fancies burning fire,
Nor coole the scalding thirst of her desire;
With heate of lust her inward heart doth gloe,
T'imprisoned *Mortimer* my mortall foe.

Heere let not any take offensiue spleene,
Or taxe these rimes, for that to light they bring
Th'incontinence of our disloyall Queene;
Nor thy Muse grieue this argument to sing,
Which is confirmed by the wronged King:
Foule is the fault, though nere so quaint the skill,
That conceales truth to lessen any ill.

Wigmores falſe *Mortimer*, (whoſe fatall name
Vniuocall to him of all his line;
Whether from feare of death we fetch the ſame,
Or of the dead ſeas ſinke we it define,
The deeds of death t'enſue doth well diuine)
Reſerued was by fate within the Tower,
With time to turne the glaſſe of my laſt houre.

On him the Queene by looſe affection led
Did caſt her fancie, burning in the flame
Of priuie luſt, which ſtrong deſier fed;
And wanting her delight in wanton game,
To coole her luſt-burnt blood with dregs of ſhame,
Did caſt about how ſhe might him releaſe,
That he might giue her loue-ſicke paſſions eaſe.

It is not bands, nor walles, nor thouſands ſpies
That can the womans wicked will preuent;
Let loue intreate, ſet ſhame before her eies,
Let plighted faith, firſt virgin vow'd conſent,
And the wombes fruit that giues loue moſt content,
Perſwade with her; yet can they neuer ſtay
Her wanton will, if ſhe will go aſtray.

By ſleepie potion of effectuall power
To charme the ſenſe, whether by her conuey'd,
Or by himſelfe deuiſed in the Tower,
Segraue the Conſtable was captiue made,
With many more to ſenſeleſſe ſleepe betray'd,
While *Mortimer* vnthought vpon eſcapes,
And vnto France his proſperous iourney ſhapes.

Thus far did Fortune with my Queene conſpire,
And after this good hap to giue full eaſe
Vnto the longing thirſt of her deſire,
Tels her how France inuades beyond the ſeas,
Which vp in armes ſhe needs muſt go t'appeaſe:
When reſolution hath prepar'd the will,
It wants no helpes to further any ill.

Through

Through our neglect of homage to be made,
Constrain'd thereto by our home-bred debate,
Valoys her brother did our lands inuade,
And through late wounds made in our mangled State,
In armes vnable to withstand his hate:
To treate with him of peace our Queene we sent,
In her vow'd faith being too too confident.

O powre diuine, what mortall wight hath wings
To soare the height of thy vnknowne decree?
Reason, that hath such power in search of things,
Proues then most blind, when most it seemes to see,
In vainly arguing of what must bee;
When reason bids no danger to suspect,
Time hastens swift confusion in effect.

The Queene effecting that, for which she went,
With these conditions reunites the peace,
That to such couenants I should consent,
Aniou and Aquitaine I should release
Vnto my sonne, my title should surcease:
And he to France as in times past 't had bin,
Should do his homage for his right therein.

Pleas'd in this peace, my selfe, or my yong sonne
Inioyn'd in person to confirme these things,
The *Spencers* both being into hatred run,
Not daring be from vnder my safe wings,
So absolute we thinke the power of Kings,
Perswade me heere to stay and send my sonne,
In hope thereby, what they did feare, to shun.

Thus all hands helping, *Isabel* againe
To forward that which she on foot had set,
I hauing past my title t'Aquitaine
Vnto the Prince my sonne, she sees no let,
But that more easily she the rest may get;
So large a share cut from vs by her skill,
She hopes to haue the whole or want her will.

Hauing

Hauing obtain'd in France what we require,
She call'd vpon to make returne with ſpeed,
Protracts the time, and feaſting her deſire
So long with *Mortimer*, that ſhe doth need
Excuſe to warrant her preſumptuous deed;
Giues flat deniall to her Lords command,
Not to returne except with force of hand.

Many, that wau'ring wiſh'd a change in State,
And more, that on reuenge ſo long had fed
For loſſe of friends, that fell in that debate
Betwixt vs and our Barons, daily fled
Vnto the Queene, whoſe heart being ſtricken dead,
As wanting ſtrength to manage her affaire,
They do reuiue with powre by their repaire.

While in the French Court, yet vnfrown'd vpon
By *Charles* her brother King, ſhe did abide,
Our Exceters true Biſhop *Stapleton*,
Ioyn'd in commiſſion with her to decide
The iar 'twixt vs and France, now ſeeing her pride
Burſt out in plaine reuolt, returning ouer
The ſeas from her, did all her drifts diſcouer.

Thus their cloſe treaſon bare and naked made,
As bluſhing at their open ſhame deſcride,
To cloake the cauſe of their intent t'inuade,
They vow no more to brooke the *Spencers* pride,
Nor ſhall the Queene vniuſtly be denide
The preſence of the King, they all will die,
Or order things that ſtand in State awrie.

King *Charles* her brother, while they thus deuiſe,
Whether with our rich gifts or promiſe won,
Or with reſpect to his owne royalties,
Or that he would not be a looker on,
While vnto maieſtie ſuch wrong was done;
Firſt wooes our Queene for peace, whom wilfull bent,
He exiles France to fruſtrate her intent.

Who now would thinke that she should euer find
A hopefull helpe her weakneſſe to repaire?
Bewitching beautie, O how doſt thou blind
The eyes of man! thy foule is deemed faire,
Thy euill good, thy vice a vertue rare:
In thy diſtreſſe although thy cauſe be wrong,
Thou mou'ſt remorſe and mak'ſt thy partie ſtrong.

Thoſe yonger bloods, *Arthois* and *Beaumont*,
Without reſpect vnto her cauſes right,
Thoſe certaine helpes to her do oft recount
In Heinault to be found, if ſhe excite
The Earle thereof to pitie her ſad plight;
Which by a match pretended might be done,
Betwixt his daughter and the Prince our ſonne.

As they gaue counſell, ſo it came to paſſe,
She t'Heinault goes with *Beaumont* for her guide,
And with kind welcome entertained was.
Where while *Heinault* and ſhe with ioy prouide
To make his daughter our yong *Edwards* bride,
To England lets turne backe, and ſee at home
How we prepare againſt the ſtorme to come.

To ſtand vpon our guard againſt ſuch harme,
And backe our cauſe againſt inuading ill,
All caſtles and ſtrong holds with men we arme,
The coaſts are kept, beacons on euery hill
Are ſet for ſpies; O had the ioynt good will
Of ſubiects loue with me their Soueraigne bin,
Th'inuading foes had found hard entrance in.

In vaine, O wretched King, thy hopes haue truſt
On broken faithes of ſubiects daily fleeting:
Thy lot is caſt, from throne thou ſhalt be thruſt,
Thy foes ſhall of thy ſubiects at their meeting,
In ſtead of blowes, be welcom'd with kind greeting:
Thou only ſeek'ſt to keepe out th'vnkind Queene,
While heere at home worſe dangers are vnſeene.

Whil'ſt now my State begins for to decline,
In whom, alas, ſhould I my truſt repoſe?
My brother *Kent* then reſident in Guine
For ſome diſpleaſure done to him by thoſe
'Bout vs at home, reuolts vnto our foes:
(O faithleſſe *Kent*) thou art the firſt ſhalt rue,
That euer thou to *Edward* waſt vntrue.

Treaſon tranſports, what traytors looke for heere,
The Queens ſtout champion *Iohn* of *Beaumont* comes
With his proud troopes, three thouſand men well neere,
Promis'd rich pay in ranſacke of our ſummes,
Who now aboord with trumpets and with drummes,
Vrg'd by the haſtie Queene to launch the deepe
With winde-wing'd ſailes the ſeas ſoft boſome ſweepe.

O let the windes their forward courſe reſtraine,
Wing not ſuch miſchiefe to our natiue ſhore,
Let the proud billowes beate them backe againe;
Or if they needs muſt come, let the ſeas rore,
Hurle them on rockes that they may neuer more
Be ſeene in England in pretence of good,
To bathe their hands in *Edwards* royall blood.

Orwell thy hauen firſt did let them in,
Harwich with bels did welcome in their fleet:
No ſooner did our *Iſabel* begin
To preſſe the ſandie ſhore with wanton feet,
But our Earle Marſhall with his powres did greet
Her ſafe arriue, whoſe part, falſe Peere, had bin
To haue oppos'd her at her entrance in.

The brother to that Lord that loſt his head,
Leiſters great Earle did now lift vp his hand,
As in reuenge of *Lancaſter* late dead,
T'whom many a Peere linckt in rebellious band
Of grudges paſt, in the Queenes cauſe doth ſtand:
And leſt they grieue in conſcience to betray
Their lawfull King, the Church leads them the way.

Herfords proud Prelate, *Torleton*, who before
Conuicted was for treaſon gainſt his King,
When armes gainſt vs our ſtubborne Barons bore,
Shrowded till now beneath the Churches wing,
Fled to the foes, and in his heart did bring
That horrid treaſon hatcht before in hell,
Cauſe of all after miſchiefe that befell.

The newes of this new innouation made,
And of the Aliens lately ſet on land,
With terrour doth my fainting heart inuade;
All holds about vs readie open ſtand,
To yeeld poſſeſſion ere the foes demand:
Whoſe firſt ſmal troope now made a mightie force,
Into the land they take their forward courſe.

London denies to lend her Sou'raigne aid,
To whom inforc'd at length to bid adew,
As doubting there to foes to be betrai'd,
With both the *Spencers* vnto Wales I flew,
There by ſome powre my hopes yet to renue,
Hoping amongſt the Welch more faith to find,
T'whom from my youth I had been euer kind.

But thus forſaken, whither ſhal I run?
Where ſhall I ſhadow me with ſafeties wing?
Since that a wife, a brother, and a ſonne,
Purſues a husband, father and a King.
Pitie adew, my wrong ſhall neuer wring
Remorſe from others: Wales conſpires my woe,
And with falſe England turnes vnto my foe.

Purſu'd on euery hand, and forc'd to flie
My natiue ſoile to ſhun deaths dangerous dart,
My fortunes on the ſurging ſeas to trie
In a poore barke, from England we depart
To th'Ile of Lunday with an heauie heart,
Whom from the maine land Seuerne doth diuide,
In which we hope in ſafetie to abide.

But eu'n that little good doth seas denie,
With angrie looke the heau'ns behold the maine,
Gust after gust the winged winds do flie
Vpon the waues, who pust with proud disdaine,
Will vs deuoure or driue vs backe againe:
As if too much they thought that little land
For him that late had Kingdomes at command.

Remorseleſſe waues haue we a kingdome loſt,
And yet our barke do ye denie to bring
To this ſmall plot of ground two miles at moſt.
O woe to tell that once ſo great a King
Should ſtoope his minde vnto ſo ſmall a thing,
Content to ſhare the meaneſt part of many,
And yet deni'd to be poſſeſt of any.

Long did we wreſtle with the waues and winde,
But all in vaine we ſtriue, for neuer more
Shall friendleſſe *Edward* any comfort find:
Our barke diſtreſt, her tackle rent and tore,
At length arriues vpon Glamorgan ſhore,
Where *Spencer*, *Baldocke*, *Reding* markt for death,
Go all with me t'a caſtle called Neath:

With vaine ſuppoſe of ſafetie in that hold,
While there in ſecret we our ſelues repoſe
To the Lords *Zouch* and *Leiſter* we are ſold,
Who by rich gifts often corrupting thoſe
That our vnknowne abode could beſt diſcloſe,
With violent hands do ſeaſe their wiſhed pray,
And beare vs thence each one a ſeuerall way.

Leiſter, thy King is now thy captiue made,
Reuenge is in thy hand, where is thy ſpleene?
Though vnto thee thy Soueraigne was betrai'd;
This be thy praiſe, thou wouldſt not with our Queene
In *Edwards* wrongs be any deeper ſeene;
While in thy Killingworth thy King remaines,
Nought doth he want that to a King pertaines.

With a ſtrong guard from ſtarting there kept ſure,
Our friends meane time being ſeas'd on by the foe,
Both *Spencers, Reading, Daniel, Milcheldeure*
In death do happily ſhut vp their woe,
As pointing out the way that we muſt go:
Baldocke in priſon by a milder fate,
Struck dead with griefe preuents their deadly hate.

They, that vnto the King induc'd by reaſon
Did loyall proue, were traytors to the State:
O impious age, when truth was counted treaſon,
Heere noble *Arundell* I waile thy fate,
Whoſe blood drunke vp by *Mortimers* ſterne hate,
Did manifeſt the ſpleene, on which he fed
Againſt his King, for whom thy blood was ſhed.

Since they by death t'offence haue paid their due,
Who late alone in your diſpleaſure ſtood,
Whom ſhould your deadly hatred now purſue?
If they were only foes to common good,
That made you ſatisfaction with their blood:
Why is your Liege Lord as a common foe
Reſeru'd a captiue Prince for worſer woe?

Bloodie reuenge your hatred cannot bound,
So wilfully to greater miſchiefe bent,
The poore impriſon'd King muſt be vncrown'd,
At London by the States in Parlament,
It is decreed by mutuall conſent;
Edward muſt be depos'd from royall throne,
Where he had ſate now twice ten yeares and one.

O righteous heau'ns, if ye haue powre t'oppoſe
Fraile mans vnrighteous thoughts in euery thing;
Then ſuffer not, ah ſuffer not my foes
Thus to go on, that are about to bring
Such wofull tidings to a wretched King:
In thrall though I abide, this grace yet giue,
That I at leaſt a captiue King may liue.

Strengthned by will, though not by force of lawes,
To Killingworth th'appointed States are come,
Where, as in cenſure of ſome weightie cauſe,
Twentie and foure agreed vpon their doome,
In order ſit within a goodly roome,
And thither do their King to iudgement call,
Who ſhould haue ſate chiefe Iudge aboue them all.

From ſecret cloſet, though alas full loath,
Forth am I brought in mourning weeds, that ſhow
His griefe of mind, whoſe bodie they do cloath;
And when I would conceale my inward woe,
With head declining downe as I do go,
The griefe I would not ſee, I ſee in teares,
Which fallen from mine eies the pauement beares.

In preſence being come and ſilence made,
Torleton, whoſe lookes did wound me with deſpaire,
A man in tongue moſt powerfull to perſwade,
Stands vp, and as deſign'd for this affaire,
Doth in few words effectually declare
The common peoples will, the Peeres conſent
That I thenceforth reſigne my gouernment.

O heere, what tongue can vnto vtterance bring
The inward griefe, which my poore heart did wound?
So far it paſt all ſenſe in ſorrowing,
Paſſion ſo powrefully doth ſenſe confound,
That in a ſwoune I falling on the ground,
Faine would haue di'd, but *Leiſter* ſtanding by
Steps in, and doth that happineſſe deny.

Recall'd from death by thoſe that ſtood about,
When breath through grieued breſt found paſſage free,
In theſe ſad words my woes I breathed out:
O powrefull God, ſince t'is thy will that wee
Do leaue our crowne, I grudge not thy decree;
Thou art moſt iuſt in all, thou gau'ſt a crowne,
But ah, mine owne miſdeeds haue caſt me downe.

To you I yeeld what wrong doth wreſt from me,
Since with one voice ye ſay it muſt be ſo,
And beg this mercie in my miſerie;
That ſince your hate hath brought me to this woe,
It heere may end, no further let it goe.
He whom once King your hate could not forgiue,
Will be no King ſo he haue leaue to liue.

Heere teares did choake the end of my ſad words,
And while my ſtare in ſilence I deplore,
Truſſell in name of all the Engliſh Lords
Renouncing th'homage due to me before,
Depriues me of the ſame for euermore;
Leauing his Liege that was of moſt command,
The moſt deiected ſubiect of this land.

Blunt Steward of our houſe in th'open hall,
Protracts no time by any long delay,
But breaking of his rod before them all,
Reſignes his office, all depart away,
Many that would in loue, yet dare not ſtay:
This was my fate, thus did falſe fortune frowne,
Ah God that euer King was ſo caſt downe!

Yet fortune hath not ſpent her vtmoſt hate,
With patience we muſt arme our ſelues more ſtrong,
Scarce will fraile eares belieue what we relate,
When now thy Muſe ſhall tune her mournefull ſong,
To ſadder times that ſhe may waile that wrong,
To which with griefe for guide we now proceed,
Whoſe woes wil make the hardieſt heart to bleed.

Our iealous Queen, whom conſcience doth torment,
Fearing leſt *Leiceſter* ſo neare alli'd,
In pitie of our ſtate ſhould now relent,
Tels *Torleton* of her doubts what might betide,
If in his keeping we do ſtill abide,
Who fearing vengeance for his owne offence,
Giues her his counſell to remoue me thence.

Leiſter

Leister constrained by expresse command,
To the Lord *Berkley* doth his charge restore,
Whence he conueies me with an armed band
Vnto his castle seated neare the shore,
Gainst which great Seuernes raging waues do rore:
But *Berkley*, thou with *Leister* art too kind,
Edward with thee doth too much fauour find.

Oh gentle *Berkly*, whither wilt thou go?
Why dost not stand by thy sad Sou'raignes side?
For pitie leaue him not vnto such woe,
Which *Gourney* and *Matreuers* do prouide,
Such woe did neuer any King betide:
But with command they come, thou must depart,
And leaue thy King, although with heauie heart.

To *Gourney* and *Matreuers* by decree
In his owne castle he resignes his right;
Who left that any friend should priuie bee
To my abode, do beare me thence by night
Vnto Corfe castle, whence with more despight
Through drakneſſe and blind waies in poore array,
To Bristow castle they do me conuey.

By night conuey'd thus rudely to and fro,
Left by my friends from them I rescu'd bee,
At last since none, whom they do feare, do know
Where I am now become, they do agree
To Berkley backe againe to go with mee,
Staying a time, till night with dewie dampe
Should choake daies light and put out *Phœbus* lampe.

Then do they set me on a beast foreworne
In stead of stately steed, whereon to ride,
And for no crowne I had my head t'adorne,
Bare I do sit, except the heau'n to hide
My woefull head all couering they denide,
While sharp winds in my face the weather blowes,
And with their nipping cold augments my woes.

When

When out of Eaſt the day began to peepe,
Who, as if ſhe my rueſull caſe did mone,
Vpon my head her dewie droppes did weepe,
The right hand way they left and iourn'ing on,
Where Seuernes ſiluer waues doth play vpon
The mariſh greene, they forced me to light,
There to haue ſlaine my heart with ſad deſpight.

In ſtead of royall chaire, they ſet me downe
On a mole-hill (was neuer King ſo vſde)
And *Gourney*, wretched man, in ſtead of crowne
With wreath of graſſe my royall browes abuſde,
Patience perforce it might not be refuſde;
Then while in wretched caſe my hands I wring,
In ſcorne the villaines bid auaunt ſir King.

While thus I ſit all carefull comfortleſſe,
With pitious lookes caſt vp in wofull wiſe,
Calling the heau'ns to witneſſe my diſtreſſe,
In ſtead of teares, the ſtarres like weeping eies
Drop downe their exhalations from the skies;
And *Tithons* bride new riſing from her bed,
Beholds their leaudneſſe with a bluſhing red.

Yet to my plaints no pitie they do yeeld;
But bent to adde more griefe to my diſgrace,
In ruſtie murren with foule water fill'd,
A villaine comes with hands vncleane and baſe,
To ſhaue the heare both from my head and face:
Who, when warme water I deſire to haue,
Replies, that cold will ſerue his turne to ſhaue.

With eyes full burthned with a ſhowre of teares,
Do ye, quoth I, now helpe me with your might
To waile the ſorrowes, which my ſad ſoule beares,
Open your floud-gates wide, and in their ſight
Let vs haue water warme in their deſpight:
This ſaid, the teares did downe my cheekes diſtill,
As if they ſtroue t'effect my wofull will.

Hence

Hence in this plight to Berkley am I brought,
Where bidding comfort euermore farewell;
And feeding long on care and penſiue thought,
At length I am ſhut vp in darkſome cell,
There to the ſenſeleſſe walles my griefe to tell,
Deni'd the comfort of heau'ns common light,
Bound while I liue to liue in endleſſe night.

My ſterne tormentors moued with remorſe,
Wiſh death to end my miſerable care;
Yet nature will not violently force
Way to a lingring death, they do prepare
By cold, long watching, faſt and euill fare;
But, I euen made inſenſible in woes,
Suffer with patience all they can impoſe.

In hollow vault, through which the channell paſt
From forth the towne beneath my chamber flore,
Dead carcaſſes and loathed things they caſt,
Whoſe grieuous ſtinch did grieue my ſenſes more
Then all the griefe that I endur'd before;
And forc'd me ſearch the walles for open place,
To ſome without to waile my woefull caſe.

Vpon a time I through a crannie ſpi'd
Men hewing timber on the greene faſt by,
To whom with drearie deadly voice I cri'd,
O who will helpe me wretch, that heere do lie
In torment worſe then death, yet cannot die?
If any there do mourne mans wretched caſe,
Helpe me, ah help me from this loathed place.

The poore mens hearts are pierc'd with point of woe,
And trembling horror doth their hearts appall
For ruth of wronged King caſt downe ſo low,
Vnable t'helpe me, vnto God they call,
That he may yeeld reliefe to wofull thrall:
Who giuing eare to mine and their requeſt,
At length in death doth giue my ſorrowes reſt.

Miſchiefe from thoſe that guiltie of offence
Did wiſh my death in letters ſent doth bring
A darke Enigma bearing double ſenſe,
Which is vnpointed left a doubtfull thing,
Either to kill or not to kill the King,
As in ſuch tearmes King *Edwards* blood to ſpill
Refuſe ye not to feare I count it ill.

The bloodie villaines conſtruing the ſame
Vnto that ſenſe, for which it then was ſent,
Watch for the night, whoſe cloudie cloake of ſhame
With darkneſſe ſhould conceale their damn'd intent,
Day did abhor the thing 'bout which they went,
And fled away, grim night on th'earth did frowne,
And I in carefull bed had laid me downe.

Where for muſitian that with ſweeteſt breath,
Had wont to lull my watchfull ſenſe aſleepe:
The ghaſtly Owle the fatall bird of death,
That on my chamber walles her Inne did keepe
In my poore trembling heart impreſſed deepe,
The feare of death with her too deadly note
Which oft ſhe ſhriked through her baleſull throte.

The murmuring noiſe of the rude waters rore
Which not far thence into the ſeas do fall,
Where Seuernes billowes beat vpon the ſhore,
And bellowing winds which iuſtling gainſt the wall
Like deaths ſhrill whiſtlers at the cranies call,
Through darkneſſe and deepe ſilence of the night,
Our troubled heart with horror doth affright.

On fearefull things long muſing I do lie,
At laſt with ſleepe oppreſt, in ſlumber caſt,
Vp flew the doores and in the murderers flie,
At which awakt, and ſuddenly agaſt,
As from my naked bed I thought t'haue paſt,
They with rude hands do hold me downe by force,
While with vaine words I ſeeke to moue remorſe.

Ye

Ye deadly inſtruments of others ill,
Grant one requeſt, which dying I do craue;
Since ye be bent this royall blood to ſpill,
Send me not hence with torture to the graue;
'Tis life ye ſeeke, the only thing I haue;
Which yet ſhall vade on wings of willing breath,
Since better tis to die then liue in death.

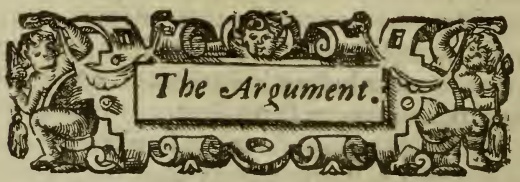
By this they with maine ſtrength do me compell,
Strengthleſſe for breath to yeeld to their intent:
And then, O horrid, ſhamefull thing to tell,
By force they thruſt an hollow inſtrument
Much like a trumpe into my fundament,
By which they do preuent the mone I make
By ſudden death, as thus to them I ſpake:

Ah why, why thus torment ye me with ſmart?
Leaue off to grieue: not one word more I ſaid,
They had by this time thruſt me to the hart
With ſteele red hot: to ſleepe me downe I laid,
And with the pray'rs which godly folke had made,
When from the caſtle they did heare my cries,
My ſoule on mercies wings did clime the skies.

Thus hauing heard my lamentable fall
Procur'd by ſtubborne Peeres diſloyaltie,
And peoples wilfull hate, the ſpring of all
Firſt flowing from deceitfull flatterie,
That deadly bane t'all princely royaltie:
Amongſt the reſt in place with painfull pen
Inſert it for a Mirrour vnto men.

THE

THE LAMENTABLE LIVES AND DEATHS OF THE TWO YONG PRINCES, EDVVARD the fifth, and his brother RICHARD *Duke of Yorke.*



TH' afflictions, which this wronged King did beare,
He dead, ſaid Memorie, reuenged were:
Like Vulcans *bride, at Nottingham, his Queene*
In th' armes of Mars-*like* Mortimer *was ſeene;*
He for ſuch deeds, as all true honor ſtaines,
By ignominious death did pay iuſt paines;
By righteous doome till death ſhe liu'd in thrall,
Within the circuit of a caſtles wall:
Her firſt-borne ſonne, the ſecond Edwards *heire,*
(She being to French King Philip *call'd the faire,*
Left liuing of his line) by her made claime
Vnto his right in France, and gain'd the ſame.
He dead, the ſecond Richard, *ſecond ſonne*
To his firſt-borne, his fatall raigne begonne:
Richard *depos'd,* Henrie *aſcends the throne,*
Heire to Duke Iohn, *King* Edwards *fourth borne ſonne,*
He diſpoſeſt Lord Roger Mortimer,
In Richard *daies proclaim'd apparant heire,*
Who had Duke Lionels *daughter for his mother,*
Edwards *third ſonne, to* Iohn *the elder brother:*
Yet did this Henrie *after much vnreſt*
Die in the throne of Englands crowne poſſeſt;

And

And to his Henrie *did bequeath the same,*
The fifth and most illustrate of that name:
Who in those few yeares of his happie raigne
Did the French crowne to Englands right regaine;
Di'd in his manly prime, left his yong sonne
Henrie *the sixth to sit vpon the throne:*
Gainst whom Plantagenet, *Yorkes noble Duke*
Stood for his right, who his iust title tooke
From Lionel, *fourth by descent from him;*
Yet in his quarrell lost both life and lim:
His sonnes reueng'd his death, put Henrie *downe,*
Edward *his eldest did obtaine the crowne;*
In peace retain'd it, left it to his heires,
Who are the next, that in their turne appeares;
For they except, heere none exempted be,
Since the sad second Edwards *tragedie.*
Two noble youths are left in yongest yeares
Vnto the guidance of the iarring Peeres,
Edward *the eldest comes from Ludlowes towne*
To London, with intent to take the crowne,
His vncle Riuers, Vaughan *and Lord* Grey
By Glosters *plots, who sought their liues decay,*
From him remoued are, yong Yorke his brother
Doth flie to sanctuarie with his mother;
Whom Richard *his false vncle thence doth bring*
Into the Tower vnto the vncrown'd King:
Vsurps the crowne, puts both the youths to death,
Who twixt the sheets betrai'd, expire their breath;
The truth of which that we may heere partake,
Their princely ghosts let Fame from sleepe awake.

Another Argument.

At Fames first call the Princes both ascend,
And both by turne do tell their tragicke end.

Richard.

WHat wit ſo ſharpe is found in age or youth,
That can diſtinguiſh truſt from treacherie?
Falſehood puts on the face of ſimple truth,
And maskes in th'habit of plaine honeſtie,
When ſhe in heart intends moſt villanie:
The Panther with ſweet ſauour of her breath
Firſt charmes their ſenſe, whom ſhe hath markt for death.

Of which that future time may mirrours haue
By the fourth *Edwards* murdered Progenie,
Vp, (brother) vp and let vs leaue our graue
In this nights viſion call'd by Memorie,
To tell the truth of our ſad tragedie,
That Princes happily by vs may learne
Truſt from falſe treaſon truly to diſcerne.

And thou O mourneſull Muſe, that didſt of yore
Th'iniurious wrongs of many a Prince complaine,
Helpe two depoſed Princes to deplore
The wretched fortunes which they did ſuſtaine.
Matter thou haſt that fits a ruthfull ſtraine,
How *Richards* treaſon twixt the ſheets did ſmother
The infant orphants of his Kingly brother.

That

That we may keepe *decorum* in discourse,
And into order may digest it well,
Let vs alternally succeed in course:
And that we turne by turne may truly tell
Of euery circumstance, as it befell,
(Brother) do you begin to mind to call
Our vncles treason and our tragicke fall.

Edward.

Must I begin those bloodie pathes to goe,
In which the prints of *Glosters* steps remaine?
Draw neere then all, that list to heare of woe,
And while our restlesse wrongs I do complaine,
If you lament our losse of life and raigne,
Your sighes soft breathed in still plaints of pitie,
Be the sad musike to our dolefull dittie.

The sonnes we are of that renowned Lord
Edward the fourth, who did the right restore
To *Yorke* againe with his victorious sword;
Which *Lancaster* in three descents that wore,
The royall crowne had kept from vs before,
Ending those iarres, which *Gaunts* ambitious son
With royall *Richards* blood had first begun.

Three brothers had he, whom by fates sterne will,
Remorseleslesse death vntimely did deuoure,
Rutlands yong Earle, whom *Cliffords* sword did kill,
Clarence, that Duke, who in the fatall Tower
In Malmsey But did meet his liues last houre:
Richard the yongest, who was stain'd with guilt
Of *Clarence* blood and ours, both which he spilt.

O that desire of rule so much should blind
The eyes of men, or that to gaine a crowne,
The godlike part of man, th'immortall mind
Of wrathfull heau'n should dare t'incurre the frowne,
And cast it selfe from glorie headlong downe!
O foule ambition, had thy guilt not stain'd
This tyrants deeds, what glorie had he gain'd?

For though, he from his mothers painfull throwes,
Mark't for a plague into the world was brought;
Yet with his sword gainst our *Lancastrian* foes
In many bloodie broiles he manly fought:
And by his courage high achieuements wrought,
Great *Warwicke, Oxford, Clifford* and the rest,
Did finde a valiant heart in *Richards* brest.

But where are now those deedes, or who can say,
That they with praise doe glorifie his name?
How can he euer hope to wipe away
Those spots of blood vpon the face of Fame,
Making his deeds to blush at his owne shame?
What deedes of fame he did are not his owne,
His euill deeds remaine to him alone.

With their shed blood thy lines I will not staine,
Whom wrackt by troops to graue his hand did send,
To him in his succeeding tragicke straine,
The sad report thereof I doe commend;
Enough it is to tell of our owne end,
To which I will proceede, first setting downe
The plots our vncle vsd t'obtaine the crowne.

When on the throne my kingly father sat,
All noise of warre new husht euen in the greene
Of peace late growne, discord did set debate
Betweene the kindred of our mother queene,
And twixt the peeres, who with malignant spleene,
Did swell to see them fauor'd of the King,
From whence our future ruine first did spring.

On this as on a platforme firme and sure,
Gloster did build his hopes for future daies;
Yet Englands *Edward* hoping to procure
Peace twixt both parts, did seeke by oft assaies
T'appease the strife, which priuie hate did raise:
And at his death did cause them each to other
To giue their faith, as brother vnto brother.

The

The King ſcarſe dead, from London ſwift report,
With miſchiefe at her heeles or'e hedge and heath
To Ludlowe came, where then we kept our court,
And there with pallid lookes halfe out of breath,
She tels the tidings of our fathers death,
Bidding me now beware vnhappie fate,
And looke about in this new change of State.

Though time with ſo few yeeres my youth had crownd,
That yet ſcarſe fourteene times the heauenly Ram
Had puſh't his hornes againſt the newyeares bound,
Since firſt into the world to light I came;
Yet of my fathers death, when luckleſſe fame
Had rung the dolefull knell; then did I know
The danger which I was to vndergoe.

Nurſt from my cradle in true diſcipline,
In my weake childhood I had ſcand this theame,
That if th'ambitious with cleere ſighted eyne
Could but diſcerne what fortune gaue to them,
When they had gain'd a kingdomes Diadem,
They would account that day their bliſſe to ende,
In which their ſteps the throne did firſt aſcend.

Our vncle *Riuers*, who my Gardian was,
with vs at Ludlowe, then being reſident,
Did muſter vp his powers with vs to paſſe
To London by ſhort iournies, with intent
All danger in our paſſage to preuent;
But *Gloſter* did intrappe both him and me,
And by his plots did fruſtrate his decree.

By wicked wits, the Queene he doth perſwade,
To thinke that ſince by her deceaſed King,
Betwixt the Peeres a vnion had beene made,
With ſuch a power, it were a dangerous thing,
The Prince her ſonne, to London vp to bring:
Diſtruſt might ſoone diſturbe the quiet ſtate,
And giue new life to the old dead debate.

Blinded with this deceit, our carefull mother
Directs her letters, bearing such effect
Vnto our vncle *Riuers*, her deare brother,
Who doubting left his foes might ought obiect
T'haue gone amisse, while he did vs protect,
Dismist his powers, and only did retaine
Those, that before were of our daily traine.

All readie now to hoise vp happie saile,
For London we our fatall course do stere,
Our hopes do promise vs a prosperous gale;
But once set forth, clouds thicken in the cleare,
A storme before vs plainly doth appeare,
And with a gust in gulfe of woe cast downe,
Vnhappie I made shipwracke of my crowne.

At Stonie-Stratford, being vpon my way,
The bloodie Bore, my vncle, that did aime
At Englands Diadem by our decay,
With that false Duke, disloyall *Buckingham*,
With show of humble loue in presence came;
But after tender of their duties done,
To put their plot in practise they begun.

They falsely did accuse of treacherie
My two halfe brothers by our mothers side,
Lord *Marqueſſe* and Lord *Grey*, then standing by,
Obiecting gainst them both, that prickt with pride
They sought the Realme and me, yet yong to guide
And with our vncle *Riuers*, thought to bring
The noble Peeres in hatred with the King.

Without respect vnto our princely State,
With violent hands they beare them both away,
Too weake were we of power t'auert that fate,
Which in our sight did threaten their decay,
Our words were weaker, *Gloster* bore the sway:
Riuers my vncle, *Vaughan*, *Grey* all three,
After that time I neuer more did see.

Rob'd

Rob'd of my friends, to London we are led,
Vpon the way mourning with sighes and teares,
The wretched fate to fall vpon my head,
Griefe with a multitude of pensiue feares
Sits heauie on my heart; yet in my eares
Gloster to please me, sings this Syrens song,
All should be well, when nought was ment but wrong.

Conuey'd to London, where while I abide
Within the Bishops place, I little knew
Of any tidings, that did then betide,
The tyrant, (brother *Yorke*) then aim'd at you
To hasten that, which after did ensue:
Then take your turne againe, and briefely tell,
What in my absence vnto you befell.
Richard.
I shall obey, and truly bring to light
The darke dissembling, and the much vntroth
Of periur'd Peeres, to rob vs of our right,
How our Queene mother carefull of vs both,
With me to holy sanctuarie goth,
And of our vncles plots to bring me thence,
Which was the only bar to his pretence.

When Fame with terrour vnto our Queene mother,
Then dewing our dead fathers cheekes with teares,
Brought the surprise of her two sonnes and brother,
O how those tidings tingled in her eares!
Suspitious thoughts begat a thousand feares,
Forecasting by that vnexpected harme,
The greater mischiefe of a following storme.

In this distraction of a doubtfull mind
In change of State, seeing such crosse fortunes frowne,
And doubting in distressefull times to find,
Her friends turn'd foes to helpe to plucke vs downe,
And to bereaue vs of our fathers crowne:
With me to sanctuarie she did goe,
There to remaine in safetie from our foe.

Of which, when tidings to the tyrant came,
As one depriued of his wished pray,
His wits best engines he begins to frame,
And if they faile, he doth resolue t'assay
With hands prophane to fetch me thence away:
While from his reach I there did safely won,
He could not finish what he had begun.

Which our Queene mother did presage before,
And thought by force of sanctuaries right,
Safely to shield vs from the cruell Bore,
Who with his tuskes the elder durst not smite,
While I the yonger liu'd in such safe plight;
By death of th'one, the crowne how could he gaine,
If th'other after liuing did remaine?

The subtill tyrant to effect his will,
This faire pretence vnto the Peeres doth frame,
That for th'auoiding of a generall ill,
Since to the Prince and them it was a shame,
That causeleſſe I should sanctuarie claime,
Vnto the place he thought it no offence,
If not by peace, by force to fetch me thence.

Yet to obtaine our mother Queenes consent,
Vnto the place before he offer wrong,
The Cardinall of Yorke for that intent
A man graue, sober, subtill, wise and strong
To charme an eare with his inchanting tongue,
He doth select to further this affaire,
And to his vnknowne plots way to prepare.

When he with many more in presence came,
He with faire speech begins to greet our mother;
Then tels, how to the Prince it was a shame,
That she should keepe me there, as if one brother
Did liue in dread of danger by the other,
What griefe my absence was vnto the King,
What comfort by my presence I should bring.

Proceeding on vnto the future ill,
Which might ensue by ouer much distrust,
The strengthning of her inconsiderate will,
With sanctuaries gift by claime vniust,
The priuiledge of the place by them discust,
Found not of force to her to yeeld the same,
Who did not truly want, what she did clame.

The Queene effectually doth answere all,
He turnes replie, she doth reioyne againe,
And puts such questions to the Cardinall,
That at a *non plus* set, he doth remaine
In silent pause, till chaft in tearmes more plaine,
He threatfully declares the Peeres pretence,
Who had decreed by force to fetch me thence.

With this hard speech, our mother in affright,
Round set with doubts, not knowing when or where,
She safely might conuey me from their sight;
In silence stands, her lookes bewrayes pale feare,
Which she would vtter, yet doth oft forbeare,
Till taking me by th'hand, sighes forcing teares,
And teares sad words, no longer she forbeares.

Behold, said she, I to your trust commit
This noble Impe, whom with the Prince his brother,
When in the generall iudgement God shall sit,
I at your hands will aske: feare with the mother,
What may betide him taken to another:
I make no doubt, but ye will faithfull be,
Yet others may deceiue both you and me.

Heere I resigne, and at that word she paus'd,
As loth so soone to part with such a thing;
Then with a sigh to shew, that griefe had caus'd
That silent pause, to you, quoth she, I bring
This royall issue of a late dead King;
Yours be the charge, vnto the child proue true,
Which said, she thus gaue me my last adew.

Farewell my little ſonne, God be thy aid,
With that ſhe turn'd about, and wept for woe;
Then being about to part, ſhe turn'd and ſaid,
Kiſſe me my ſonne, kiſſe me before thou go,
When we ſhall kiſſe againe, our God doth know:
We kiſt, ſhe ſigh'd, I wept and did refuſe
So to depart from her; but could not chuſe.

Leauing the Queene, I abſent, to deplore me,
For that I was an infant then in yeares,
To the Star-chamber in their armes they bore me,
Where our falſe vncle to delude the Peeres,
My penſiueneſſe with words of comfort cheeres:
Now welcome from my heart my Lord, quoth he,
Then tooke me in his armes and kiſſed me.

Thence (brother vnto you I was conuey'd
Then in that place, where Londons Prelats dwell,
Whence like two lambes vnto a wolfe betrai'd,
We to the Tower were led: where what befell,
Since it concernes you moſt, you beſt can tell:
Be it your turne, our ſorrowes to deplore,
For I, alas, for ſighes can ſay no more.

Edward.

If I muſt tell the horror of that night,
In which by death our ſoules were ſet on wing,
Let ſorrow lend vs her ſad pen t'indite
In lines of woe, what I to light ſhall bring,
And teach our Muſe ſo ruthfully to ſing,
That the ſad readers ruthfull eyes may drop,
Teares at each point, to teach him where to ſtop.

Within the Tower, of which my brother ſpake,
Lockt vp from ſight of all our friends we were,
Where while we do expect, when I ſhall take
The crowne on me, t'whom whilome euery Peere,
As to their Soueraigne fealtie did ſweare:
At laſt report theſe fearefull newes doth bring,
We were depos'd, *Gloſter* was Englands King.

Which,

Which, when I first did heare, a thrilling feare
Ran through my heart, and sighing thus I spake:
Alas, that I was borne King *Edwards* heire,
Would God my vncle, though from me he take
My crowne, which willingly I could forsake,
Would leaue vs that, which none but God can giue,
And for my Kingdome giue vs leaue to liue.

Thenceforth the Tower, which late was deem'd my court,
Is made our prison by a tyrants might:
Farewell the world, our day now waxeth short,
Our gladsome sunne of comfort and delight,
Is ouercast with clouds of enuious night,
Winter is come euen in our spring of youth,
Our late sweet smiles are drown'd in teares of ruth.

O noble *Edward*, from whose royall blood
Life to these Infant bodies nature drew,
Thy roses both are cropt euen in the bud:
Why didst thou leaue that Bore in time t'ensue,
To spoile those plants that in thy garden grew?
Of all that harueſt which thy hand did sow,
Nought haue we reaped but a crop of woe.

Who now amongst thy Peeres of note or name,
The sad mishap of thy deare sonnes doth mone?
Wheres *Howard*, *Louell*, *Barkley*, *Buckingham*,
That bound themselues by oath to thee, that none
But thy faire sonnes should sit vpon the throne?
Woe worth them all, they all do now crie, downe
With *Edwards* heires, let *Gloster* haue the crowne.

Ah pitie, in what region didst thou dwell,
Had'st thou been present in those hatefull times;
Then should not I thy shame, O England tell,
Nor should I seeke to proue thy wicked crimes
Vnto thy face in these impartiall rimes:
Thy Princes, on whose State misfortune frown'd,
In thy false people pitie seldome found.

Search

Search times records, there see how poysoned *Iohn*
Stands vp to witnesse thy sterne peoples hate,
See how the second *Edward* thrust from throne,
Cries for reuenge on people of that State,
Behold thy shame in *Richards* wofull fate;
Gainst whom thy nation vnremorsefull stood,
Till Pomfrets wals were sprinkled with his blood.

But why seeke I (O England) to reclaime thee,
By sounding former euils in thine eare?
That's yet vntold, the which alone shall shame thee,
As oft of it as any age shall heare,
Tyrants, in whom no pitie doth appeare,
Shall thee vpbraid, and blushing at thy shame,
For past compare shall register the same.

When as our vncle had obtain'd his will,
The crowne scarce warme on his vsurping head,
Oppresst with care to keepe that gotten ill,
He takes no rest of mind in bowre nor bed,
Suspition with the guilt of conscience fed
Breeds doubts, distractions, horrors in his brest,
Which like to hags do haunt him with vnrest.

Each step he treads, by which he climbes his throne,
Is grounded on the death of some great Peere;
As he ascends, he sees their blood thereon;
Set in his chaire, Shame whispers in his eare
Thats not his place, his nephew should be there:
Doubt askes him, how he hopes t'enioy that long,
When they do liue, whose right he keepes by wrong.

He that had drunke so oft of murders cup,
To reach that height to which he did aspire,
Now fils the measure of his mischiefe vp,
And in vaine hope to raise his heart yet higher,
Spares not the blood deduc'd from his owne fire:
Poore orphanes blood pris'd at a crownes rich wealth,
To his sicke State can only promise health.

Whil'st

Whil'ſt euery where his wandring eye doth range
To find ſome wretch to put this taske vpon,
All things about vs haue a ſudden change,
Vngrac'd, not car'd for, comforted of none,
By our owne ſeruants we are left alone;
Thoſe that bemone our fortunes dare not ſtay,
By feare conſtrain'd, with griefe they go their way.

Inconſolatly left in wofull plight,
Each helping other for to waile and weepe,
In dole we ſpend the day, and in the night
Horror and dread of death doth waking keepe
Our watchfull eyes, and bars them of their ſleepe,
Each little noiſe, each windie puffe of breath
Affrights vs infants with th'approch of death.

Thou fatall building ſtain'd with noble blood,
Thou den where horror and darke treaſon lies,
Say if thou waſt, ſince thy foundation ſtood,
More mou'd to pitie humaine miſeries,
Hearing the echo of ſad ſorrowes cries:
Then when yong *Yorke* with pitious plaints and mones
Powr'd forth his ſorrowes to thy ſenſeleſſe ſtones.

Euen as ſometimes we ſee a ſilly lambe,
Which for the ſlaughter in ſome fold is pent,
There kept from ſight of his deare loued damme,
Her abſence with faint bleating doth lament,
Whoſe only ſight can giue it ſafe content:
So little *Yorke* in vaine lamenting wept,
That from our mothers preſence he was kept.

Oft, wofull child, thus haſt thou queſtion'd mee,
Where is my mother? and when I for woe,
Haue turn'd my backe and could not anſwere thee;
With teares againe, thou wouldeſt aske to know,
Saying, I would vnto my mother go;
But woe alas, what comfort could I giue thee,
When of all meanes our vncle did depriue mee?

While thus we waſte in woe, the tyrant King
With death to right thoſe, whom he did abuſe
With wrong in life, finding a way to wing
Miſchiefe deuis'd, a wretched man did chuſe
For this affaire, which others did refuſe;
Tirrill by name, a Knight decay'd in ſtate,
Prone t'act this deed in hope of happie fate,

Two deſperate villaines, hateſull to thoſe times,
Forreſt and *Dighton*, men obſcure and baſe;
Yet to the world notorious for leaud crimes,
For *Tirrils* gold this damned deed embrace,
Who being brought into conuenient place,
Wait for aduantage of the gloomie night
To couer that, which did abhorre the light.

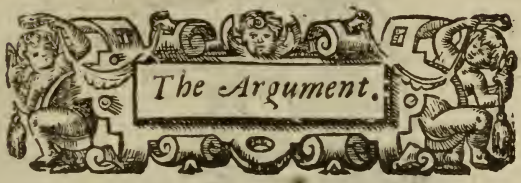
The night comes on, and murder doth begin
To act her part within the fatall Tower,
In that dead time of night, the cloake of ſinne,
In which the clock chimes twelue, the chiefeſt houre
When ſleepe on man and beaſt doth vſe his powre,
Both the rude ſlaues on vs poore infants flie,
As we together in our bed did lie.

Betwixt the ſheets they keepe vs downe by force,
We ſtruggle againſt death with gaſping grones,
They in their hard hearts feeling no remorce,
To heare poore ſoules powre forth ſuch pitious mones,
As might with pitie moue the ruthleſſe ſtones,
Holding the pillowes downe do ſtop our breath,
Vntill we both giue vp the ghoſt in death.

Thus haſt thou heard, how after all his cares
King *Edwards* fruit did periſh in the bud,
By which ſince we may ſee how pride prepares
Her paſſage through the ſpoile of common good,
Without reſpect t'affinitie of blood;
That thou may make a mirrour of the ſame,
A place amongſt thy Mirrours we do claime.

THE

THE TRAGICALL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD the third.



THe lamentable fall (quoth Memorie)
Of two such noble youths may mirrours be,
That man high mounted on ambitious wing,
T'obtaine a crowne attempteth any thing;
They dead, their vncles tragedie succeeds:
His monstrous birth, his shape, his bloodie deeds:
Horror of conscience haunts him with vnrest,
The mightie Buckinghams *attempt vnblest;*
The tyrant enuying noble Richmonds *good,*
By treason seekes to spill his royall blood,
His strange escape from France to Britanie,
Pursu'd by Landois *his false enemie,*
His safe arriue vpon the English coast,
The skilfull marshalling of either hoast
On Bosworth plaine, the order of the fight;
Stout Norfolkes fall, the Kings part put to flight,
His desperat valour shew'd on th'aduerse force,
The shamefull vsage of his conquered corse,
Which that we heare, let Fame his ghost compell
To leaue his graue, that he the same may tell.

Another Argument.

Through nights darke ſhadowes from the houſe of bale,
The tyrants ghoſt comes vp to tell his tale.

HOrror purſues the homicides ſad ſoule,
Feare hunts his conſcience with an hue and crie,
That drinkes the blood of men in murders bowle,
Suſpitious thoughts do reſt in life denie,
Hate ſeldome ſuffers him in peace to die,
By heau'ns inuiolate doome it is decreed,
Whoſe hands ſhed blood, his heart in death ſhould bleed.

I was to noble *Yorke* the yongeſt ſonne
Of foure, which he begot in lawfull bed,
Firſt *Edward* was, the next place *Edmund* wonne,
Rutlands yong Earle by *Cliffords* hand ſtrooke dead,
Clarence the third, to death vntimely lead:
I was the laſt; of all the foure the worſt,
By heau'n and nature in my birth accurſt.

When my ſad mother in her fruitfull wombe
Bore me a painfull burthen to and fro,
Then the babes infant bed had been my tombe,
Had not keene raſors to her paine and woe
Cut me a way, vnto the world to goe:
Nature did grudge to think, that from her wombe
A man-like monſter to the world ſhould come.

When

When firſt I came into this worlds huge vaſt,
My birth was not as others wont to bee;
Firſt did my feet come forth, as if in haſt
The child of diſcord had been then ſet free,
To cauſe the wretched world to diſagree,
Heau'n at that time told b'inauſpitious ſtarres
Nations far off of Englands ciuil warres.

As hunger-ſteru'd to fleſh my iawes in blood
I readie toothed came, as who would ſay,
Nature by ſignes vnto the world hath ſhow'd
How fiercely he ſhall bite another day,
That in his mothers wombe well toothed lay,
And maruaile t'was, ſeeing viper-like he came,
He was not borne by death of his owne damme.

If like a cunning painter on a frame
My ſhape vnto the world I could deſcrie,
And with a curious penſell paint the ſame
In perfect colours, each ſpectatours eie
Would by my lookes into my manners prie:
The bodies ill-ſhapte limbes are oft defin'd
For ſignes of euill manners in the mind.

Little I was, and of a ſmall compact,
My left ſide ſhoulder higher then the right,
Both crooked were, and therewithall contract
Into my backe, ſo that in all mens ſight
I did appeare a moſt miſhapen wight:
And hard it was to iudge, if that my ſoule
Or limbes ill faſhion'd feature were more foule.

The deeds of noble *Yorke* I not recite,
Done in thoſe fatall daies of miſerie,
Nor tell th'euents of euery ſpeciall fight,
As at Saint Albones, Bloreheath, Banburie,
Northhampton, Barnet, Wakefield, Teukesburie,
Seeing they are often ſpoken of before,
By thoſe, that heere their wofull falles deplore.

Th'induction to my ſtorie ſhall begin
Where the ſixth *Henries Edward* timeleſſe fell:
Sonne to ſtout *Margaret* that noble Queene,
Of whom ſince heere no Poets pen doth tell:
Though hee a peereleſſe Prince deſerue it well,
In breefe we will deſcribe the manner all
Of our ſterne deede and his vnhappie fall.

His mother queene, the manlike *Margaret*,
After ſo many a fall in fight caſt downe,
With her young *Edward* and ſtout *Somerſet*
Did laſtly hazard all for Englands crowne
In fight at Teukesburie; but heau'n did frowne,
Wenlocke and *Somerſet* fled both away,
left vs the field, and loſt their Queene the day.

The forlorne Prince was taken as he fled
By *Richard Crofts*, a Knight of Gloſter Shire,
Who hearing of the proclamation ſpread,
That, who could bring him forth, ſhould, for his hire,
Duely receiue a hundred poundes by yeere,
The Prince he brought to end our ancient ſtrife,
With promiſe made, that we ſhould ſaue his life.

In preſence brought, the King to him thus ſpake:
Fond wretch, ſaid he, what did thy thoughts excite
To come within my kingdomes bounds, and take
Rebellious armes t'oppugne thy ſoueraignes right,
And traytor-like in field 'gainſt me to fight?
To which the Prince, in whoſe bold breaſt did lie
An inbred courage, made this ſtout replie;

I came (ſaid he) to ſet my father free,
Whom thou in hold vniuſtly doſt retaine;
I came to reobtaine my dignitie,
And in the throne to ſeate my ſire againe,
In which as King thou wrongfully doſt raigne.
I am by might enforc'd to ſtoope to thee,
Who ſhould by right be ſubiect vnto mee.

The King being mou'd with this his ſtout replie,
Thruſt him away, in whoſe heroicke breſt
My brother *Clarence*, *Haſtings*, *Grey* and I
Did ſheath our blades, which fact heau'n did deteſt,
Permitting vs not vnreueng'd to reſt:
For none of vs in peacefull bed did lie,
When from this world our wretched ſoules did flie.

He dead, his ſire, that poore depoſed King,
The aged *Henrie*, ſixt of that ſame name,
Liu'd in the Tower, depriu'd of euery thing
Which to a King pertain'd: yet did he frame
His thoughts with patience to endure the ſame,
Liuing a paterne of a patient ſpirit,
Who for his fame a golden verſe doth merit.

I thought, that while this noble King had breath,
His friends my brothers peace would ſtill inuade:
Wherefore I did contriue his ſudden death,
And in the Tower the butchers part I plaide,
For th'hatefull point of that ſame bloodie blade,
Scarce cold with luke-warme blood of his owne ſonne,
Vnlooked for I through his ſides did runne.

He dead, the battels fought in field before,
Were turn'd to meetings of ſweet amitie,
The war-gods thundring cannons dreadfull rore,
And ratling drum-ſounds warlike harmonie,
To ſweet tun'd noiſe of pleaſing minſtralſie,
The haile-like ſhot, to tennis bailes were turn'd,
And ſweet perfumes in ſtead of ſmoakes were burn'd.

God *Mars* laid by his Launce and tooke his Lute,
And turn'd his rugged frownes to ſmiling lookes,
In ſtead of crimſon fields, warres fatall fruits,
He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,
And ſet his thoughts vpon her wanton lookes,
All noiſe of warre was huſht vpon our coaſt,
Plentie each where in eaſefull pride did boaſt.

The King who ſwims in ſtreames of court delights,
Plaies like the fiſh ſo long with pleaſures bait,
That on her deadly bane he often bites,
Or like the Mariner infortunate,
Sayling in ſeas where Syrens lie in wait:
To pleaſe the ſenſe he lends his eare ſo long,
Till he be charm'd with their inchanting ſong.

Meane time not made to feaſt an amorous eie,
I Fox-like lurking lay about the King,
Into the actions of the Peeres I prie,
With cautie obſeruation of each thing,
While with their wanton Sou'raigne reuelling:
They vainly ſpend in *Venus* vaſſallage
The tedious houres of that peacefull age.

But clouds do thicken in this peacefull cleere,
Warwickes faire daughter forc'd by vnkind fate,
Forſakes Lord *Clarence* her beloued feere,
Who purpoſing to take for ſecond mate,
The only heire of ſome hie towring State,
Did hope t'eſpouſe with nuptials ſolemnely,
Duke *Charles* his daughter, heire of Burgundie.

Which when the Queene and her allies doth heare,
At *Clarence* fortunes daily they repine,
And to the King in haſt this newes do beare,
Who to their words his will doth ſo incline,
That *Clarence* match is broke by his deſigne;
King *Edward* iealous of his childrens fate,
Gainſt *Clarence* in his heart beares ſecret hate.

This opportunitie I ſtraight do ſnatch,
Striking the ſteele while yet the fire is in,
In the Kings breſt ſuch hatred I do hatch
Againſt our brother, that his hand I win
To further me in my intended ſinne;
For that blind riddle of the letter *G*,
George loſt his life, it tooke effect in me.

Thus

Thus hauing halfe my purpoſe in my hand
By *Clarence* death, I caſt how to confound
The noble Queenes neere kinſmen, who would band
Themſelues gainſt me by law of nature bound,
When *Edwards* bodie ſhould be laid in ground:
But while the King, my brother did ſuruiue,
To worke their woe, nought durſt my thoughts contriue.

Yet whom in court I did perceiue, that bore
A grudging heart againſt their vpſtart ſtate:
My brothers death to him I did deplore,
Auouching them with their malignant hate,
T'haue been the authors of his wofull fate,
Which at ſuch oddes the Peeres and them did ſet,
That neuer age ſuch diſcord did beget.

Fortune in midſt of this their wicked ſtrife,
With pleaſing looke ſo ſmil'd on my intent,
That by the ſudden loſſe of *Edwards* life,
My Kingly brother, ſhe did ſeeme t'aſſent
To grant me good ſucceſſe in the euent:
The King late ſick, leaues here the Peeres at oddes,
And flies the place of mortall mens abodes.

His corps ſcarce couered with a clod of clay,
His kingly ghoſt of heauie newes to tell:
Earle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, and Lord *Richard Grey*,
The kindred of the Queene I did compell
To follow him, amongſt the dead to dwell,
Vnhappie *Haſtings*, *Buckingham* and I
At Pomfret caſtle cauſed them to die.

They dead, Protector by conſent of Peeres
To hold the ſterne in State I choſen am:
My nephew yet being in his yongeſt yeares,
Which once attain'd by helpe of *Buckingham*,
To higher things ambitiouſly I aime,
Who for my promiſe of promotion, gaue
His minde to mine, in each thing I could craue.

Haſtings, whoſe loyaltie ſtood in my way,
Vpon his fall to build my future power,
As he at counſell ſate vpon a day
With other Lordings in the fatall Tower,
By my deceit there met his liues laſt houre;
Where he fond Lord did think himſelfe moſt ſure,
His beſt deem'd friends ſwift death did him procure.

The way made plaine by plucking others downe,
That might withſtand in ſuch a generall ill,
With ſome pretence of title to the crowne,
To win the giddie people to our will,
A man whoſe tongue could honie drops diſtill,
One Doctor *Shaw*, then deem'd a great Diuine,
To vndertake this taske we did aſſigne.

He in a Sermon fitting mine intent,
Did ſeeke to proue my brothers progenie
Vnlawfull iſſue; and with my conſent
Chargeth my mother with adulterie,
Of *Edwards* and Lord *Clarence* baſtardie,
Auouching me to be *Yorkes* true borne child,
On whom our houſe their hopes might only build.

To this his ſermon, as it was decreed,
Ruſhing amongſt the people in I came,
Where he moſt impudent, in hope to breed
Affection in the audience did not ſhame,
On me with loud applauſes to exclame:
For flying from his text when I came in,
In praiſe of me, thus did the wretch begin.

This is (quoth he) that very noble Duke,
The ſpeciall paterne of true chiualrie,
Who both in fauour and in Princely looke,
As well as in the minds true qualitie,
Doth repreſent his fathers phyſnomie:
Thus did he ſeeke the peoples hearts t'incline,
But purchas'd nought but his diſgrace and mine.

For

For after, when disloyall *Buckingham*
Vnto the Commons that set speech did make,
Which with inuectiue scandall he did frame
Against the late dead King; when much he spake
To moue them, me for lawfull Prince to take:
Strooke dumbe with shame of so abhorr'd a thing,
Not one amongst them crie, God saue the King.

After I had obtain'd by tyrannie,
The fancied blisse of empire and renowne;
I thought so long as *Edwards* Progenie
Did breath on earth, Fortune did seeme to frowne,
Threatning to cast my new got glorie downe:
Wherefore, betwixt the sheets with cruell paine,
Vnhappie I did cause them to be slaine.

Thinking thenceforth to enioy all worldly blisse,
And with my crownes delight my soule to feast:
What I expect, I do not only misse,
But am depriued eu'n of that small rest,
Of which before that time I was possest:
Conscience my former deeds in question brings,
And frights my guiltie soule with fearefull things.

Each night, when quiet sleepe should close mine eies,
Long waking on my pallat I do lie,
And if by chance sleepe doth my sense surprise,
Then doth illusion set before mine eie
My murthered nephewes, who aloud do crie,
Calling for vengeance for that bloodie sinne,
In strangling them the Diadem to winne.

Then starting vp from forth my naked bed,
With sword in hand I frantike-like would flie
About my chamber, and orecome with dread,
Vnto my guard I oftentimes would crie,
That treason in my chamber hid did lie:
Thus the remembrance of my wicked deed,
In me euen sleeping, did strange horror breed.

In day time whereſoeuer I did go,
My watchfull eyes I whirled round about,
Fearing the onſet of ſome ſudden foe,
And to be out of dreadfull dangers doubt,
My bodie priuily was fenc'd about:
Vpon my dagger ſtill I kept my hand,
Readie to ſtab thoſe that by me did ſtand.

After the murther of my nephewes twaine,
Not long it was ere *Buckingham* and I
Began to iarre, for which my lawleſſe raigne
Not long did laſt, his laſt conſpiracie
Did end his owne life and my royaltie:
Who gag'd his honor t'helpe me to the crowne,
With his owne death did help to bring me downe.

Of Hereford the Dukedome he did claime,
Which was the chiefeſt cauſe of our debate;
For his pretended title to the ſame
Did touch the Kingly title of our State,
For which his ſute I ſpurn'd in ſpiteſull hate,
And rated him with ſpeeches minatorie,
Which was the fall of my vſurped glorie.

When thus the wrathfull Duke did plainly ſee
His ſute reiected, and himſelfe deſpis'd,
He caſt how to auenge himſelfe on mee,
And in his thoughts my ruine he deuis'd;
In which a bold attempt he enterpris'd,
For he in battell bold himſelfe did band,
Againſt me for to fight with force of hand.

Many with him againſt me did accord,
For when the ſudden fame abroad was ſpread,
How noble *Richmond* that Lancaſtrian Lord,
My brothers heire *Elizabeth* ſhould wed,
Many there were that often wiſht me dead;
Vowing to ſpend their blood in *Richmonds* right,
And to aſſiſt the Duke with all their might.

Then

Then were commotions raiſed euery day,
The Duke in Shropſhire hard by Shrewsburie
The proud wilde Welchmen troopt in battell ray,
Who vainly vaunted on their chiualrie,
As in the ſequell they did teſtifie:
Yet their example many did excite,
To moue rebellion to my hearts deſpight.

In Yorke-ſhire Marqueſſe *Dorſet* with his crew,
Gainſt me in field to fight were boldly bent,
In Deuonſhire both the *Courtnies* did purſue
Thoſe that my cauſe did fauour, and in Kent
The *Guilfords* were in armes for that intent:
Thus I in euery corner of this land,
Was round beſet with force of foe-mens hand.

Yet from my youth in warre affaires being bred,
I knew that if in this conſpiracie
I did without delay cut off the head,
The reſt being ſtricken with timiditie,
Would ſoone be quell'd by force or policie:
Wherefore with all my power I did purſue
The Duke of Buckingham and his Welch crue.

He towards Gloceſter his way did take,
There to haue ioyned with the Weſterne powre,
But as in ſafetie paſſage for to make,
He with his hoſt by Seuernes coaſt did ſcowre,
Heau'ns cloudie mountaines brake, and many a ſhowre
Through darkſome aire, from heau'ns wide floud-gates fel,
Which made the wombe of raging Seuerne ſwel.

The ſhores did ſhrinke, the luſtie waues did grow,
Trees hid their heads, dumbe beaſts on hilles were drown'd,
Infants in cradles wandred to and fro;
Yea thoſe that of the floud ſtroue to win ground,
Both men and horſe the waters did confound:
And to this day the Seuerne men by name,
Stout *Buckinghams* great water call the ſame.

Thus the bold Duke was of his purpose croſt,
Who of my ſwift approch, when he did heare;
In good array did range his warlike hoſt:
But they, before in field we did appeare,
Turning their backes put on the wings of feare,
Leading their Duke the way, who thus diſtreſt
Durſt not abide, but fled amongſt the reſt.

Who tooke himſelfe in his vnhappie flight,
Vnto his ſeruants houſe vpon the way,
Hight *Humfrey Baneſter*, a wicked wight,
Who foſterd by this Duke did yet betray
His Lord and maſter, to his liues decay:
By him deſcri'd he in diſguiſe was taken
In a darke wood, of all his friends forſaken.

He dead, the reſt of his conſpiracie
Diſpers'd their powers, and each one fled his way,
Some fled to *Richmond*, then in Britannie,
And others here in England lurking lay,
Expecting the approch of that wiſh'd day,
When *Richmond* ſhould on Englands coaſt arriue,
Mee of my crowne and Kingdome to depriue.

But I not ſlacking opportunitie
In this beginning of my good ſucceſſe,
Did ſtuddie both by ſtrength and policie,
Richmonds increaſing powers to ſuppreſſe,
Although in vaine; for heauen, his cauſe did bleſſe:
The peoples loue did towards him incline,
Wiſhing in hart, that he might victor ſhine.

To giue content vnto my carefull minde,
One *Peter Landois* cheefe of Britannie
Vnder the Duke, with gold I did ſo blinde,
That hee did promiſe mee by policie
To bring the Earle into my cuſtodie;
The Britaine Duke his friend did only ſtand,
To whom my ſubiects dayly fled the land.

This

This *Peter* was th'Earles onelie seeming frend,
And in pretence of loue, a warlike band
Of men at his owne cost he did commend
Vnto the Earle, to be at his command,
When hee should purpose to inuade this land:
But when towards England hee was in his way,
His purpose was that they should him betray.

The Earle reseru'd vnto more happie fate,
Informed was of this false treacherie,
Wherefore t'escape their hands, that lay in wait,
To take away his life, he priuilie
Did into Aniou flie from Britannie,
To which as hee did flie in speedie hast
With greedie pursuit hee was follow'd fast:

But in a thick wood standing by the way,
He in his seruants weedes himselfe did clad,
And caused him the masters part to play,
While hee himselfe fast by his side full glad
On foote did runne like a young lustie lad,
Whereby at length hee past without mischance
The British confines to the Realme of France.

Thither stout *Oxford*, his old hate to show
Vnto our house of Yorke, repaire did make,
To ioyne with *Richmond* my Lancastrian foe:
Then *Brandon*, *Blunt* and *Cheynie* did forsake
Me and my part, with *Richmond* part to take,
Which newes my daylie dread doth so increase
That I no houre can liue in restfull peace.

To whom I might giue trust, I did not know,
Since seeming friends from mee do daylie flie,
In court each one doth wish my ouerthrow,
In towne and citie euerie one doth crie
Shame on my deedes of death and tyrannie:
Thus in my rule I liue belou'd of none,
Dreaded of many, hated of euerie one.

To my distresse some comfort to applie,
And that I may remoue the onely thing,
On which Earle *Richmonds* hopes doe most relie:
Now such strange mischiefe I doe set on wing,
That neuer age the like to light did bring:
Through blood to incest I intend to swim,
To breake the match betwixt my neece and him.

For *Anne* my Queene, great *Warwickes* daughter deere,
By poysons force I sent vnto the dead:
Which done, my troubled thoughts I vp did cheere,
In hope I might my brothers daughter wed,
And bring her vnto mine incestuous bed;
Foule sinne I now do feare in no degree,
That I from feare of *Richmond* may be free.

Her mother Queene (strange that it should bee so,)
Wonne with faire words consents vnto the same:
Who forc'd by feare, or by distresse brought low,
In hope to raise her state againe (fond dame)
In vaine doth wooe her daughter in my name;
Which heau'n abhorring hastens on my end,
And by my death preuents what I pretend.

The royall Virgin doth so much detest
My damn'd intent that I no grace can finde,
And daily newes my thoughts doe so molest
With foes inuasion, that my troubled minde
Is altogether vnto care inclinde;
Gainst those abrode that doe intend t'inuade,
While I prepare, at home I am betraid.

At Nottingham, where then in Court I lay,
Inform'd I was, that th'hated enemie
Had taken land, at which in much dismaie,
Turning my feare to rage, at last I crie
For vengeance on my subiects treacherie,
And forc'd to trie my cause by bloodie blowes,
I mustred vp my men to meete my foes.

When

When that I heard where *Richmond* did ariue,
I did digeſt my bands in battell ray:
In ranke forth marcht my footemen fiue and fiue,
Who in that order kept the readie way
That led directly where Earle *Richmond* lay.
Then wings of horſemen coaſting euerie ſide,
Did vnto bloodie battell boldly ride.

In midſt of whom, vpon a tall white ſteede
Mounted I ſat with cruell countenance,
Still crying out, march on, march on with ſpeede:
And in this ſort without incumberance,
To Leceſter we forward did aduance:
Through which we paſt to Boſworthes ample plaine,
Where I did end my wreched life and reigne.

And there vpon an hill, *Anne Beame* by name,
I downe did pight my ſtanderd, and faſt by
My campe in martiall order I did frame:
Richmond faſt by vs on the plaine did lie,
Next morne the chance of battell for to trie;
For it was euening ere we could attaine
To meete each other vpon Boſworth plaine.

The ſad nights cold forerunner *Veſper* faire,
Diſpreades her golden lockes in Eaſterne skie:
Then courts of guard are ſet with ſpeciall care,
Leſt that our foes aduantage to eſpie,
In Ambuskado neere ſhould lurking lie;
And euery one with hearts to heau'n did pray
To ſcape the horror of th'approching day.

The heau'ns that in eternall booke do keepe
The regiſter, for life or deathes decree,
By viſion ſtrange did ſhew to me in ſleepe,
That next daies cheerefull light the laſt ſhould be,
That in this world I euermore ſhould ſee:
As in my tent, on bed I ſlumbring lie,
Horrid aſpects appear'd vnto mine eye.

I thought that all thoſe murthered ghoſts, whom I
By death had ſent to their vntimely graue,
With baleſull noiſe about my tent did crie,
And of the heau'ns with ſad complaint did craue,
That they on guiltie wretch might vengeance haue:
To whom I thought the Iudge of heau'n gaue eare,
And gainſt me gaue a iudgement full of feare.

For loe eftſoones, a thouſand helliſh hags
Leauing th'abode of their infernall cell,
Seaſing on me, my hateſull bodie drags
From forth my bed into a place like hell,
Where feends did naught but bellow, howle and yell,
Who in ſterne ſtrife ſtood gainſt each other bent,
Who ſhould my hateſull bodie moſt torment.

Tormented in ſuch trance long did I lie,
Till extreame feare did rouze me where I lay,
And caus'd me from my naked bed to flie;
Alone within my tent I durſt not ſtay,
This dreadſull dreame my ſoule did ſo affray:
When wakte I was from ſleepe, I for a ſpace
Thought I had been in ſome infernall place.

About mine eares a buzzing feare ſtill flew,
My fainting knees languiſh for want of might,
Vpon my bodie ſtands an icie dew;
My heart is dead within, and with affright
The haire vpon my head doth ſtand vpright:
Each limbe about me quaking, doth reſemble
A riuers ruſh, that with the wind doth tremble.

Thus with my guiltie ſoules ſad torture torne,
The darke nights diſmall houres I paſt away,
But at cockes crow the meſſage of the morne,
My feare I did conceale, leſt men ſhould ſay
Our foes approch my courage did diſmay:
And as dire need did me thereto conſtraine,
My troopes of men I marſhall'd on the plaine.

Who

Who with ſwift concurſe fill'd the ſmothred ground,
And did enranke themſelues in braue array,
The foreward with bold bowmen did abound,
Commixt with pikes to beare the violent ſway,
When on our front the foe ſhould giue th'aſſay,
And to their forme in fight good heed to take,
Iohn Duke of Northfolke Chieftaine I did make.

After this vantguard I my ſelfe did goe,
And round about me choſen men of might
Did range themſelues to ſhield me from the foe,
Our skirts were lin'd with horſe, and fit for fight,
Each place was ſtuft with men in armes well dight:
In this array I troopt my armed traine,
To meet Earle *Richmond* on the equall plaine.

Who wiſely did his folke to fight inſtruct,
Iohn Earle of Oxford did the vaward lead,
The right wing *Gilbert Talbot* did conduct,
The left wing Sir *Iohn Sauage*, one that fled
From me to *Richmond* for to ſaue his head:
Richmond himſelfe with *Pembrooke* that ſtout Knight,
The middle ward did lead vnto the fight.

As thus both hoſts ſtood each in others ſight,
Expecting when the trumpe, whoſe blaſt doth breed
Courage in men, would call them forth to fight,
Arm'd in bright ſteele vpon a ſtately ſteed,
From ranke to ranke I rode about with ſpeed,
And fit for fight, my ſouldiers hearts to make,
Hie, and with courage thus to them I ſpake.

Fellowes in armes, and my aduenturous friends,
Giue heedfull eare to that which I ſhall ſay:
Be valiant hearted, thinke vpon the ends
Of fight or flight, of triumph or decay,
Both which the battell doth propoſe this day,
Th'one of which doth bring eternall fame,
The other ignomie and daſtard ſhame.

O thinke vpon the matchleſſe valiancie
Of our forefathers deeds in former daies,
And let vs counterchecke the memorie
Of their ſtout acts by that immortall praiſe,
To which our deeds our names this day may raiſe:
Yea let vs thinke gainſt whom we come to fight,
The thought of which might cowards harts excite.

Firſt with our foe-mens Captaine to begin,
A weake Welch milke-ſop, one that I do know
Was nere before for fight in battell ſeene,
Notable of himſelfe as guide to goe
In marſhall diſcipline againſt his foe:
But backt by his conſorts, a ſort of ſlaues,
Againſt his will vs now in field he braues.

And for his company, a ſort they bee
Of raſcall French and Britiſh runawaies,
People far more couragious for to flee,
Then ſtand in fight, whoſe faint hearts former daies
Could witneſſe to our land and their diſpraiſe;
Who doubtleſſe now ſhall by your valours die,
Or elſe at leaſt from battell wounded flie.

That bearing wounds vnto their natiue home,
Their fellowes may be ſtrucke with heartleſſe dread,
Fearing in future times againe to come
Into our kingdome with bold banners ſpred,
Gainſt ſouldiers that in Englands bounds are bred:
Then courage friends, think on renowne and fame
For which we fight, let cowards flie with ſhame.

And as for me, aſſure your ſelues this day
I will triumph by glorious victorie,
Or win a laſting name for liues decay:
Take then example by my valiancie,
And boldly fight againſt your enemie:
You for your wiues and goods, I for my crowne,
Both for our countries good, all for renowne.

Aduance them captaines, forward to the fight,
Draw forth your ſwords, each man addreſſe his ſheeld,
Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,
To heauen your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:
Behold our foes do braue vs in the field,
Vpon them friends, the cauſe is yours and mine,
Saint *George* and conqueſt on our helmes doth ſhine.

This ſaid, the dreadfull trumpet loudlie blowes,
To bring them forward to the furious fight,
Then did the bowmen bend their ſtift ſtring'd bowes;
The ſouldiers buckled on their helmets bright;
The bilmen ſhooke their bils, and euerie wight
Did proue his fatall weapon on the ground,
Ready prepar'd his foemen to confound.

The archers drew, the fatall fight began,
Thick flew the ſhafts, many to death were done:
Which once being ſpent, cloſe ioyn'd they man to man;
Then did ſterne ſlaughter through the battell runne;
Not any one at firſt his foe did ſhunne:
But equallie their heads they vp did beare
In fight, not ſtooping vnto ſeruile feare.

Stout *Norfolke* in the foreſront boldlie ſtood,
Imploying deeds of death againſt the foe;
Not fear'd, in midſt of duſt, of death and blood,
Th'extreameſt of his vtmoſt ſtrength to ſhow,
To winne his Soueraignes weale by his owne woe:
Where he braue Lord, by friends vnkindlie left,
In manlie fight was of his life bereft.

For in my cheefeſt hope to winne the day,
Appointed by the heauens moſt iuſt decree,
My ſouldiers in the forefront ſhranke away,
Which heauie newes declared was to mee
By one that counſel'd mee away to flee:
But I his counſell raſhly did forſake,
And vnto him in furie thus I ſpake:

Curſt

Cur'ſt be thy coward thoughts that thinke on flight,
And cur'ſt thoſe traytors that are fled away:
I am reſolu'd in this daies dreadfull fight,
To loſe my life, or win a glorious day:
Flie thoſe that will, for I am bent to ſlay.
This ſaid, my plum'd deckt helme I downe did cloſe,
And with my eager launce made toward my foes.

Hie was the furie of my deſperate fight,
And like a tempeſt in a ſtormie day,
When I did ſee vnto my hearts deſpight,
where *Richmonds* ſtandard ſtood without delay:
Through th'armed men to it I made my way,
The which, with *William Brandon* that bold Knight,
To ground I downe did caſt in *Richmonds* ſight.

Many beneath my conquering ſtrokes did fall,
Each one did flie from me with coward ſhame,
But one whom Sir *Iohn Cheynie* men did call,
Who for huge ſwinge of ſtrength did beare the name
Of all the Captaines that with *Richmond* came,
Who ſingle did my charge at firſt repell,
Though in the end, beneath my ſword he fell.

But as with him alone in fight I ſtood,
Behold with foes I was incircled round,
Who did imbrue their ſwords in my deare blood,
Where maſtered with the ſmart of many a woond,
I bleeding fell vnto the duſtie ground:
Where curſing *Richmond* and his conquering crue,
Thence in diſdainfull ſort my ſad ſoule flew.

I being ſlaine, thoſe that for me did fight,
Turning their backes, away forthwith did flie,
In field my ſlaughtered bodie in deſpight,
Drag'd from the place where it did bleeding lie,
Was naked made to euery vaſſals eye,
Deſpoild of all thoſe kingly robes I wore:
Thus they to Leiceſter my bodie bore.

Behind a ſlaue vpon a halting iade
All naked as I was, hog-like I lay;
And in that ſort with blood and duſt array'd,
To Leiceſter they bore me, whence that day
To field I came in pompe and rich aray:
Where to the graue my bodie they commend:
Thus had my bloodie life a bloodie end.

Th'ambitious Prince, whoſe hand vniuſtly gripes
Anothers right to make himſelfe a King,
Suffers the ſmart of many Furies ſtripes:
Th'internall worme his conſcience ſtill doth ſting,
His ſoule t'a fearefull iudgement death doth bring:
Of which let my vſurped royaltie,
Remaine a Mirrour in this hiſtorie.

My ſtorie told, I may no longer ſtay,
My grieued ghoſt doth ſmell the mornings aire:
The night on ſable wings flies faſt away,
The houres in Eaſt expecting daies repaire,
On cloudie hill ſets vp her ſiluer chaire:
My guiltie ghoſt her light may not behold,
Adew, remember well what I haue told.

Our night is at an end (quoth Memorie)
With which we heere will end our hiſtorie:
After this Tyrants fall, that diſmall night,
Which did obſcure this Kingdomes faire day-light,
Did take an end: heere ſome auſpitious ſtar
Twixt Yorke *and* Lancaſter *did end the iar,*
Appointing Richmond *that Lancaſtrian Knight,*
Tinoculate his Red Roſe *with the* White.
Heere therefore with this bliſſefull vnitie,
We will ſhut vp our tragicke hiſtorie,
And thou, whoſe pen we do appoint to write
Thoſe mirrours paſt, which thou haſt heard this night;
Awake from ſleepe, and let thy willing pen
Set forth this dreame vnto the view of men.
This ſaid, with Fame ſhe vaniſht from my ſight,
This was the viſion of a winters night.

ENGLANDS ELIZA:

OR

THE VICTORIOVS AND TRIVMPHANT REIGNE OF THAT VIRGIN EMPRESSE OF SACRED memorie, ELIZABETH, Queene of England, *France and Ireland*, *&c.*

AT LONDON
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON.
1610.

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIE, THE LADIE ELIZABETH CLERE, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WORſhipfull Sir FRANCIS CLERE, *Knight.*

MY Muſe, that whilome wail'd thoſe Briton Kings,
Who vnto her in viſion did appeare,
Craues leaue to ſtrengthen her night-weathered wings,
In the warme ſun-ſhine of your golden *Clere*;
Where ſhe (faire Ladie) tuning her chaſt layes
Of Englands Empreſſe to her Hymnicke ſtring,
For your affect, to heare that Virgins praiſe,
Makes choice of your chaſt ſelfe to heare her ſing:
Whoſe royall worth (true vertues Paragon)
Heere made me dare t'ingraue your worthie name;
In hope, that vnto you the ſame alone
Will ſo excuſe me of preſumptuous blame,
That gracefull entertaine my Muſe may find,
And euer beare ſuch grace in thankfull mind.

Your Ladiſhips euer humblie at command,

RICHARD NICCOLS.

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, when I first writ this Poem, I had thought for the length therof to haue distinguished it by section into Cantoes or bookes; but since perswaded by the Printer to publish it with this worke: it being, though no fall, yet a worthie Mirrour answerable to that of the Empresse Helena *in the first part of this volume: I present it in one whole entire Hymne, distinguishing it only by succession of yeares, which I haue margented through the whole storie. For my quotation of Authors, I heere vse it not for singularitie, it being a thing not customarie to VVriters in this kind, but to confirme the truth of that which is written, as not being ignorant that I shall be bitten by those mongrill English (I can terme them no other) that barke at the Maiestie of that most noble Princesse, against whose railing, an inseparable propertie to their profession, I only arme my selfe with this confidence, that the fame of her royalties mounting aloft like the sun vertical, shall in the height of all true borne English estimation, abate the shadowes of their enuie.*

Farewell.

IN that sad month, whose name at first begun
From Romes Augustus, great Octauius son,
When heau'ns fierce dog, sterne Alhabor did rise
To bait the Lion in th'Olympian skies;
Whose hot fier-breathing influence did cracke
Our thirstie grandame Terraes aged backe:
By wrathfull Ioue, thicke darted from the skie
The thunder shafts of Pestilence did flie;
In top of heau'n he tooke his wreakfull stand
Ore that great Towne vpon the Northerne strand,
Of siluer Thamisis, vpon whose towres
Downe dropt his shafts, as thicke as winters showres,
Which daily did his indignation show
In euery place, dispersing worlds of woe:
Witnesse ye ghosts and spirits dolefull drerie,
Vntimely sent by troopes to Charons ferrie,
Leauing your limbes wrapt vp in sheets of clay,
As dustie reliques of your liues decay:
Yea (thou sweet Genius of that ancient towne,
Thou Ladie of great Albions chiefe renowne)
Of that sad time a witnesse maist thou bee,
When death did take so many sonnes from thee;
Whose funerall rites inconsolate alone,
When thou vnkindly left, didst kindly mone,
Who staid with thee, alas, to helpe thee mourne,
And fled not from thee, leauing thee forlorne?
Mongst whom (though I) strooke terror-sicke with dread
Of heau'ns hot plague, was one that from thee fled;
Yet of thy sight I daily did partake,
Which of thy woes a partner did me make:
Not far from off that slimie Southerne strand,
By which with Isis, Thames runnes hand in hand,
In that high mountaine countries fruitfull soile,
That nere in fight of forren foes tooke foile,

Where those same famous stout men-mouing wood,
Against the Norman Conqueror boldly stood;
Was my abode, when foule infections breath
In Troynouant imploy'd the workes of death.
There in this woefull time vpon a day,
So soone as Tythons *loue-lasse gan display*
Her opall colours in her Easterne throne;
It was my chance in walking all alone,
That ancient castle-crowned hill to scale,
Which proudly ouerlookes the lowly vale,
Where great Elizaes *birth-blest palace stands,*
Gainst which great Thames casts vp his golden sands.
There when I came, from thence I might descrie
The sweetest prospects, that the curious eie
Of any one did euer elsewhere see,
So pleasant at that time they seem'd to mee:
It is a choice selected plot of land,
In which this ayrie mount doth towring stand;
As if that natures cunning for the best,
Had choicely pickt it out from all the rest:
Beneath this loftie hill shot vp on high,
A pleasant parke impaled round doth lie,
In which the plaine so open lies to sight,
That on this hill oft times with great delight
That heau'nly Queene, Plantagenets *great blood,*
The faire Elizaes *selfe hath often stood,*
And seene the swift-foot dogs in eager chace
Pursue the gentle Hinde from place to place.
From hence recalling my weake wandring eye,
I gan behold that Kingly Palace by,
Whose loftie towres built vp of ancient time
By worthie Princes, to the stars do clime;
Proud, that so many a Prince to do them grace,
Beneath their roofe had made their resting place.

Fast

Fast by this princely house, a front before
Thames gliding waues do wash the sandie shore,
Whose fruitfull streames with winding in and out,
Forcing their way through hollow lands about,
From th' Occidentall with swift course do run,
Where Hesper *bright brings vp the golden Sun:*
And on the siluer brest of this great lord
Of all the deepes, that Albions wombe doth hoard,
Downe from the Easterne seas I might descrie
Many swift-winged barkes, that seem'd to flie,
Cutting their passage through the threatning waue,
That 'bout their sides in vaine did rore and raue;
With swelling sailes not fearing sad mischance,
Each after other came in stately dance,
And nimblie capring on the purple waue,
With loftie foretops did the welkin braue,
Vntill they came vnto that stately place
Fam'd for the birth of great Elizaes *grace:*
To which they vail'd their towring tops before,
And from their sides the thundring cannons rore
Flew as a witnesse of their loyaltie
And lone vnto that house of Maiestie;
From thence full fraught with many a precious prise
They sail'd along, whereas the passage lies
To Troynouant, whose pride of youthfull lust
The hand of death had smothered in the dust;
The smiling heau'ns, that with sweet sunshine howres
Did once vouchsafe t' adorne her hie topt towres,
Now with grim lookes, which did my heart appall,
Did seeme to threaten her approching fall;
Downe from their cloudie browes in threatning pride,
Death-darting Pestilence did seeme to slide:
Grim-visag'd-like the grizly dreaded night,
In noysome fumes and mistie fogs bedight:

Inclining downe my hed, soft fingered sleepe
With pleasing touch throughout my limbes did creepe,
Who hauing seas'd vpon mee with strong hands,
Bound vp my thoughts in soporiferous bands,
And held mee captiue, while his seruant slie
A vision strange did vnto mee descrie:
For vp from Morpheus *den a vision came,*
Which were it sent in mightie Ioues *owne name,*
Or by some other power, I wot not well:
But as I slept, I say, thus it befell:
As at that time in walking to and fro,
I bout this pleasant place alone did goe,
Each obiect of the same all suddenlie
Seemd strangelie metamorphiz'd to myne eye;
The Helliconian spring, that did proceed
From th'hoofe of Pegasus *that heauenlie steed,*
And those pure streames of virgin Castalie,
The place of Ioues *nine daughters nurserie,*
Did seeme to haue resign'd their proper place,
Transported thither to that lands disgrace:
Where, as I thought, I heard an heauenlie sound,
Of which the place did euerie where redound:
Vnto the which as I attentiue stood,
Descending downe from out a neihbouring wood,
I might behold the sacred sisters nine,
Whether from heauen or other place diuine,
I am vncertaine; but their way they made
Where as I stood beneath the leauie shade:
Before them all a goodlie Ladie came
In stately portance like Ioues *braine-borne dame,*
To wit, that virgin Queene, the faire Elize,
That whilom was our Englands richest prize;
In princelie station with great Iunoes *grace*
(Mee seem'd) she came in her maiestick pace,

Grac'd

Grac'd with the lookes of daunting maiestie,
Mixt with the meekenesse of milde clemencie;
Such haue I seene her, when in Princely State
She goddesse-like in chariot high hath sate,
When troops of people with loud shouts and cries,
Haue sounded out their Auies *in the skies:*
And rid each other in the present place
With great desire to see her beau'nly face:
Mongst whom she came, as if Aurora *faire*
Out of the East had newly made repaire,
Making a sun-like light with golden shine
Of her bright beautie in the gazers eine.
Approching neere the place where I did stand,
With gratious beckning of her princely hand,
She seem'd to call to me; but sillie I,
Daunted with presence of such Maiestie,
Fell prostrate downe, debasht with reuerent shame
At sudden sight of so diuine a dame;
Till she with gentle speech thus mildely said:
Stand vp, quoth she, and be no whit dismaid;
Let loyall loue and Zeale to me inflame
Thy Muse to sing the praises of my name;
And let not thoughts of want, of worth, and skill,
Impeach the purpose of thy forward quill;
For though thy homely stile and slender verse
Too humble seeme my praises to rehearse:
Yet to the world, that I a Mirrour bee
Amongst those many Mirrours writ by thee;
Feare neither bite of dogged Theons *tooth,*
Nor soone-shot bolts of giddie headed youth;
For th'awfull power of my sole dreaded name,
Shall from thy verse auert all foule defame:
And lest in any point thou chance to faile,
Which may my names great glorie ought anaile;

Loe

Loe here the cheefeſt of the daughters nine
Of ſacred Memorie and Ioue *diuine,*
Greate Clioes *ſelfe, in order ſhall rehearſe*
My ſtorie to thee in her ſtately verſe.
This ſaid, more ſwift then lightening from the skie,
She on the ſuddaine vaniſht from mine eye
With all her nymphes: for none of all her traine
Excepting Clio *did with mee remaine,*
Who beeing the firſt borne childe of Memorie,
The Ladie was of noble Hiſtorie,
A peercleſſe dame paſt al compare to ſing
The deeds, that vertue vnto light doth bring:
In comelie garments, like ſome virgin maid
Of Dians *troope, ſhee trimlie was arraid,*
Saue goddeſſe-like her globe-like head around
With verdant wreath of ſacred bay was crownd;
From which downe either ſide her comelie face,
Her golden lockes did flow with goodlie grace,
And in her hand a lute diuinelie ſtrung
She held, to which oft times ſhe ſweetlie ſung;
VVith this ſhe ſat her downe vpon the ground
And with her fingers made the ſtrings to ſound,
Vnto the which her ſweet voice ſhe did frame
To ſing the praiſes of Elizaes *name.*
VVhich hauing done, ſhe thus did ſilence break;
VVould God (quoth ſhee) her prayſes I could ſpeak,
VVho claimes a greater power her praiſe to ſound,
Then Phœbus *ſelf, if greater could be found:*
Yet will I triall make with all my might,
VVith her great fame the golden ſtarres to ſmite:
VVhich while I ſing, heark thou with heedfulleare,
And in thy mind the ſame hereafter beare:
This ſaid, ſhe lightlie toucht each trembling ſtring,
And with ſweet voice did thus diuinelie ſing.

ENGLANDS

ENGLANDS ELIZA.

WHen Englands *Phœbus, Henries* hopefull ſonne
The worlds rare Phœnix, Princely *Edward* hight,
To death did yeeld, his glaſſe of life outrun,
And *Phœbus*-like no more could lend his light;
Then men did walke in ſhades of darkeſome night,
Whoſe feeble ſight with errors blacke ſtrooke blind,
Could in no place Times faire *Fideſſa* find.

That blind borne-monſter truthes ſterne oppoſite,
Begotten firſt in *Demogorgons* hall,
Twixt vglie *Erebus* and grizlie night,
The ſonnes of truth did horriblie appall
With her approch, much dreaded of them all:
Who euer came in reach of her foule pawes,
She in their blood imbru'd her thirſtie iawes.

Witneſſe may bee the manie a burning flame,
Made with the limbes of Saints to mount on high,
Whoſe conſtant ſoules without the leaſt exclaime,
In mid'ſt of death downe patientlie did lie,
And in bright flames did clime the Clow'd-brow'd skie;
Yea let *Elizaes* woes in that blind age
A witneſſe bee of bloodie Errors rage.

Whoſe deepe diſtreſſe and dolefull miſerie,
I not aſſay to ſing, but leaue the ſame
To our deare ſiſter ſad *Melpomene*,
That ſhe her ſweet patheticke voice may frame
In dolefull dittie to condole the ſame:
I onely here in high Heroick ſtreine,
Do ſtriue to ſing of her triumphant reigne.

Ioue

Ioue looking downe, from his celestiall throne
With eies of pitie on poore Englands woes,
Did lend her helpe, when hope of helpe was none,
And in his mercy did his power oppose
Gainst Errors night-borne children, her cheife foes,
Who sought t'obscure with cloudes of enuious night,
Her *Cynthias* shine, the lampe of all her light.

But he dispersst those cloudes, and droue away
The lowring stormes, that ouercast our skie,
And made our glorious *Cynthia* to display
Her heauenlie shine, to giue them light thereby,
Who long before in darknesse bound did lie;
For she it was, who with her sweet repaire
From th'hearts of men did banish black despaire.

Euen as that morning starre that doth display
Her golden tresses in th'Orientall skie,
Brings happie tidings of approching day
To them, that long in bed do restlesse lie,
Expecting comfort from the suns bright eye:
So our *Eliza* did blest tidings bring
Of ioy to those, whom sad distresse did sting.

No sooner did this Empires royall crowne
Begirt the temples of her princelie hed;
But that *Ioue*-borne *Astræa* straight came downe
From highest heauen againe, to which in dread
Of earths impietie before shee fled:
Well did shee know, *Elizaes* happie reigne
Would then renew the golden age againe.

The heau'ns did smile on her with sweet delight,
And thundering *Ioue* did laugh her foes to scorne,
The god of warre did cease from bloodie fight,
And fruitfull Plentie did her land adorne
With richest gifts, powr'd from her plenteous horne,
The happie seedes, which th'hands of peace did sow
In euerie place with goodlie fruit did grow.

Deuouring

Deuouring *Mulciber*, whose flames before
With blood of holy men were heard to hisse,
Of Englands happie sonnes were seene no more;
But truth and mercie did each other kisse,
And brought sweet tidings of their heauenly blisse:
All which by powerfull *Ioue* haue granted been
For loue t'*Eliza* Albions matchlesse Queene.

Matchlesse for all the gifts of heauenly grace,
For natures good and happie destinie,
All which in one sole subiect hauing place,
If they a mortall wight may beautifie,
And giue a Prince earths true felicitie,
She truly did enioy, while she did liue,
That *Summum Bonum*, which this life could giue.

In th'happie Horoscope of her sweet birth,
Both heauen and nature seemed to consent
With Fortunes selfe t'augment their fame on earth,
Each one in hope to perfect their intent,
By this Queene Virgin and her gouernment,
And 'mongst themselues, they seemed to contend,
Who should to her the greatest gifts extend.

For when from *Annaes* wombe, she came to light,
Th'whole aggregate of heau'n from *Ioues* high throne,
Vnto the lowest orbe lookt blithe and bright,
And in the same, each constellation
Vnited was in sweet coniunction,
Powring their influence of felicitie
Vpon the Virgins blest natiuitie.

Nor can I tell the gifts of grace exact,
With which heau'n did enrich her royall mind,
Had I a brazen throat or voice infract,
A thousand tongues, and rarest words refin'd,
With vtterance swifter, then the swiftest winde;
Yet were they all too weake at large to tell
The gifts of grace, that in her soule did dwell.

Her ſetled faith, fixt in the higheſt heau'n
Remained firme vnto her liues laſt date,
Nor her vndanted ſpirit could be driuen
At any time one iot thereof t'abate
By Spaines ſterne threats, and Romes pernitious hate,
The ankor of the ſame, her hope, aboue
Stood fixt vpon the promiſe of great *Ioue*.

Her deeds of mercie, not in hope to merit,
Were true oſtents of her fidelitie,
For which, a name on earth ſhe ſhall inherit,
Which ſhall outliue the vading memorie
Of ſpiteſull Romes defaming forgerie;
For not alone did we her bountie know,
But forren ſhores the ſame likewiſe can ſhow.

Heau'n hauing dignifi'd her ſoule diuine,
With rareſt gifts of goodly qualitie,
Dame Natures ſelfe, as ſeeming to refine
The common mixture of mortalitie,
Into a matter of more puritie,
Made for her ſoule a manſion houſe ſo faire,
That few with it for beautie might compare.

And though her beautie were exceeding rare,
Yet Romes *Lucretia* for a ſober eie
So far renown'd, with her might not compare,
Nor the Greekes conſtant Queene *Penelope*,
Might match this maiden Queene for modeſtie:
For *Phœbes* ſelfe did want her gouernance
In modeſt geſture and chaſte countenance.

Thus heau'n and nature hauing ſhew'd their skill
In perfecting a creature ſo diuine,
Fortune, as loth ſo rare a worke to ſpill,
At our Great Britaine Maid did not repine,
But did to her all happineſſe aſſigne,
Whereby no Prince on earth yet euer was,
That for rare gifts *Eliza* did ſurpaſſe.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then, yee black-mouth'd brood of Enuies race,
Men monſters-like, or monſters like to men,
Whoſe tongues with ſcandall tipt, ſeeke to diſgrace
Our royall Soueraigne, *Ioues* anoynted Queene,
Whoſe like in any age hath ſeldome been:
Ceaſe vipers, ceaſe I ſay, from your offence,
In ſpitting poyſon at ſuch excellence.

Yet, if your Engliſh Romanized hearts,
Gainſt natures cuſtome ſwell with foule defame,
Brandiſh your ſtings, and caſt your vtmoſt darts
Againſt the greatneſſe of her glorious name,
Yet ſhall it liue to your eternall ſhame;
Yea, though Rome, Spaine, and hell it ſelfe repine,
Her fame on earth with ſun-bright light ſhal ſhine.

And while that we, the brood of *Phœbus* wit
In golden verſe her deeds to light can bring,
On mount *Parnaſſus*, as we ſafely ſit,
In ſuch high ſtraine her worth we all will ſing,
That earths whole round of her great fame ſhall ring:
For endleſſe praiſe to her well may we giue,
That did protect our cauſe, while ſhe did liue.

(O) how the wreath of *Phœbus* flowring bay,
The victors due deſert and learnings meed
Did flouriſh in her time without decay!
Which to obtaine, each one did ſtriue t'exceed
In high atchieuement of ſome glorious deed:
Though now, alas, ſuch cuſtome is forgot,
And loue of eaſe great Albions ſonnes doth blot.

Lull'd in the boſome of ſecuritie,
Vpon th'ignoble bed of idle eaſe,
Foully defacing true nobilitie,
Few now do care, but how they beſt may pleaſe
The hungrie fancie of ſweet loues diſeaſe,
That pitie t'is ſo many a worthie wight,
Lets honor flie for fancies fond delight.

But wake (yee honor'd Impes of noble race)
Rouze vp the dying ſparkes of courage bold,
T'is *Clyo* ſpeakes to you, that ſhe may place
Your laſting praiſes, writ with lines of gold,
In flying Fames great booke to be inrol'd,
Yea let your fathers late done deeds inflame
Your ſleeping thoughts to gaine a glorious name:

Who thought it not true honors glorious prize
By nimblie capring in a daintie dance,
To win th'affects of womens wanton eies,
Ne yet did ſeeke their glorie to aduance
By only tilting with a ruſh-like lance,
But did in dreadfull death themſelues oppoſe,
To winne renowne againſt *Elizaes* foes.

How ſtoutly did they march in honors field,
In ſtately ſtation like the ſonnes of Fame,
Led by renowne, who nere did let them yeeld,
Though drown'd in death in midſt of martiall game,
Till by their deeds they gain'd a glorious name,
Whoſe valour ſtill *Eliza* did direct
Each where to beat downe wrong and right erect.

An. Reg. 2. When Englands Scotland in diſtreſſe did ſtand,
Ambitious *Guiſe* intending her decay,
Englands faire Virgin lent her helping hand,
And ſoone did chace th'inſulting French away,
That proudly did their enſignes there diſplay:
For that braue Lord great *Grey* of Wilton hight,
Did force them thence by warres impulſiue might.

An. Reg. 4. When France within it ſelfe diuided ſtood,
Th'aſpiring *Guiſe* in hoſtile furie bent
Againſt braue *Condie*, Prince of royall blood,
Then our faire Queene all danger to preuent,
Great *Warwicke* ore the ſeas broad boſome ſent,
Whoſe dreaded powers our Calice loſſe had quited,
Had heau'n not ſickneſſe through his hoſt excited

When

When Irelands great *Oneale*. first that did moue
The Kernes and Gallowglasses men of might,
Vnto their Soueraigne to renounce their loue,
Hight *Henrie Sidnie* that heroick Knight,
Did oft times turne him to inglorious flight,
Till traytor-like mongst friends he found his fall,
Who hew'd his bodie into pieces small.

Anno Reg. 5

Nor heere renowned *Randol* braue Esquire
Can I forget to giue to thee thy right,
When with thine owne few troopes, whose hearts on fire
Thy valour set, thou put'st to shamefull flight
This *Shane Oneale*, and all his host in fight:
Where though thou fell in venturing past the rest,
Thy name shall liue in Fames great booke expreſt.

An. Reg. 8.

And heere at home, when in the North did rise
The louring stormes stirr'd vp by discontent
Of peace-disturbers, who did enterprize
By force of hand their Soueraignes right to rent,
And take from her this kingdomes gouernment,
Then stood vp many a loyall hearted Peere,
To shield her safe from threatning foe-mens feare.

An. Reg. 12.

For well they knew, with right it could not stand,
That any one their Soueraigne might displace,
And take the Scepter from the Princes hand:
The rule of many is absurd and base,
One Prince must sit inthron'd in iustice place;
For many heads, what bodie euer bare,
That was not monster-like and out of square?

Which little did those iarring members know,
When with their banner of the fiue wounds spread,
And holy-seeming crosse, a fained show
Of their vngodly zeale, they first made head
At Durhams towne against their Soueraigne dread,
Where their first outrage men did vnderstand,
In tearing th'holy writs of Gods owne hand.

Gainſt whom, theſe great *Heroes* vp did ſtand,
Renowned *Suſſex*, th'eldeſt ſonne of Fame,
Great *Warwicke*, *Rutland*, and ſtout *Cumberland*,
Bold *Denorax*, *Howard* Lord of Effingham,
Braue Lord of Perham *Willowby* by name,
Scroope, *Euers*, *Knoles*, all men of famous might,
From whom their foes to Scotland tooke their flight.

And thou braue *Hunſdon* borne of Princes blood,
Though laſt in place yet not the leaſt in name,
L. D. When a diſloyall Lord vndaunted ſtood
To bid thee battell, to thy endleſſe fame,
Thou mad'ſt him flie the bounded field with ſhame:
'Gainſt whom with thy few troopes, thou didſt aduance
And authoriz'd high ſeruice with thy lance.

Vpon the bankes, where ſiluer *Chelt* doth glide,
With his three thouſand men in armes well dight,
He ſtoutly ſtood and did thy charge abide,
Gainſt whom with fifteene hundred thou didſt fight,
And forc'd him yeeld vnto thy powerfull might:
For heartleſſe from the field away he fled
To Scotland by, to hide his ſhamefull hed.

And as the Lordly Lion, king of beaſts,
When he by chance hath loſt his wiſhed prey,
Runs roring through the wood, and neuer reſts
Till he haue truly tract the readie way,
Where he may follow his eſcaped prey:
So noble *Hunſdon* with his conquering crew,
His flying foe to Scotland did purſue.

Anno eodem 12. With that ſtout ſonne of *Mars*, great *Suſſex* bent,
T'inferre reuenge vpon the borderers by
For miſdemeanor done, much time he ſpent
In making hoſtile ſpoile on th'enemie,
That ſought to ſuccour rebels treacherie:
Which done, loden with honor and rich ſpoile,
They made returne vnto their natiue ſoile.

Thus

Thus did theſe Lords to their faire virgin Queene,
Returne with glorie got from euery place,
Though at her greatneſſe with malignant ſpleene,
Many leaud ſonnes of Enuies helliſh race,
Did much repine, and ſought her names diſgrace:
For ſpitefull Enuie neuer doth repine,
But where true vertues glorie moſt doth ſhine.

Downe in the deepes of earths profunditie
Her dwelling is, in dungeons darkſome blind,
Where ſhe nere ſees the bright ſunnes cheerefull eie,
Ne comfort of the wholeſome aire doth finde,
Toſt to and fro by gentle breathing winde;
But with the *Furies* of the Stygian flood,
Sits low in hell in hate of humane good.

The reſtleſſe griefe, which carking care doth breed,
Her thoughts with endleſſe torment doth oppreſſe,
Her woes of others welfare do proceed,
Ne euer is ſhe ſeene to laugh, vnleſſe
At luckleſſe hap of others ill ſucceſſe;
For others happineſſe her woe doth bring,
And all her ill from others good doth ſpring.

To this foule hellhound from that blood-built towne,
Which Tyburs ſiluer armes doe round imbrace,
Blind Error came, where truth was troden downe,
Since bloodie *Phocas* to the worlds diſgrace,
Did ſeat the firſt falſe Prieſt in *Cæſars* place;
And thence did Error take her ſpeedie flight
To Enuies caue to worke the world deſpight.

Where when ſhe came before the hags foule ſight,
Elizaes glorie ſhe did oft propoſe,
And more to whet her forward to deſpight,
She ſhew'd how Truth and Loue their two chiefe foes,
On that faire Virgin only did repoſe,
Which Enuies malice did ſo much augment,
That ſhe throughout the world with Error went.

Blinde Error bore foule Enuie on her backe,
And ouer many kingdoms tooke their flight,
Where Enuies poiſon mixt with Errors blacke,
In ſcalding drops, as they did flie, did light
Vpon the limbes of many a wretched wight,
Which through their veins diffus'd did ſwiftly run,
Choaking that loue, that in their hearts did won.

At length to Rome with Error, Enuie came,
Where gorg'd with fulneſſe of exceſſiue feaſt,
Finding proud *Pius*, fift of that falſe name,
Laid on ſoft couch his heauie head to reſt,
She laid her ſcuruie fiſt vpon his breſt,
And from his feet, euen to his ſleepie head,
She made her poiſon canker-like to ſpread.

And with more malice to augment his hate,
She did propoſe vnto his enuious eye,
Th'admired glorie of *Elizaes* ſtate,
And his loſt priuiledge and dignitie
In this her kingdome of great Britanie;
Which did ſo vex great *Pius*, that on nought,
But miſchiefe gainſt our Queene thenceforth he thought.

His threatning Bull, whoſe rore in ages paſt,
The ſuperſtitious world did terrifie,
Amongſt *Elizaes* ſubiects he did caſt,
Thereby to alienate their loyaltie,
And dutie vow'd to her Soueraigntie;
Yea pardon in it he did denounce to all,
That from our Queene their dutie would recall.

An. Reg. 12. Which Bull, (fond *Felton*) thy vnhappie hand
Did fixe vpon that Prelates Palace gate,
Which doth by *Paules* high towring temple ſtand;
Where thou did'ſt iuſtly meete thy wretched fate,
The meed, that traytors ſteps doth ſtill await;
Nor could that Prieſt remit thy foule offence,
Though with large ſinne his Bull did then diſpence.

And

And though he did denounce both pardon and curſe,
Yet by the one ſmall comfort did'ſt thou find,
Ne yet was Englands happie ſtate the worſe;
But as in gloomie caues and corners blinde,
The ſuns bright blazing beames moſt cleare we finde;
So did the Virgins glorie ſhine moſt brim,
When her proud foes did ſeeke the ſame to dim.

For hereupon, when with rebellious ſword, *An. Reg.* 15
Thoſe ſtout ſtrength-breathing Iriſh vp did ſtand,
Renowned *Deuorax* Vicount Hereford, *Walter Deu.*
That moſt illuſtrate Lord of high command, Earle of Eſſex
No ſooner did approch with powerfull hand,
But that the rebels daunted with his name,
Armes laid aſide, in humble manner came.

Brian Mac-Phelin, that much ſcath had done,
With *Ferdorough Macgillaſtick*, that bold Knight,
By ſome ſurnam'd the blind Scots valiant ſonne,
With *Odonel*, *Roze*, *Oge* and *Macknel* hight,
Did yeeld themſelues to famous *Deuorax* might,
Which ſhewes, that he of heau'n beloued was,
That without blood could bring ſuch things to paſſe.

And heau'n, the more to bleſſe our happie Queene, *Anno Reg.*
After this Romiſh Buls loud bellowing rore, 18.19.20.
Three times the famous *Frobiſher* was ſeene,
In winged barkes full fraught with golden ore,
Dancing ore *Neptunes* backe to Englands ſhore:
For *Iaſon*-like to his eternall fame,
Thrice from Catay with golden Fleece he came.

To adde more fame to this for future time, *An. Reg.* 21
Great *Drake* to quell their pride that had ſet downe,
Their *Ne plus vltra* in the fartheſt clime
By ſeas, ſands, rocks and many a ſea-ſieg'd towne,
Did compaſſe earth in ſpight of *Neptunes* frowne;
For which his name with fame for aye is crown'd,
Whoſe barke ſtill ſailes about the worlds whole round.

And

Anno Reg. 15.21. And thee braue *Holſtock* may I not forget,
Whoſe conquering ſword on *Neptunes* high command
Elizaes hapleſſe foes hath often met,
And brought them captiue with victorious hand,
Rich fraught with ſpoile to *Albions* rockie ſtrand,
Whereby the greatneſſe of *Elizaes* name
A terror both by land and ſeas became.

O what a princely charge did ſhe maintaine
Of men, munition and artillirie
In flying caſtles on the purple maine,
Which on the clowds of *Thetis* liquid skie,
Seeming to frisk about for iollitie,
Stood like ſafe centinels 'bout Englands ſhore
Making ſeas tremble at their cannons rore.

Thus did the heau'ns ſhowre downe felicitie
In ample manner on *Elizaes* ſtate,
At which Romes holie fire did ſtill enuie,
Who failing in our Engliſh home-bred bate,
In foraine ſhoares ſhew'd his malignant hate:
For by falſe *Deſmonds* meanes he made great ſhow
Gainſt our *Elizaes* weale to worke much woe.

Anno Reg. 22. But heau'n did ſoone oppoſe againſt his might
Th'heroick ſpirit, that burned in the hart
Of noble *Grey* of *Wilton*, that bold Knight,
Who vnto wounds did challenge th'aduerſe part
In manie a field, who hauing felt the ſmart
Of his keene ſword, the ſtouteſt hid his hed,
And from his furie to the wilde woods fled.

And when th'Iberian troopes did there diſplay
Romes enſigne, in that caſtle hight Del Ore,
In *Deſmonds* cauſe againſt our Queene, great *Grey*
Did thunder gain'ſt their walls with cannons rore,
Ne would from fierce aſſault deſiſt before
Vnto his furie paſſage he had made
In Spaniſh blood to bathe his conquering blade.

Thus

Thus all his plots ſtill failing in th'euent,
Preuented by heau'ns all-foreſeeing eye,
A thouſand miſchiefes now he gan inuent,
Inuaſion, outrage, murder, treacherie,
Sounding the depths of all iniquitie;
For all black deedes his vice-blackt thoughts could find
He turn'd and return'd in his vengefull minde.

Vpon his furrowed front, the ſignes of Ire,
Furie and rage, did ſit like lowring night,
And both his burning eyes like glowing fire
Beneath his bended browes did ſparkle bright,
As irefull lightnings of his hearts deſpight,
Yea nought could mollifie his raging teene,
But blood and vengeance gainſt our royall Queene.

Amongſt his holie ſonnes he cald a queſt,
Whoſe counſell to his miſchiefe might giue way,
And to his raging thoughts at length giue reſt,
Setting his wrath on wing againſt that day,
Wherein he purpoſd Englands ſwift decay;
For by them all in counſell t'was decreed,
England ſhould fall, *Elizaes* hart ſhould bleed.

The time was ſet by ſtratagems deuiſe,
And force of hands to worke their wicked hate,
The perſons choſen for that enterpriſe,
All bent to tread downe Englands happie ſtate
Beneath the feete of ſome diſaſter fate,
Boſting abroad before the deed was done,
By their firme valor, what rich prize was wone.

The conquerd nations of the Indian ſoyle,
At whoſe huge wealth the world is made to wonder,
Their mothers wombe were forced to diſpoyle,
And rudely rend her golden ribs inſunder,
Thereby to ſet on wing warres roring thunder:
For ſouldiers thoughts on golden wings flie far,
And earths rich ſpoiles are ſinewes of the war.

Many

Manie tall Pines were leueld with the plaine
By the confederates of the Latin ſhore,
Being taught to flie vpon the purple maine
By force of winde and ſtrength of ſable Oare,
That on the ſolid ground ſtood firme before,
Whoſe hugeneſſe mightie mountaines did reſemble,
Making the monſters of the deepe to tremble.

The famous Artizans, that by their art
Do imitate the thunder of the skie,
And digging downe into the earths black hart,
With that ſalt humor, that doth hidden lie,
Into the ayre make fierie lightnings flie,
Were all imploy'd by Spaines ſupreme command
To hurle their thunder gainſt our ſea-ſieg'd land.

All warre habiliments they did prepare
To ſet ſterne *Mars* vpon his conquering feete,
Their farre-fetcht Indian gold they did not ſpare,
That nothing might be wanting, that was meet
To furniſh out their moſt vnconquered fleet;
Before all which was conſummate and done,
Bright *Phœbus* oft his yearely race had runne:

Meane time Romes dragon rouſde his bloodie creſt,
And wau'd his wings, from whence that rabble rout,
That hell-hatch'd brood, who fed on Errors breſt
And ſuck'd her poyſonous dugs, came crawling out
As was their woont, to flie the world about:
For thoſe he hatch'd beneath his ſhadie wings,
T'imploy 'gainſt Potentates and mightieſt Kings.

Anno Reg. 23. Manie of theſe to Englands ſhores he ſent,
All diuerſlie attir'd in ſtrange array,
Cloſely thereby to worke his foule intent,
And by their preſence to prepare a way
Againſt the enterprize of that great day;
In which Spaines potent fleete the worlds great wonder,
With hidious horror ſhould gainſt vs enthunder.

Moſt

Most of the which (O that times swanwhite wings
Could sweepe away record of such foule shame)
Were home-borne Impes vntimely shot vp springs
Of Britaine brood, Britaines alone by name,
By nature monsters borne of foule defame,
That sought the ruine, shame, decay and death
Of their deare dam, from whom they took their breath.

Vnkindly Impes, euen from your birth accurst,
Detested stock of vipers bloodie brood,
That sought to satisfie your burning thirst
By drinking vp your dying mothers blood,
Making her death your life, her hurt your good;
Your deeds are sunke to *Plutoes* darksome den,
Shame is your portion mongst the sonnes of men.

Mee seemes, I see them walk about the brim
Of black Styx dangerous flood, where *Dis* doth wonne;
Prince of dead night and darknesse gloomie grim,
Howling for passage, where deep Styx doth run,
Although in vaine, their funerall rites not done:
For hatefull fowles of heau'n being their best graue,
No passage to *Elyzium* can they haue.

Alas, how Error, Enuie and Despaire
Did troope them vp to leade them on the way,
Error orecast their skie, darkened their ayre,
Obscur'd their sight, then Enuie did assay
To make them seeke Truths ruine and decay;
Which hauing faild, Despaire to them did bring
Confusion, shame, and conscience griping sting.

In fatall barkes fast flying ore the maine,
They daylie came with doctrine seeming sound,
In which as meritorious they maintaine
The bloodie hand, that should his Prince confound,
If good thereby to holy church redoun'd,
Aboue all whom the self-conceited *Campian*
Past all compare, was reckn'd Romes arch Champian.

This

This Engliſh Romane wretch with manie more
Did ſpred themſelues diſguis'd about the land,
Seducing daylie both the rich and poore
Againſt their Prince to lift rebellious hand,
Renouncing as vniuſt her dread command,
And 'gainſt the time appointed to prouide
With forren force to ſet vp Romane pride.

And then with dread and horror to diſmay
Their wauering thoughts, they ſet before their eyes
The generall ſlaughter of that diſmall day,
When Spaines black fleet on *Neptunes* liquid skies
Should woefull England ſuddenlie ſurpriſe;
Wiſhing them craue the Popes protection
T'eſcape ſuch horror and confuſion.

But as the wolfe diſguis'd with fleecie skin
Of fillie ſheep, the ſhepheard long did blinde,
And 'mongſt the flock thereby did credit win,
Till he at length, did by his bloodie minde
Bewray himſelfe to be a wolfe by kinde:
So they, though making manie Saint-like ſhowes
Did by their deeds themſelues at length diſcloſe.

With ſhamefull death, their ſhameſull liues took end,
Leauing on earth for ſignes of infamie
Their totter'd carcaſes, to which no frend
At anie time, could giue due obſequie,
Or ſcarſe bewaile their woefull deſtinie;
But left they were for prey, both daies and nights
To black night rauens and to hungrie kites.

Anno Reg. 24.

Which might haue been a terror vnto thoſe,
That after ſought the faire *Elizaes* fall,
And in their harts did wickedlie ſuppoſe
To Englands bounds againe back to recall
The Popiſh pride and Romane ſlauiſh thrall:
But after this did manie vndergoe
Dire death and ſhame, to worke *Elizaes* woe.

First furious *Sommeruile*, that posting came, *Anno Reg.* 26.
With his owne hands to act his Soueraignes death,
Preuented in the way, to shun such shame
As might ensue, did stop his owne deare breath,
Thinking the same a far more glorious death;
But simple man with far more shame thereby,
Thy trembling ghost vnto the dead did flie.

The next, whose shame no time away shall sweepe, *An. eodem. F. T.*
Was he, who by the helpe of traytors hand,
Searching the mightie *Neptunes* waterie deepe,
Vs'd all his art and skill to vnderstand
The depth of euery hauen in this land;
Thereby to giue safe conduct to the foe,
And bring them in to worke his countries woe.

He went to that great Gods dread kingdomes bounds,
Who often chargeth on the clouds in skie,
Who cuffes the seas, who by his power confounds
High hils and mountaines, who doth terrifie
Euen the sad ghosts of *Plutoes* Emperie;
He went to know, what winde the Fleet should wing,
That should confusion vnto England bring.

(O vnremorsefull man!) (ô wretched wight!)
Shame to thy selfe and thy posteritie,
Nor friends nor countries good, to whom of right
Thy care was due, nor loue of loyaltie
To thy dread Queene thy heart might mollifie,
But wing'd with mischiefe, hauing once begun,
Thou to vntimely death didst head-long run.

Whose wretched steps, in that same fatall way *An. eodem.*
That leads to house of death, loe many more
Had follow'd fast in giuing like assay,
Had not our Queene, whose virgin bosome bore
A melting heart admir'd for mercie store,
In pitie far excell'd th'impietie
Of their false treason 'gainst her Maiestie.

Out

Reade the certificat of the Princes mercie written by their owne hands. *Ralph. Hol.* pag. 1413.

Out of her bountious grace and Princely mind,
She gaue them passage at her owne expence,
Seldome on earth such mercie shall we find,
For which strooke blind with shame of their offence,
Against a person of such excellence,
They sent their owne hand writs to testifie
This worthie deed to all posteritie.

An. Reg. 27. Yet that vngratefull man, to whom before
Iustly conuicted for foule felonie,
Renown'd *Eliza* did lost life restore,
Sought to enact a bloodie tragedie
Vpon the person of her Maiestie,
To wit that boaster, who did beare the name
Of Doctor *Parrie* to increase his Fame.

The Babylonian bawd, whose strumpet-breath
Giues life to treason, did with him conspire
To end their vengeance in the Virgins death;
And lest his heart should faile and he retire
From his intent, to wing him with desire,
His soule from sin, from death, and hell was freed,
With impious hands to act this tragicke deed.

The foolish man with resolution came,
As sent from heau'n, yet did it nought auaile:
For getting licence to this royall dame
With her to talke alone, his heart did faile,
Her lookes alone his height of sprite did quaile;
For daunted with her sight, he did repent,
And closely sought to colour his intent.

He did declare to her, how he had taken
A solemne oath to take her life away,
And how her Soueraignetie he had forsaken,
The Romish beast as supreame head t'obay,
Who by his hands expected her decay,
To which, he said, he did but seeme t'agree,
That so it might by him detected bee.

The

The royall Virgin, when as she did heare
The wicked purpose of her treacherous foe,
To shew how little she the same did feare,
Pardon'd him in secret, that no Peere might know
His leaud intent, and so might worke him woe:
O height of Princely spirit, past humane sence!
O mercie past compare, for such offence!

Yet this false wretch, in whose obdurate heart
No loyall loue did dwell, persisted still
In his blacke treason, and did vse all art
Oft times with dagger, dag or any ill,
T'effect the purpose of his bloodie will:
Which once being brought to light for such offence,
His grudging ghost with shame was posted hence.

Thus Romes blood-thirsting wolues with cruell pawes,
Sought daily to deuoure our Virgin Lambe,
And plunge poore England in deaths yawning iawes,
Hiding for aye the glorie of her name,
Rakte vp in cinders of a ruthlesse flame:
Thereby t'extinguish that celestiall light,
Which Romes red Dragon did so sore affright.

They knew for certaine, while our glorious lampe,
Our Maiden Queene did liue to lend vs light,
She would disperse foule errors dismall dampe,
Which suffocates the soule, and choakes the sight
With fearefull shadowes of eternall night;
Yea much they fear'd pure truths true light diuine,
Which then in forren shores began to shine.

The sea-diuided seuenteene lands great nation,
The Belgick borderers by the bankes of Rheine,
Cast off Romes yoke, and left their blind deuotion,
With one consent beginning to incline
Vnto a truth more perfect, more diuine;
Which they with martyr'd blood did long maintaine,
Gainst th'inquisition of Rome-wronged Spaine.

An. eodem. 27. But at the last, when with warres dreadfull thunder,
Don Iohn of Austria and his warlike band,
Began to shake the Belgicke State in sunder,
To tyrannize and bring them with strong hand,
Beneath the yoke of *Philips* sterne command,
The great *Eliza* they did humblie craue,
Their Belgick State from hostile spoile to saue.

The Briton Maid remorsefull of their woes
In their defence did lift her royall hand,
Against the threats of their inuading foes,
And sent in safe conduct a warlike band,
VVith fame-grac'd *Norrice* to the Belgicke strand;
VVhich with his valiant crew he did maintaine,
Against the incursions of the power of Spaine.

An. eodem. *Drakes* voyage to Carthagena and Domingo. Meane time th'vndaunted *Drake* no time did sleepe,
Vpon the maine King *Philips* powers to sease,
VVho thought himselfe the *Neptune* of the deepe;
But of such yoke, the sea-gods sonnes to ease,
Drake tooke from him the scepter of the seas,
And put the same in his faire Soueraignes hand,
Teaching the deepe to know her milde command.

Her winged Barkes, like sea-Nymphes in their flight,
The aged sea-gods daughter safely bore,
Whose nimble dance the deepe did so delight,
That 'bout their bosomes sweeping by the shore
The siluer waues did play with wanton rore,
Thinking themselues releas'd from yoke of Spaine,
Whose gold-heap'd mountaines did oppresse the maine.

With these vpon the seas, the noble *Drake*
Did saile as Lord of th'Ocean Emperie,
At whose dread name th'Iberians hearts did quake,
Who left the rule of *Neptunes* moistned skie
To *Drakes* command, and to the shores did flie,
Whom now for ancient wrongs done long before,
He with swift vengeance follow'd to the shore.

Braue

Braue *Carlile*, *Winter*, *Frobiſher* and *Knoles*,
With many more of *Neptunes* noble race,
Made peopled cities place for beaſts and fowles,
Burnt bowers, ſackt towers, raz'd townes before the face
Of their baſe foes, who fled with foule diſgrace,
Leauing wife, children, gold and goods for pray,
By ſtranger people to be borne away.

Foure townes in this their voyage they did foile,
Firſt did Saint Iago by their power decline,
That done, then Saint Domingo did they ſpoile,
Next towring Carthagena, and in fine
In Terra Florida, Saint Auguſtine:
Thus fortune with rich ſpoile their deeds did crowne,
And home they came with glorie and renowne.

And while theſe valiant men, true ſonnes of fame,
In forren ſhores our foe-mens force did quell,
And by their deeds made knowne *Elizaes* name,
The ſtif-neckt Iriſh proudly did rebell,
Whoſe hearts with ſtubborne pride did euer ſwell:
But noble *Bingham*, that illuſtrate Knight,
Did bring them downe and tame their towring might.

When that falſe traytor, *Mahowne Obrian*
To Romes proud ſtrumpet bound his loue to ſhow,
In Thomond with rebellious hand began
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and worke his countries woe,
In hope to haue been backt by forren foe,
In warre affaires this *Bingham* far renown'd,
In caſtle Clanowen did him confound.

An. Reg. 28.
Taken from a note confirmed vnder the hands of diuers gentlemen imployed in this action.

And when the *Burkes*, who did falſe rumours noiſe
Of wrong intended gainſt their countries good,
With *Clangibbons*, with *Clandonnels* and *Ioyes*,
Themſelues in armes did bound and proudly ſtood
On daring tearmes in field to ſpend their blood,
Renowned *Bingham* with his valiant crew,
Did them through woods from caue to caue purſue.

And when the Redſhankes on the borders by
Incurſions made, and rang'd in battell ſtood
To beare his charge, from field he made them flie,
Where fiſhie Moine did bluſh with crimſon blood
Of thouſand foes, that periſht in the flood,
For which braue *Bingham* crown'd with endleſſe fame,
Enioyes on earth a neuer dying name.

Although theſe ciuill warres of home-bred hate,
ixtus Quintus Firſt hatcht at Rome by Englands ancient foe,
ope. Did much diſturbe *Elizaes* bleſſed ſtate,
Yet did the royall Virgin not forgoe
Th'afflicted Belgians drencht in depth of woe;
But to ſupport them gainſt all foes annoy,
Earle of Leic. For that deſigne, ſhe *Dudley* did employ.

Anno eodem Who *Iaſon*-like to Colchos Iland bound,
28. To fetch the golden fleece by force of hand,
With many great *Heroes* far renown'd,
Paſt with triumphant ſailes ore ſeas and ſand,
From Englands ſhores vnto the Belgicke ſtrand,
Where after all their high atchieuements done,
Their fleece was fame, their gold was glorie won.

(O noble Virgin) (ô victorious dame,
Englands *Bellona*, nurſe of chiualrie)
What age brought forth ſo many ſonnes of fame,
In all the worlds thrice-changed Monarchie,
As in the time of thy great Emperie?
Whoſe deeds from Englands bounds did beare thy name,
As far as *Phœbus* ſpreads his golden flame.

Who now arriuing on the Belgian coaſt
VVith fatall ſteele did deepe ingraue thy name,
Vpon the proudeſt creſts in that great hoſt
That with the valiant Prince of Parma came,
Enacting wonders for immortall fame;
VVitneſſe thoſe famous deeds by *Zutphen* done,
Where many high exploits were vndergone.

When

When both the aduerſe powres afront did meet,
Although the foe farre more in number were;
Yet did our men with *Mars* ſwift-winged feet,
Charge on their troopes, whoſe hearts ſtrooke dead with feare,
Vnable to reſiſt, they backe did beare,
T'whom valiant *Audlie* in their faint recoyle,
With his foot-bands alone did giue the foyle.

Recorded at large by *I. Stow*, in his Ann. pag. 1233. taken out of *H. Archer.*

Then th'Albanois vnto the reſcue came
With their horſe troopes, mongſt whom ſtout *Norris* went,
And boldly fingl'd out a man of fame,
Gainſt whom his piſtoll with full charge he bent
To act his fall; but failing in th'euent,
His foe-mans head he with the ſame did greet,
And made him fall at his victorious feet.

Next noble *Willoughby* with lance in reſt,
Arm'd like the god of warre on winged horſe,
Met Captaine *George*, oppoſing breſt to breſt,
Whom from his ſteed halfe dead with furious force,
He downe did beare in his winde-winged courſe,
Who falling ſaid, I yeeld me to thy might,
In that I ſee thou art a ſeemely Knight.

Lo. *Will.* of Eresbeie.

This he ſpake in French.

Then noble *Deuorax*, *Mars* his yongeſt ſonne,
Chear'd vp his troope (fellowes in armes) quoth he,
The honorable preaſe let vs not ſhunne,
Ne with the dread of death diſmaied be,
But for your countries glorie follow me:
Which ſaid, he fiercely charg'd on th'enemie,
And ſhew'd high proofe of his ſtout valiancie.

Rob. Earle of Eſſex.

To ſecond him, *Ruſſell* that martiall Knight,
Like feathered ſhaft ſent from a ſtiffe-bent bow,
Or boyſterous *Boreas* in his nimble flight,
With weightie lance did charge vpon the foe,
And horſe and man to ground did ouerthrow,
Who with affright did from his furie runne,
As braying goats the King of beaſts doth ſhunne.

Sir *William Ruſſell.*

Amongst them all, that impe of honors bed,
That Worthie of the world, that hardie Knight,
The noble *Sidnie* to aduentures led
With glory-thirsting zeale in deaths despight,
Vpon his foes himselfe did noblie quight:
For in one skirmish with high valiancie,
Thrice did he charge vpon the enemie.

But cursed Fortune, foe to famous men,
Beholding *Sidnies* deeds with enuious eie,
Turning her malice into raging teene,
With deadly shot did wound him on the thigh,
Which from a foe-mans fatall peece did flie:
Whose timelesse end, if time did serue thereto,
I should bewaile in lines of lasting woe.

Many more sonnes of *Mars* his noble race,
In this daies fight great fame with perill wonne,
Yea many high exploits each breathing space,
By many a worthie wight were vndergone;
Mongst whom that deed with resolution done,
By valiant *Williams*, and the Belgian *Skinke*,
Downe to obliuions den shall neuer sinke.

Anno eodem 28. *H. Archer* Author. For when that well wall'd towne, which Venlo hight,
Was round about begirted by the foe,
Huge spirit and high conceit did so excite
Stout *Williams* mightie mind, to vndergoe
Some great attempt, that he full bent to show
Proofe of his valour by some famous act,
With hardie *Skinke* this wonder did enact:

When grizly night her iron carre had driuen
From her darke mansion house, that hidden lies
In *Plutoes* kingdome, to the top of heau'n,
And with black cloake of clouds muffling the skies,
With sable wings shut vp all wakefull eies,
Obscur'd with darknesse grim they both did go,
To act this stratagem vpon the foe:

Hush-

Hushtwere the winds, the aire all silent was,
Sad was the night, in skies appear'd no starre;
Yet through darke horror dreadlesse did they passe,
And listning vnto euery breach of aire,
With stealing steps this dangerous worke did dare,
Whom at the length the dark nights shadie wing,
Into the foe-mens campe did closely bring.

Where, when they came the vtmost watch they found
Vpon the ground all careleslely dispread,
Who tir'd with toile, lay in deepe sleepe fast drown'd,
And as they slept, each one secure of dread,
His weapon had fast fixed at his head,
Mongst whom like hungrie wolues on flockes vnkept,
Stout *Skinke* and worthie *Williams* boldly stept.

Then death triumpht in slaughter of the slaine,
Soules strugling in the pangs of many a wound,
Departs in griefe and makes aire sigh againe,
Swords blusht with blood, grim horror did abound,
A crimson dew stood on the grassie ground;
Disorder, dread, death, noise and darknesse grim,
In blood and gore of slaughtred foes did swim.

By the still watch and two strong courts of gard,
Through death, through blood and armes they boldly went,
Vntill they came, where horriblie they scar'd
The Prince himselfe sweet sleeping in his tent,
Whom in their power they long'd to circumuent,
Where many a noble wight fast snoring drown'd,
In deepest sleepe with death they did confound.

The Prince of Parma.

But as their swords they in their foes did sheath,
At last, through massacres, through shrikes and cries
Of sad soules groning in the pangs of death,
On euery side the startled foes did rise,
And shrikt out thicke alarmes to shun surprise,
Crying arme, arme, whereby appall'd with feare,
Th'whole host in sudden throngs all gathered were.

Then fled the valiant *Skinke*, blacke death to shun,
But hardie *Williams* in contention stood
With his great mind, if he more fame t'haue won,
Should stoutly stay, and hazard his owne good,
With slaughtering sword to shed more foe-mens blood:
Whereby at length in depth of danger drown'd,
By armed foes, he was incircled round.

But by aduantage of the gloomie night
Amongst the foe-mens troopes, vnknowne he goes,
And cri'd, where's *Williams?* where is *Williams* hight?
To whom againe one answer'd mongst the foes,
Pursue, pursue with speed, before he goes:
Thus cloudie night this worthie wight did saue,
Who shun'd his foes, and fled his darksome graue.

These were the foster children of that nurse,
Englands *Minerua*, Queene of glorie bright,
Who through the paths of warre their way did force,
In armes to get true honors meed by might,
And grace their name with title of true Knight:
Which honor'd order only vertues meed,
Each one then purchas'd by some glorious deed.

But while these Captaines wedded to renowne,
True loyall subiects of a royall Queene,
On Belgian shores their Soueraignes head did crowne,
With conquering wreath of neuer vading greene,
In spight of spight for aye fresh to be seene,
Romes raging *Python* full of furious wrath,
Did once againe belch vp his poisoned froth.

Anno eodem 28. Foureteene false traytors from darke treasons den,
He vp did call, foule elues of enuious night,
Rebels accurst, monsters abhorr'd of men,
Who for the black fleet now alreadie dight,
To passe th'vnfruitfull deepe with all her might,
Should make fit passage gainst that dread full day,
By their sweet Prince and countries swift decay.

Ballard,

Ballard, first author in this villanie,
Sent from the triple-crowned sonne of night,
To put in practise this their treacherie,
Proud *Babington* and *Sauage* did excite,
VVith vnremorsefull hands of violent might,
To spoile and ruinate their countries good,
And bathe their swords in their deare Soueraignes blood.

Six resolute and bloodie minded mates,
Should haue been actors in her tragedie,
Then the graue Peeres and honorable States,
Had been the slaughter of their butcherie,
And thou (ô glorie of this Emperie)
Thy loftie towers been leuell'd with the plaine,
Thy nauie burnt, and many a thousand slaine.

Babington made choice of the six.

Such dismall deeds and blacke confusion,
By proud Romes twice-seuen sonnes intended were
Against the time of that inuasion,
Report whereof with terror and with feare,
Swift-winged fame about the world did beare;
But high heau'ns King, who for his seruant chose
Our Virgin Queene, their drifts did soone disclose.

Their plot bewray'd, each one did seeke t'escape,
Vengeance pursuing them from place to place,
Hight *Babington* attir'd in Rusticke shape,
With walnut-leaues discolouring his face,
Did seeke t'escape sad death and foule disgrace:
And all the rest being clad in strange disguise,
With trembling feare did seeke to shun surprise.

As guiltie homicides, that in dead night
Pursu'd for tragick deeds of dismall death,
To woods and groues dispersst, do take their flight,
Whose gloomie shade they trembling stand beneath,
With fainting knees, cold spirit and panting breath,
VVith feare, expecting at their backes behinde,
The pursuit made at euery puffe of winde:

Euen

Euen ſo theſe wretched men, whoſe ſelfe-doom'd ſoules,
Now prickt with deepe remorſe, did daily looke
To be the ſpoile and prey of hungrie fowles,
From place to place their couert paſſage tooke,
Whoſe hearts the thought of death with horror ſhooke,
Vntill ſurpriz'd at length, vntimely death
To end this feare expir'd their fainting breath.

Of whoſe ſurpriſe, when as the trumpe of fame
Had blowen the blaſt, the ſubiect euer giuen
To bleſſe the fate of ſo diuine a dame,
For this ſo ſtrange eſcape did morne and euen,
With praiſes magnifie the King of heau'n,
Imploring ſtill his gratious hands for helpes,
Againſt the danger of that Dragons whelpes.

That day was held diuine, and all the night
Conſum'd in *Paans* to th'Olympian King,
Then crown'd they cups of wine, and with delight
At ſumptuous feaſts did ſit, while belles did ring,
And ſweet voic'd minſtrels round about did ſing,
Whoſe ſuppers ſauour wrapt in clouds on high,
The friendly winds blew vp into the skie.

And as the ſiluer Moone in calmeſt night,
When ſhe in ſhining coach the skies doth ſcale,
As golden ſtarres, that in the heau'ns ſhine bright,
When gentle *Auſter* blowes a pleaſing gale,
Do glad the ſhepheards in the lowly vaile:
So many thouſand flames, that glaz'd the skies,
Did at that time glad all true Engliſh eies.

But moſt of all, that plentious-peopled towne,
Elizaes beſt belou'd, faire London hight,
Her Miſtreſſe rare eſcape with ioy did crowne,
Whoſe loftie towers thruſt vp themſelues in ſight,
And ioy'd to glitter in the golden light,
Affrighting ſore ſad nights black drowzie dame,
With ſplendor of huge fires refulgent flame.

This

This ioy once paſt t'auenge that villanie,
Which Rome did by this bloodie plot pretend,
Againſt *Elizaes* ſacred Maieſtie,
The aged ſea-gods backe, *Drake* did aſcend,
And towards the foes wing'd with reuenge did wend,
Mongſt whom, his name had been the gaſtly bug,
T'affright yong infants at the mothers dug.

An. Reg. 29. *Drakes* voyage to Eaſt Cales. Out of the ſecond part of the ſecond volume of Nauigations. pag. 121. *Hakluit.*

His fleet transferr'd, with proſperous gale did ſweepe
Through parted waues of *Thetis* waterie skie,
Vnto the ſhores of the Caſtilian deepe,
In whoſe proud billowes he did wafting lie,
Vntill for truth he heard by his eſpie,
Of that prepare, that in Cales harbor lay,
For Spaines *Armada* gainſt th'appointed day.

Then gaue he order for the nauall fight,
And in the euening tide, when ſetting ſun
Leaues ſteepe Olympus to the darkeſome night,
The pine-plough'd ſeas with black clouds ouerrun,
To giue the onſet valiant *Drake* begun:
Hurling forth burning flames with hidious rore,
Of brazen Cannon on th'Iberian ſhore.

And as, when *Boreas* in a tempeſt raues,
Leaping with wings of lightning from the skie,
Makes clouds to crack and cuffes the ſwelling waues,
Who from the ſtorme of his fierce furie flie,
In roling billowes on the bankes faſt by;
So wrapt in clouds of ſmoake and lightning pale,
With dreadfull fight, *Drake* did his foes aſſaile.

Six gallies thwart the towne at firſt did ſtand
The violent onſet, which the Engliſh gaue;
But had they with ſtrong oares and readie hand,
Not made ſwift ſpeed themſelues and fleet to ſaue,
They with the ſame had periſht in the waue;
For *Drake* with fire in hand without delay,
Had burnt their ſhips and ſunke them in the ſea.

But loe a richer prize, he ſoone had wonne,
Which did repay that loſſe with trebble gaine,
Three barkes, of which each bore a thouſand tunne,
And in the deepe ſuch compaſſe did containe,
Seeming like floting mountaines on the maine,
With cannons wounding ſhot he did intombe,
With all their men in *Thetis* watrie wombe.

Nor yet could this his noble heart ſuffice,
But with more conqueſt to renowne his name,
Thirtie eight ſhips his valour did ſurpriſe,
Of which moſt part with fire he did enflame,
The reſt he kept for trophies of his fame,
Which in the ſight of Cales that loftie towne,
He brought away in triumph and renowne.

And as a bellowing bull, that doth diſdaine,
Amongſt an heard of cattell grazing by,
That any other bull in all the plaine,
Should proudly beare his curled head on high,
But makes him baſely yeeld, or fainting flie:
So did great *Drake*, as Lord of all the deepe,
His foes on th'Ocean in ſubiection keepe.

And when of all great *Philips* nauall might,
On the ſeas wilderneſſe none durſt appeare,
Drake to prouoke his heartleſſe foes to fight,
VVith his whole fleet vnto the ſhore did beare,
VVhere three ſtrong holds by him aſſaulted were,
VVith that faire caſtle of Cape Sacre hight,
All which did fall beneath his nauall might.

From thence to ſeas with his triumphant ſailes
He did returne, wafting vpon the waues
Before hight Lisbone, neere to Eaſterne Cales,
VVhere of th'Iberians he the combate craues,
Though none mongſt them durſt interrupt his braues,
But fled into the ports and harbours by,
VVhere out of danger they might hidden lie.

Yet thence he rouz'd them, while that heartleſſe Knight,
The Marques of Saint Cruz lay wafting by
In his ſwift ſayling gallies, in whoſe ſight
Drake burnt and ſpoil'd his ſhips and made them flie,
Who to his care for helpe did ſeeme to crie;
Yet durſt he not come forth in their defence,
But ſuffred *Drake* to lead them captiue thence.

A hundred ſhips with furniture full fraught
For Spaines *Armada*, that world-wondred fleet,
He did diſpoile, and ſome away he brought
As ſignes of victorie, which as moſt meet
He did ſubiect at faire *Elizaes* feet;
The praiſe of which with humble zeale and loue,
She offred vp to heau'n as due to *Ioue*.

Such humble thoughts in ſuch a noble mind,
Do beat downe Pride in chiefe felicitie:
And ſuch a noble mind in kingly kind,
VVith beſt aduice, doth teach true Maieſtie,
To ſhew it ſelfe in milde humilitie,
Such humble thoughts, ſuch noble mind had ſhe,
Which in her heart, heart-ſearching *Ioue* did ſee.

For which in ſpight of her death-threatning foes,
As high as heau'n, he did exalt her name,
And did his blacke death-darting hand oppoſe
Againſt her brauing foes, that proudly came
VVith all their power gainſt ſuch a royall dame,
Whoſe mightie fleete, fifteene yeares worke of wonder,
Now launcht into the ſeas began to thunder.

For now *Ioues* helm'd-deckt ſonne, the god of warre,
Rouz'd from his reſt with cannons dreadfull rore,
Leapt on the earth from out his iron carre,
Shooke his ſtrong lance, ſteept in black blood and gore,
VVhoſe brazen feet did thunder on the ſhore,
The noiſe of which that from the earth did bound,
Made all the world to tremble at the ſound.

An. Reg. 30. 1588.

And

And vp from darkeſome Lymboes diſmall ſtage
Ore Stygian bridge from *Plutoes* Emperie,
Came nights blacke brood, Diſorder, Ruine, Rage,
Rape, Diſcord, Dread, Deſpaire, Impietie,
Horror, ſwift Vengeance, Murder, Crueltie,
All which together on th'Iberian ſtrand,
With Spaines great hoſt troopt vp did ready ſtand.

Fame downe deſcending from her ſiluer bower,
On Duke *Medinaes* huge black barke did ſtand,
The Generall of all the Spaniſh power,
Whence looking round ore ſeas, and ſea-ſieg'd land,
Holding her ſiluer trumpet in her hand,
The ſame ſhe ſounded loud, whoſe echo ſhrill,
With ſound thereof the wide worlds round did fill.

Then all th'Iberian Kings ſtout men of warre,
Renown'd for thoſe reſplendent armes they bore,
Marching beneath his enſignes heard from farre,
Who vowing England ſpoil'd of all her ſtore,
Should ſtoope her Pride, and them outface no more;
Made ſwift repaire in concourſe and thick crow'd,
To Spaines black fleet t'effect what they had vow'd.

Ferdinando Cortez.

The ſun-burnt Spaniards from that Indian ſhore,
Subdu'd by *Ferdinandoes* bloodie hand,
Where Perues ſtreames caſts vp her golden ore,
And Zenewes waues bring to the ſlimie ſtrand,
Pure graines of gold amongſt the ruddie ſand,
Like *Cadmus* bone-bred brood came thicke in ſwarmes,
As newly borne from top to toe in armes.

The captiu'd nations of the Caſtile King,
Luxurious Naples and proud Lombardie,
Their troopes in faire refulgent armes did bring,
And thoſe of Portugale and Scicilie,
With ſlick-hair'd youth of wanton Italie,
T'auenge faire Englands foule ſuppoſed wrong,
To Spaines *Armada* in thicke troopes did throng.

Readie

Readie t'imbarke vpon the ſhores they ſtood,
Like flowers in ſpring, that beautifie the plaine,
Or like May flies orewhelmed by the flood,
As infinite, as leaues or drops of raine,
Powr'd from the heau'ns vpon the liquid maine,
That with their weight, dame *Terraes* aged backe
Beneath the ſway of horſe and foot did cracke.

And as blacke ſwarmes of ants with loaden thies,
Hauing vpon the flowrie ſpring made pray,
In number numberleſſe with freſh ſupplies,
Climbes ſome ſteepe hillock, and through all the day
By thouſands in thick flockes do fill the way;
So Spaines great hoſt from trampled ſhores did wend,
In thronging troopes, their mountaine-ſhips t'aſcend.

And ſuch a bluſtring as againſt the ſhore,
When as the ſwelling ſeas the welkin braues,
Or ſtorme-driuen billowes on the bankes do rore,
Or ſuch a noiſe as in earths hollow caues
We often heare, when ſtormie *Boreas* raues:
Such clamorous noiſe out of the tumult ſprong,
When they from ſhores vnto their ſhips did throng.

Hous'd in their fleet, their ankors vp they weigh'd,
Hoiſted their top-maſts with their ſailes on high,
The miſens then with winged winds diſplaid
Before their hollow keeles, that low did lie
Within the deepe, made parted billowes flie;
Their huge big bulks made *Neptunes* back to bow,
And waues to ſwell vpon his waterie brow.

Their towring heads, the heau'ns blacke clouds did kiſſe,
Borne by the winde-driuen ſtormie waues on high,
Their hollow boſomes in the deepe Abyſſe
Amongſt the ſurges of the fiſh-full skie,
Like mightie rockes from ſight did hidden lie,
Whoſe braſſe-arm'd ſides ſuch compaſſe did containe,
They ſeem'd to couer acres on the maine.

Who

Whoſo had ſeene them on the gulphie flood,
He would haue thought ſome *Delos* now againe,
Some towne, ſome citie, or ſome deſert wood,
Or ſome new vnknowne world from ſhores of Spaine
Launcht off to ſeas, had wandred on the maine,
Peopled with thoſe, that like quicke ſprites in skie,
By little hold-faſt all about could flie.

Each Barke, whoſe bulke was proofe againſt the wound
Of common ſhot, beſides thoſe Buls of braſſe,
Whoſe bellowing rore did equall thunders ſound,
Of ſuch great thickneſſe and high building was,
That like large towers they on the deepe did paſſe;
For ſcarce could brazen cannons banefull thunder,
With battering bullet beat their ſides aſunder.

Musket ſhot could not pierce them. *Emanuel Van-Metran*, in his 15. booke of his hiſtorie.

Their vpper deckes, all trim'd and garniſht out
VVith ſterne deſignes for bloodie warre at hand,
VVith crimſon fights were armed all about,
And on the hatches many a goodly band
Deckt in braue armes, together thicke did ſtand,
Whoſe plume-deckt heads themſelues aloft did ſhow,
And ſeem'd to dance, with windes wau'd to and fro.

With glittering ſhields their boſomes they did bar,
Each one well brandiſhing his fatall blade,
And from their bright habiliments of war,
Such blazing ſhine, as in the gloomie ſhade,
VVe often ſee by *Phœbus* beames diſplaid,
A ſplendor vp into the aire did throw,
And glittered on the gliſtning waues below.

Their top ſailes, ſprit ſailes, and their miſens all,
Their crooked ſternes, and tackle euery where
Adorned were with pennons tragicall,
VVhich in their ſilken reds did pictur'd beare
The ſad oſtents of death and diſmall feare,
Who while their keeles through ſeas did cut their way,
In wanton wauing with the winde did play.

The

The clangor of ſhrill trumpes triumphant ſound
And clattering horror of their claſhing armes,
Vpon the bordering ſhores did ſo redound,
That euen the deepe of their intended harmes
On Englands coaſts did ſound out thicke alarmes,
Which ſtrooke a terror to the heart of him
Who then did border about *Neptunes* brim.

So great a fleet, ſince that ſame god ſo old,
Grim-bearded *Neptune* bore the ſea-gods name,
The golden eye of heau'n did nere behold,
Nor *Agamemnons* thouſand ſhips, that came
To ſacke proud Troy, and all her towers enflame,
Nor that *Eoan* monarches fleet, that ſcar'd
The ſonnes of Tyre, with this might be compar'd.

But while this mightie fleet did proudly boaſt
Her matchleſſe might on *Neptunes* high command,
Braue *Parma* Lord of all th'Iberian hoſt,
Both of the horſe and foot, that came by land,
Did troope them vp vpon the Belgicke ſtrand,
To whom th'aſſiſtants of the Caſtile King,
Their ſeuerall troopes of men did daily bring.

Beneath the bird of *Ioue* the Prince of ayre,
Which th'houſe of *Auſtria* in their Enſignes bore,
The proud Burgundian marcht in armour faire,
Th'Italian, Germaine, Dutch, and many more
Of other lands and language, who before
Had often been renown'd in many a fight,
For their high valour, and approued might.

Such, and ſo mightie bands of famous men,
Adorn'd in richeſt armes of pureſt gold,
Vpon thoſe coaſts before had neuer been,
Nor any Belgian euer did behold
Such martiall troopes vpon that trampled mold,
So skill'd in habit of all fights in warre,
And for fights true direction paſt compare.

Both horſe and foot of Spaines impetuous might,
And of the Auxil'arie bands, that came
As mercenaries for the bloodie fight,
Diſtinguiſht vnder guides of ſpeciall name,
Whom hope of ſpoile did to this warre inflame,
Drew towards the ſhores of *Neptune*, there to meet
And ioyne their forces with the Nauall fleet.

Which being titled long before in Spaine,
The fleet Inuincible by all conſents,
In all her pride now floted on the maine,
Readie prepar'd t'effect thoſe blacke euents,
Preſag'd before by proud Spaines ſad oſtents;
Who by report through all the world had won
The name of conqueſt ere the fight begun.

The threatfull ſubiects of the Caſtile King,
In this huge fleet did ſuch firme hope repoſe,
That all their ſun-burnt brats they taught to ſing,
Triumph and conqueſt, which they did ſuppoſe
Their very threats would purchaſe gainſt their foes,
Who like braue Lords, their valour to renowne,
Did caſt the dice for faire *Elizaes* Crowne.

Much like the vanting French, when *Iohn* of France
In Poyctiers battell with his mightie hoſt,
Not pondering in his mind warres doubtfull chance,
The gotten victorie did vainely boaſt,
Before that either part had won or loſt,
Where braue Prince *Edward* with his troope ſo ſmall,
Renown'd his ſword with *Iohn* of France his fall.

Euen ſo this brauing fleet, whoſe dreaded name,
Ineuitable ruine did foretell,
Thought, that the faire *Eliza*, who did frame
Her life in happie daies of peace to dwell,
Vnfurniſht was ſuch forces to repell,
And therefore ſent as from King *Philips* hand,
A ſterne inſcription with this proud command:

With

With auxil'arie bands she should no more
Vphold the Belgian gainst King *Philips* frowne,
All Spanish prizes back againe restore,
Build vp religious houses beaten downe,
And vnto Rome subiect her selfe and crowne;
All which to do, if that she did withstand,
Her imminent blacke end was now at hand.

This was sent written in Latin.

The noble Queene, who in her royall hand
Did beare the State and stay of Britanie,
In deepe contempt of such a basse command,
With spirit of princely magnanimitie,
Did briefely answere this proud ambasie:
For in prouerbiall words her answere was,
Isthæc ad Græcas fient mandata Kalendas.

An answere worthie, for the grace it bore,
The Virgin spring of old *Plantagenet*,
Who from the foes to shied her natiue shore,
Her subiects hearts for fight on fire did set,
And their bold stomackes did with courage whet,
Who fir'd with loue of their *Elizaes* good,
In her defence did thirst to spend their blood.

For when for certaine, Fame th'intended harmes
Of Spaines blacke fleet to Englands shores did bring,
How gladly did her people flocke to armes,
And when the trumpe warres scathfull song did sing,
About their eares how pleasing did it ring?
Whose hearts with furie fed, to battell giuen,
With braue conceits did leape as high as heau'n.

All townes did ring with sudden cri'd alarmes,
Whence with loud clamour to the marine shore,
The armed people clustred in thicke swarmes,
Where red-ey'd *Eris* warres blacke ensigne bore,
And mongst their troops did sprinkle blood and gore;
Stirring them vp with eager minds to wade
Through seas of blood, the aduerse fleet t'inuade.

And as the golden ſwarmes of black-backt Bees,
Their thighes full loaden from the flowrie field,
With humming noiſe flie to the hollow trees,
Where they with buſie paine fit ſhelter build,
Their treaſure and themſelues from harme to ſhield;
So thicke in armes, th'alarum once begun,
Vnto their ſhips with ſhouting they did run:

Where with their mutuall ſtrengths they did aſſay,
To hale *Elizaes* fleet from off the ſhore,
Some pumpt, ſome cleans'd, ſome drew the ſtockes away,
Some hoiſt the top-maſts, ſome great burthens bore,
The Nauies want with furniture to ſtore:
And with their vtmoſt diligence all wrought,
Till to perfection they their worke had brought.

Which from the ſhores, once launcht into the maine,
Not all the world a fairer fleet could ſhow:
For though in hugeneſſe, that black fleet of Spaine
Did farre ſurpaſſe; yet was it farre more ſlow
In nimble ſtirrage wafting to and fro:
For Englands fleet through ſeas ſwift paſſage won
With gentle gale, though th'Ocean ſmooth did run.

To ſhun their foes, each like a nimble Hinde
In *Neptunes* forreſt, on the watrie greene,
Haue skipt from waue to waue, and with the winde,
When they liſt turne againe; they haue been ſeene
Like raging Lions in their heate of ſpleene,
Flie on the Caſtile fleet to bring them vnder,
And with fell rore to teare their ſides in ſunder.

All readie furniſht wafting to and fro,
Ouer the narrow ſeas deepe ſandie beds,
They 'bout the coaſts themſelues did daily ſhow,
In th'huffing winds wauing their ſilken reds,
And crimſon croſſes on their loftie heads:
Thoſe ancient badges, through the world renown'd,
Which with high conqueſt, Fortune oft hath crown'd.

Their

Their braue demeanor did so much delight
The people, that beheld them on the maine,
That many more all readie for the fight,
Did make repaire, t'oppugne the fleet of Spaine;
Then all that royall Nauie could containe:
Such feruent loue vnto their Soueraignes name,
With fierie courage did their hearts enflame.

Those stout sea-searchers of the stormie flood,
The sonnes of *Nereus* broad sea-sayling race,
And the braue offspring of *Prometheus* brood,
That with loud thunder-claps their foe-men chace,
Who in *Elizaes* royall fleet had place,
Made solemne vowes, backe to returne no more,
Except with conqueſt to their native shore.

Mongst whom the noblest obiect of them all,
That in the fleete did hold supreamest sway
Went honor'd *Howard*, as chiefe Admirall,
Who by his stout demeanor did assay,
With courage bold to lead them on the way,
And euery heart did fill with hautie spirit,
By glorious deeds immortall fame to merit.

Now Earle of Nottingham.

Vpon th'*Eolian* gods supportfull wings,
With cheareſull shouts, they parted from the shore,
While heau'n and earth and all the Ocean rings
With sounds, which on her wings loud echo bore,
Of trumpets, drums, shrill fifes and cannons rore,
To which the peoples shouts on shores fast by,
Reecho'd in the rockes with loud replie.

While they aboord at sea, so heere at home
T'auert all harmes, all subiects did prepare,
In mightie tumult to the murmuring drumme,
The multitude did make repaire from farre,
To trie their valour in th'approching warre,
Thirsting to meet their foes on equall ground,
All hoping in their fall to be renown'd.

With ornaments of warre, the earth did flow,
Glazing the skies with armes resplendent light,
And euery place in aire, shot vp did show
The blood-red crosse, which did conduct to fight
Many faire bands, all men of powerfull might;
For both of horse and foot, from euery shiere,
Thicke squadrons daily did in field appeare.

Th'appointed place of generall meeting was
In Essex, on the coast at Tilburie,
To which the people in such troopes did passe,
That with their traine the shores they multiplie
Like *Palamedes* birds that forme the Y,
When cloud-like in thicke flockes their flight they take
Ore Thracian woods, to *Strymons* seuen-fold lake.

There pight they downe their tents t'oppose all harmes,
Set vp the royall standards all about,
The faire supporters of *Elizaes* armes,
The rampant Lion, and the Dragon stout,
And th'ensigne of Saint *George*, which many a rout
Of *Mars* his noble race with conquering hand
Hath famous made, in many a forren land.

Vnder whose colours like a leauie wood,
The host in seuerall bands digested all
Inrankt about with shot and pike-men stood,
As firme for battell, as a brazen wall,
Who to the workes of death did thirst to fall,
Inflam'd in heart with burning fire to fight
For Englands Virgin, and their countries right.

Well did each horse-man, teach his horse to run,
To stoope, to stop, to turne, to breake the field,
Well each bold Musketier did vse his gun,
Each Launceer well his weightie launce did wield,
Each drew his sword and well addrest his shield,
Teaching each other by this braue array,
How on their foes they best might giue th'assay.

The ſound of fifes, of drums, and trumpets ſhrill,
And mutuall exhortations for the warre,
All fainting hearts with manly ſprite did fill,
And th'armed horſe, that ſmell the fight from farre,
Inraged that the curbing bit ſhould barre
Their forwardneſſe, with neighing loud did crie
For preſent combat gainſt the enemie.

Thus in the field the royall hoſt did ſtand,
None fainting vnder baſe timiditie,
But readie bent to vſe their running hand
Againſt the force of forren enemie,
If they ſhould chance t'arriue at Tilburie:
Mongſt whom great *Dudlie* bore ſupreameſt ſway, Earle of Leceſter.
Againſt their foes to lead them on the way.

And as the daughter of the mightie *Ioue*,
When from the browes of heau'n ſhe takes her flight
Downe to thoſe ſonnes of *Mars*, whom ſhe doth loue,
In her celeſtiall armes with glorie dight,
To bring them dreadleſſe to th'approching fight;
So Englands Empreſſe, that vndaunted Dame,
Vnto the campe in glorious triumph came. *Rich. Hakluit* and *Stow* in his Annals.

Like noble *Tomyris*, that Queene of Thrace,
Deckt in rich veſtiments of ſhining gold,
Vpon a ſnow-white ſteed of ſtately pace,
Mounted aloft ſhe ſate, with courage bold,
And in her hand a martiall ſtaffe did hold,
Riding from ranke to ranke, and troope to troope,
To whom with reuerence all the hoſt did ſtoope.

Her comely geſture, and her Angels face,
The lodge of pleaſure, and of ſweet delight,
Did make the ſouldiers thinke ſome heauenly Grace
Had left *Olympus*, and with powerfull might
Had come from *Ioue*, to cheare them vp for fight,
Her preſence did with ſuch high ſpirit inſpire
Their manly breſts, and ſet their hearts on fire.

And as *Bunduca*, that bold Britaine dame,
When ore this land proud Rome did tyrannize,
Her Britaines hearts with courage to enflame,
Amidst their troopes all arm'd in seemely wise,
Did *Pallas*-like a pythie speech deuise:
So our faire Queene, bold spirit to infuse
Through all the host, these princely words did vse.

(Captaines and souldiers, men of worthie fame,
And most admitted to our princely loue)
Thinke, what it is, to win a souldiers name,
And fight the battels of the mightie *Ioue*,
With safe protection from his power aboue,
Faint thoughts from your stout hearts be farre expell'd,
And feare of foes with courage bold be quell'd.

If that the foe, dare set his foot on land,
We with the best all danger will out dare,
And step by step, with you in person stand,
To be a partner with you, in that share,
Which God shall giue vs, be it foule or faire:
Then by my side like loyall subiects stand,
And *Ioue* assist vs with his powerfull hand.

This said from ranke to ranke, she rode about,
Enabling their endeuours for the fight,
And with sweet words from their bold brests blew out
All fainting spirit, and did their hearts excite
With ready hands, to vse their vtmost might:
Which royall gesture of so faire a Queene,
Would haue inspir'd a cowards heart with spleene.

Thus hauing chear'd the common souldierie,
The cloudie euen began to shut vp day:
Wherefore she backe return'd from Tilburie,
And towards that martiall field did take her way,
Where as that other royall armie lay,
In which did march the Nobles of the land,
In rich array, each with his seuerall band.

Troopt

Troopt vp there were in that ſame ſtrong-arm'd hoſt,
Fortie three thouſand perfect in the frame
Of euery fight, who of that time may boaſt,
And craue inſcription in the booke of fame,
T'haue been the guard of ſo diuine a dame,
Who for her perſon only choſen were,
Martiall'd by *Hunſdon* that true hearted Peere.

But while the noble Queene her ſelfe appli'd
T'oppugne the foe, that ſhould her State aſſaile,
Loe, from the Groyne the blacke fleet was deſcri'd,
Who now befriended with a gentle gale,
For Englands rockie bounds did make full ſaile,
Of whom hight Captaine *Flemming* firſt had ſight, M. *Thomas Flemming.*
And fled before them with induſtrious flight.

At Plimmouth port where th'Engliſh fleet did lie,
He with full ſaile came in, and cri'd amaine,
Weigh vp your ankors, hoiſe your ſailes on high;
For like *Ortygian Delos* on the maine,
Behold, th'Iberian fleet from ſhores of Spaine
Comes hard at hand, and threatens our decay;
Then arme, aboord with ſpeed, make no delay.

This ſaid, confuſedly the ſouldiers ran
To ſhips from ſhore, earth flew about their feet,
Then weigh'd they vp their ankors, and each man
Put to his helping hand, to bring their fleet
Into the ſeas, the aduerſe foes to meet,
And though the froward winds did them withſtand,
They warped out their ſhips by force of hand.

Then might they ſee from farre vpon the maine,
Like a blacke wood approching more and more,
Their foe-mens tragicke fleet, which in diſdaine
With ſound of trumpets, drums, and cannons rore,
Came proudly thundring by the rockie ſhore,
And with amazement th'Engliſh to affright,
Their ſouldiers with loud ſhouts the heau'ns did ſmite.

They

They ſayling came in order for the fight,
In ſuch a forme on *Thetis* ſiluer breſt,
As bright-cheekt *Cinthia* ſhewes in darkeſt night,
When ſtretching out her hornes into the Eaſt,
She ſhewes but halfe her face, and hides the reſt,
Which made a creſcent moone vpon the maine,
Whoſe hornes eight miles in compaſſe did containe.

Stowe in his Ann. pag. 1249.

The royall Engliſh fleet, which did behold
The martiall order of their nauall traine,
Came ſayling forward, and with courage bold,
For Englands Queene did waue their fleet amaine,
Who in contempt ſoone waued them againe,
Whereby defiance with vndaunted pride,
By cannons cuffe was giuen from either ſide.

Then bloodie *Ennyon* thundring out aloud,
Made each one thirſt in fight his foe t'offend,
And as fierce fire wrapt vp in dampiſh cloud,
With violent force the ſides thereof doth rend,
And with pale lightning thunder downe doth ſend;
So Englands warlike fleet wing'd with ſwift gale,
Broke through the waues th'Iberians to aſſaile.

The drums did beat, the trumpets ſhrill did ſound,
Each aduerſe force began the furious fight;
Then in the aire the fierce claps did redound
Of cannons hidious rore, and with affright,
Fire flaſhing leapt about and maz'd their ſight;
And thus in furie did the fight begin
With darkneſſe, horror, death and dreadfull din.

The firſt fight before Plimmouth.

The ſeas did boile, the buxome aire did ſwell,
A cloake of clouds did ouercaſt the skie,
The echoing rockes the fight farre off did tell,
The Bullets thicke as haile from clouds on high,
From either ſide in gloomie ſmoake did flie,
And pale-fac'd death vnſeene of all the throng,
Aboue their heads in thicke fumes houering hung.

The

The fight grew fell, and of diſaſter haps
In each blacke barke reports loud trumpet ſings,
While heau'n records the cannons roring claps,
And the darke aire with grumbling murmurings
Of whiſtling bullets, borne on fiery wings,
Whoſe horrid thunder drown'd the volleies hot
And leſſer noiſe of many a thouſand ſhot.

Oft did the Engliſh with the winde and weather,
Charge on their foe-mens ſhips with hot aſſay,
Who for their ſafegard bound round vp together,
Pluckt in their hornes and in a roundell lay,
While on their ſides the cannon ſtill did play,
Not daring fight, except to reſcue thoſe,
That beaten were by their bold Britaine foes.

Both the bold *Howards*, and Lord *Sheffield* hight,
With *Hawkins*, *Frobiſher*, and famous *Drake*,
Braue *Barker*, *Croſſe*, and *Southwell* that ſtout Knight,
There, where the foes the fight moſt hot did make,
Through danger, dread and death their way did take,
And gainſt their foes did fierie vengeance ſpit,
Which did their barks great bulkes in ſunder ſplit.

Lord *Thomas Howard* now Earle of Suffolke.

They brake into the midſt of Spaines blacke fleet,
Oppoſing dreadfull death to win renowne,
As when in skies the earth-bred brothers meet,
When *Boreas* flying about with ſtormie frowne,
Doth cuff the clouds, and brings his brothers downe;
For with high ſpirit heau'n did their hearts inſpire,
T'aſſaile the foes and burne their fleet with fire.

Renowned *Howard* Englands Admirall,
Longing to ſee the Caſtile Kings diſgrace,
Their ſtouteſt hearts with terror did appall,
Who meeting with his foe-men face to face,
Vnto his furie made them all giue place,
Breaking ſo farre into the fleet alone,
That from the aduerſe foes he ſcarce was knowne.

Where in the midſt of danger vncontrol'd,
Vpon the vpper decke he ſtood on high,
From whence, when as from far he did behold
One of his Captaines, who did wafting lie
Without the danger of the enemie,
Out of a cloud of ſmoake he loud did call,
Aboue his head wauing his ſword withall.

M *George Fenner.* This was in the ſecond fight before Portland. *Rich. Hak.* in the end of his 1. volume.

(O *George*) quoth he, why doſt thou ſhun the preſſe?
Report renownes thy name for valiancie;
Then leaue me not alone in this diſtreſſe;
But with vndaunted ſpirit follow me
To gaine the palme of glorious victorie;
So ſhall that hope, which I conceiue of thee,
In this daies bloodie fight not fruſtrate bee.

The Captaine heard, and like a ſtormie puffe,
That ſtoopes from clouds and beats the billowes vnder,
He brake into the fight with cannons cuffe,
And came in height of ſpirit importing wonder
In clouds of ſmoake, in fierie flames and thunder,
With whom did many others giue th'aſſay,
And through Spaines fleet did furrow vp their way.

The foes turn'd head, and made a violent ſtand,
Both parts ſtood bent each other to confound;
The cannons thicke diſcharg'd on either hand
Wrapt clouds in clouds of ſmoake, which did abound,
And hurl'd their horrid thunder forth to wound;
But Fortune on the foes in fight did frowne,
And in her ballance, Spaines hard lot ſunke downe.

With fruits of death the fruitleſſe waues did flow,
The ſeas did bluſh with blood, the ayrie skie
Did ſwell with grones, and wandring to and fro,
In clouds of ſmoake the grudging ſoules did flie
Of ſlaughtred bodies, that did floting lie
About the Ocean, ſeeking for their tombes
In hollow rockes and monſters hungrie wombes.

And

And in the fight, t'increaſe the foe-mens harmes,
A ruddie flame from th'Engliſh fleet did flie,
Which ſwiftly ſeaſed in his ſpoilefull armes
The ſtout Viceadmirall of th'enemie,
Who proudly bore her loftie head on high,
And with the violence of his flamefull flaſhes,
Did quickly burne her vpper workes to aſhes.

This happened in the third conflict before the Ile of Wight. It was fired by a ſhot.

A golden bonfire on the ſiluer waues
Did flote about, whoſe flame did reach the skies,
While the poore Spaniard and his captiue ſlaues,
Seeing their tragicke fall before their eies,
Amidſt the fire in vaine ſhriekt out ſhrill cries;
For th'horrid fire all mercileſſe did choake
The ſcorched wretches with infeſtiue ſmoake.

Many tall ſhips, that did in greatneſſe paſſe
The greateſt of our fleet, did fall in fight,
Mongſt whom, that faire Galeon ſurpriſed was,
In which renowned *Valdes*, that ſtout Knight,
With other captaines of approued might,
Did yeeld themſelues and all their golden treaſure
To Noble *Drake*, to be at his good pleaſure.

Three famous conflicts, in three ſeuerall daies,
Elizaes hardie captaines did maintaine,
And by their valour won eternall praiſe,
Oft turning into flight the fleet of Spaine,
With dreadfull fire, and cannons deadly bane,
Who now t'effect what they did vainely boaſt,
Houer'd twixt Calice and the Engliſh coaſt.

There caſt they ankor, and conuei'd with ſpeed
ſwift notice to the Prince of Parma hight,
Who thither ſhould repaire, as was decreed,
And while each aduerſe fleet ſtood hot in fight,
For England he ſhould paſſe with all his might,
For which intent he had prepar'd before,
Foure hundred ſhips vpon the Belgicke ſhore.

But noble *Seimer* in the foe-mens ſight,
With *Iuſtin* of Naſſau, that Belgian bold,
And worthie *Winter*, that vndaunted Knight,
With their tall ſhips on th'Ocean vncontrol'd,
About the Belgicke ſtrand ſtrong gard did hold,
Whoſe proud afront the foes did daunt ſo ſore,
That not a ſhip durſt launch from off the ſhore.

Allen was made Cardinall for that purpoſe.

Yet the ſtout Prince of Parma fondly led
With hope, that *Allen*, that falſe fugitiue,
Sent from proud *Sixtus* to adorne his head
With faire *Elizaes* crowne, in vaine did ſtriue
With all his power, his purpoſe to atchieue;
And vnto Dunkirk came with all his force,
To put in practiſe his intended courſe.

Meane time the fleet, that did expect his aide,
Before French Calice did at ankor lie,
And now the chearefull day began to vade,
And *Vulcans* louely *Venus* mounting high,
Appear'd for euening ſtarre in Eaſterne skie,
Whereby both aduerſe fleets did ceaſe from fight,
And rendred place vntò th'approching night.

But when ſoft ſleepe, the careleſſe thoughts did bind
Of others, that ſecure in cabbins lay,
Each Engliſh leader in his labouring mind
Did faſhion counſels, how to giue th'aſſay,
And driue from thence their foe-mens fleet away,
Who there did purpoſe by the ſhore to lie,
That from the Prince they might haue freſh ſupplie.

Amongſt themſelues our Captaines did agree,
That eight ſmall ſhips with artificiall fire,
Amidſt the Spaniſh fleet ſhould driuen bee
In dead of night, to execute their ire
Vpon the foes, that did ſweet ſleepe deſire:
Which dreadfull ſtratagem againſt the foe,
Stout *Yong* and valiant *Prowſe* did vndergoe.

The

The time came on, the drowzie night did frowne,
Who claſping th'earths wide bounds with ſable wings,
Vpon the ſeas did powre grim darkneſſe downe,
While ſleepe, that vnto care ſweet comfort brings,
In quiet ſlumber, huſht all watchfull things;
And then the ſhips all fir'd for the euent,
Amongſt the foes with winde and tide were ſent.

Through foggie clouds of nights Cymmerian blacke,
A glimmering light the watch did firſt eſpie,
Which drifting faſt vpon the ſea-gods backe,
And to the Spaniſh fleete approching nigh,
Burſt out in flames into the darkeſome skie,
Glazing the heau'ns and chaſing gloomie night,
From off the ſeas with admirable light.

A ſudden puffe with force of powder driuen,
Oft blew vp ſulphurie flames, in aire on high,
From whence, as if that ſtarres did drop from heau'n,
The liuely ſparkes on wings of winde did flie,
Threatning confuſion to the enemie:
Who ſtartled from their ſleepe, ſhriekt out th'alarme
To euery ſhip, to ſhun ſuch diſmall harme.

Th'Iberians drown'd before in ſweet repoſe,
With feare affrighted from their naked reſt,
Their eye-lids wanting weight one winke to cloſe,
Beheld the fire on *Neptunes* burning breſt,
Which trembling horror in their hearts impreſt;
For floting towards them with fearefull flaſhes,
It threatned ſore to burne their ſhips to aſhes.

Then with diſorder euery one did cut
Their blacke pitch'd cables, hoyſing ſailes with ſpeed,
And from the ſhore to the maine ſeas did put,
In hope from preſent danger to be freed,
That did ſuch terror in their boſomes breed,
While on the waues the burning ſhips bright light
Did make a ſun-ſhine in the midſt of night.

Who

Who being diſperſt amongſt their Nauie came,
And like fire-ſpitting monſters on the maine,
In ſable clouds of ſmoake and threatning flame,
Did fiercely bellow out their deadly bane;
Which horror th'Engliſh Nauie did maintaine,
Diſcharging all their thundring ſhot together
Vpon th'Iberian foes with winde and weather.

The horrid noiſe amaz'd the ſilent night,
Repowring downe blacke darkneſſe from the skie,
Through which th'affrighted Spaniard with blind flight,
His friends from foes not able to deſcrie,
Vpon the darkeſome waues did ſcattered flie;
In which diſturbance driuen with winde and weather,
Spaines chiefe Galiaſſe fell foule vpon another.

Which all vnable to eſcape with flight,
The ſtartled fleet did leaue alone forlorne,
Keeping aloofe at ſea, all that ſad night;
But when from th'Eaſt the opall-coloured morne
With golden light the Ocean did adorne,
The Engliſh fleet Spaines great Galliaſſe did ſpie,
Which caſt vpon a ſandie ſhoale did lie.

Whom Captaine *Preſton* valiantly did bord,
Sent from the fleet in his long boat well man'd,
Which with an hundred hardie men was ſtor'd,
Who to the face of death oppos'd did ſtand,
About the ſhip vſing their readie hand,
Gainſt whoſe aſſault at firſt th'Iberian foes,
With proud reſiſtance did themſelues oppoſe.

For *Hugo de Moncada*, valiant man
With noble courage did the fight maintaine,
Till through his wounded foreheads hardned pan,
A fatall ſhot with bullets deadly bane,
Made open paſſage to the liuely braine,
Who being ſlaine, to ſhun the ſlaughtering ſword,
Moſt of the reſidue leapt ouer bord.

Thus

Thus great King *Philips* mountaine-like Galliasse,
In which three hundred slaues lug'd at the oare,
And twice two hundred armed men did passe,
Was soone despoil'd of all her golden store
By a small band of men on Calice shore,
Which fiftie thousand duckets did containe,
Of the rich treasure of the King of Spaine.

Meane time the blacke fleet floting on the maine,
The night before dispersst with foule affright,
In hope her former purpose to obtaine,
Return'd againe from base inglorious flight,
Arang'd in order for the nauall fight,
Which in diuided squadrons th'English fleet,
With hot incounter furiously did meet.

This conflict, being the fourth & last, was before Greueling.

Who bound vp round together in a ring,
Lay close in their defence against their foe;
But as the Southerne blasts in budding spring,
When *Austers* swelling cheekes do ouerflow
In handfuls thicke the blossomes downe to blow;
So thicke and dreadfully did slaughter flie
From th'English fleet amongst the enemie.

Then had th'Iberians dread, their pride did bow,
Their foes by valour brake their nauall round,
And as a torrent from an hils steepe brow,
Clad in fresh showers and thunders fearefull sound,
Beares all before it in the plaine land ground;
So did they beat from off their natiue bounds,
Spains mighty fleet with cannons scathful wounds.

And where the skirmish was propos'd most hot,
Their valiant *Drake* did breake into the fight,
And though his ship were pierc'd with wounding shot
Twice twentie times; yet with vndaunted might
He horriblie did plie their sudden fright,
And with wide wounds the hollow keeles did batter
Of three tall ships betwixt the winde and water.

Then in deſpaire with hands and weeping eies,
To heau'n the wretches prai'd for their eſcape,
And to ſome Saint of heau'n with open cries,
Each one in blind deuotion prayers did ſhape;
But all in vaine, the gulfie flood did gape,
And in the deepe of his deuouring wombe,
Both men and ſhips did ſuddenly intombe.

The reſt all daunted with ſuch vncouth ſight,
From ſpoile to ſaue their fleet no time did ſpare,
But hoyſing ſaile betooke themſelues to flight,
Curſing ſterne fate, that brought their fleet ſo farre,
To be deſpoil'd in ſuch ſucceſſeleſſe warre;
And after all their boaſting backe recoyl'd,
With emptie hands vnto their natiue ſoyle.

They heartleſſe fled, but in their haſtie flight,
Two great Galeons of captiu'd Portugale,
The huge Saint *Philip*, and Saint *Matthew* hight,
Great *Seymer* and ſtout *Winter* did ſo gall
With wounding cuffe of cannons fierie ball,
That on the Belgian coaſt by friends forſaken,
They with their Captaines by their foes were taken.

Meane time the Engliſh with full ſaile did plie
The manage of the foes inglorious flight,
And as high ſtomack'd hounds, that with full crie
Purſue the fearefull game, do take delight
To pinch the haunch behind with eager bite;
So did *Elizaes* fleet purſue the foes
With ſhouts of men, and bullets banefull blowes.

They all array'd in warres vermillion,
Did chace them to thoſe ſeas of ſtormes and thunder,
Ouer whoſe waues in heau'ns pauillion,
Amongſt thoſe many golden workes of wonder,
A Dragon keepes two wrathfull Beares aſunder,
And there they left them, in thoſe ſeas to drowne,
Returning backe with conqueſt and renowne.

They gone, the wretched foes in wofull caſe
Helpleſſe, perceiuing by ſterne fortunes doome,
Their action ended in extreame diſgrace,
And in fames ſtead, for which they forth did come,
Finding but wounds to cure when they came home,
Did curſe the ordinance of mightie *Ioue*,
Gainſt whom with their huge ſtrength in vaine they ſtroue.

But while at ſea, all were to labour giuen,
Securely rigging vp their crazed ſhips,
Al-ſeeing *Ioue* did worke their banes in heau'n;
For in an inſtant from his heau'nly lips,
From Pole to Pole a winged meſſage skips,
And poſting round about the earths great ball,
From th'houſe of ſtormes th'*Eolian* ſlaues did call.

Then furious *Auſter*, *Ioues* command once giuen;
With *Eurus*, *Zephirus*, and *Boreas* ruffe,
Stoopt from the cloudie corners of the heau'n
Vpon thoſe ſeas, and with a violent puffe,
The tumbling billowes all on heapes did cuffe;
And rauing gainſt the rockes with hidious rore,
Wrapt waues in waues, and hurl'd them on the ſhore.

Meane while nights curtaines ſteept in Stygian blacke,
The cryſtall battlements of heau'n did hide;
Then *Ioue* did thunder, and the heau'ns did cracke,
Pale lightning leapt about on euery ſide,
The clouds inconſtant flood-gates opened wide,
And nought, but miſts, haile, raine, dark ſtormes and thunder,
Did fall from heau'n vpon the ſalt ſeas vnder.

The white froth-foaming flood began to raue,
And enter combate with the fleet of Spaine,
Hurring it head-long on the mountaine-waue,
Now from the ſhores into the roring maine,
And now from thence vnto the ſhores againe,
While all the ſtouteſt ſea-men quake and quiuer,
Leſt winde-driuen waues their ſhips in ſunder ſhiuer.

Heere ſtrike, ſtrike (ſirs) the top maſt one doth crie,
Another ſaies, vale miſene and ſprit ſaile,
And heere a third bids, let the maine ſheate flie,
All fall to worke themſelues from death to baile,
Some cut the ſaile-cloaths, ſome againe do haile
The ſaile yards downe, while others pumpe with paine,
Sending the ſeas into the ſeas againe.

Heere one vp lifted on a mountaine ſteepe,
By dreadfull flaſhing of heau'ns lightning bright,
With pallid feare lookes downe vpon the deepe
Into a pit, as deepe and blacke in ſight,
As *Tartarus* the lothſome brood of night,
In whoſe wide gulfie mouth he thinkes to drowne,
Seeing the ſhip all topſie turning downe:

Another heere in ſandie ſhoale doth lie,
With mountaine waues on all ſides walled round,
And ſeemes from hell to ſee the loftie skie,
Looking, when wallowing waues with windie bound,
In that deepe pit the veſſell would confound,
Till with the luſtie waue, the mounting ſhip
From thence to heau'n doth in a moment skip.

The poore ſad ſailers beaten out of breath
With toileſome paine, and with long watching worne,
Through feare, the feeble conſort of cold death,
Not knowing, alas, which way themſelues to turne,
With wofull cries their fatall fall did mourne,
And caſt their eyes to heau'n, where, what was ſeene,
Was blacke as hell, as if no heau'n had been.

Heere the greene billowes bounding gainſt a ſhip,
Vncaukes the keele, and with continuall waſte,
Waſhing the pitch away, the ſeames vnrip,
While th'angrie tempeſt with a boiſtrous blaſt,
Beares the falſe ſtem away, ſprings the maine maſt,
And breaking downe the decke, doth paſſage win
For the next ſurging ſea to enter in.

Then all amaz'd ſhriekes out confuſed cries,
While the ſeas rote doth ring their dolefull knell,
Some call to heau'n for helpe with weeping eies,
Some moane themſelues, ſome bid their friends farewell,
Some Idols-like in horrors ſenſeleſſe dwell,
Heere in ſad ſilence one his faint heart ſhowes,
Another there doth thus his feare diſcloſe:

Thrice happie they, whoſe hap it was in fight
Againſt the foes to fall, when others ſtood,
(Ye conquering Engliſh cauſers of our flight)
Why were your ſwords not bath'd in my deare blood?
And why did I not periſh in the flood?
Where braue *Moncada* di'd with many more,
Whoſe bodies now do ſwim about the ſhore.

This ſaid, a waue, that neuer brake aſunder,
But mounting vp, as if with loftie frowne,
It view'd the working of the waters vnder,
Came like a ruin'd mountaine falling downe,
And with his weight the wretched ſhip did drowne,
Which ſinking, in the gulfe, did ſeeke her graue
And neuer more appear'd aboue the waue.

Many more ſhips did periſh in the deepe,
Some downe from top of waues to ſandie ground,
All rent and torne the angrie ſurge did ſweepe,
Some the winde-turned water whirling round,
In the blacke whirle-poole helpleſſe did confound,
And ſome with boyſtrous billowes bruz'd and battred,
In ſunder ſplit, aboue the waues were ſcattred.

The other ſhips, that huge of building were,
Whoſe bulkes the billow could not beat aſunder,
And whom the furious ſtorme perforce did beare
Amongſt the raging ſeas, now vp, now vnder,
Though through the waues, they wrought it out with wonder,
Yet many gainſt the rockes the ſurge did beare,
And with the fruitleſſe ſands ſome couered were.

Heere fiue at once round set with surging waters,
Sticke fast in quick-sands, sinking more and more,
There fiue againe the furious billow batters,
Being hurried head-long with the South-west blore,
In thousand pieces gainst great Albions shore,
Whereby the fruitlesse waues tost to and fro,
With fruits of ship-wracke euery where did flow.

Here one fast holding by the broken shiuers
Of some wrackt ship, to heau'n lifts vp his eies,
There drifting on the mast, one quakes and quiuers,
Another heere his outstretcht armes applies
By slight of swimming on the waues to rise;
But all in vaine, the billowes breake in sunder
Aboue their heads, and beate their bodies vnder.

Heere with sustentiue palmes themselues to saue,
Two crawling vp a cliffe, on backe is borne
By the next surge in seas to seeke his graue,
The other by the billow rent and torne
Vpon the ragged rocke, is left forlorne,
Where in his luke-warme blood he sprawling lies,
And th'hapless food of hungrie fowles he dies.

The rest, that did the Irish coast obtaine,
And had escap'd the furie of the flood,
By those wilde people wofully were slaine,
The Irish swift of feete, and flesht in blood,
Who thicke vpon the shore together stood
With deadly darts, to strike each foe-man dead,
That 'boue the waue did beare his fainting head.

Great *Ioues* command, perform'd vpon the foes,
Th'*Eolian* King call'd home his windes againe;
Then ceast the storme; then did the seas disclose
The armes, the painted robes, and spoiles of Spaine,
Which heere and there did flote vpon the maine,
By England, Ireland, Norway, Normandie,
Where *Ione* did act their fleets blacke tragedie.

For

For of one hundred thirtie foure faire keele,
But fiftie three did greet their natiue ſoile,
Of thirtie thouſand men arm'd with bright ſteele,
The greateſt number after all their toile,
Did periſh in great *Neptunes* wrackfull ſpoile,
And all the Prince of Parmaes mightie bands
Return'd with ſhame, diſgrace and emptie hands.

Thus our *Elizaes* boaſting enemie,
Who in vaine pride did blacke their tragicke fleet,
And brought oſtents of threatning deſtinie,
In top of all their hope with ſhame did meet,
And fell beneath the conquering Virgins feet;
Vnable many yeares to cure againe
The wounds, which in this warre they did ſuſtaine.

Thus Romes proud *Sixtus*, Englands mortall foe,
Who towards the conqueſt of this Emperie,
A million with his bleſſing did beſtow,
And did preſage vndoubted victorie
With ſeeming future ſearching propheſie,
Nor with his holy bleſſing, nor his gold
This mightie fleet from falling could vphold.

A million of gold, one halfe paid in readie money, the other halfe to be paid when any famous port was taken in England.

But while Romes *Sixtus*, twixt foule ſhame and feare,
For ſuch great loſſe gainſt Fortune did exclaime,
Fame through the world triumphantly did beare
This glorious act in our *Elizaes* name,
Who glorifying not in her foe-mens ſhame,
With bounteous grace did vſe the victorie
To her proud foes in their captiuitie.

When many were brought out of Ireland and other parts with halters about their neckes, ſhe ſent them into Spaine at her owne charge.

The baſer ſort, though made her peoples ſcorne,
Yet of her bountie ſhe from death did ſpare,
The better ſort as her owne liege-men borne,
All common benefits did freely ſhare,
And tooke the ſolace of the open aire,
Whom ſhe, though ſubiects of a mightie foe,
To his diſgrace triumphing did not ſhow.

An. Reg. 31. Vnder a canopie of gold wide ſpread
In chariot throne, like warres triumphant dame,
With crowne imperiall on her Princely head,
Borne by two milke-white ſteeds in State ſhe came
To *Pauls* high Temple, while with loud exclaime,
The people in her paſſage all about
From loyall hearts their Aues loud did ſhout.

Where round about the Temples battlements
Hung th'enſignes of her vanquiſht enemie,
As gracefull Trophies, and fit ornaments,
T'adorne with State and greater Maieſtie,
The triumph of her noble victorie,
Which in the peoples ſight made pleaſing ſhowes,
Who laugh'd to ſcorne the threatning of her foes.

But ſhe meeke Prince diſmounting from her throne,
With Iuorie fingered-hands vplifted high
On humble knees, aſcribed vnto none
The honor of this great deeds dignitie,
But to th'*Olympian* Kings great Deitie,
Who 'boue the reſt, that ſcepters States did weeld,
Her as his choſen, did from danger ſheeld.

(O matchleſſe Prince) though thy pure Maiden breaſt
Retain'd that ſpirit of magnanimitie,
That only brau'd proud Romes world-braving beaſt,
Yet didſt thou not with vaunting vanitie
Abuſe the glorie of thy victorie:
But after all thy high atchieuements wonne,
To heau'ns great King gau'ſt praiſe, of what was done.

Which he accepting as an humble ſhow
Of her milde meekneſſe, did ſo glorifie
The fame of this high conqueſt gainſt the foe,
That her great name, ſince that great victorie,
Yet liues a ſtaine vnto her enemie;
Yea many that beneath his yoke did grone,
Then ſu'd for ſuccour at her Princely throne.

Prince

Prince *Don Antonio*, heire ſuppos'd by right
Of all conſents to *Don Sabaſtian*, ſlaine
Againſt the barbarous Moore in bloodie fight,
Exil'd his countrie by the power of Spaine,
Of his hard hap did vnto her complaine,
Imploring aide at her aſſiſtant hands,
To free his countrie from Iberian bands.

The noble Virgin with remorſefull eyne,
Viewing that wretched State all rent aſunder,
To pitie did her Princely heart incline,
And to the ſeas ſent thoſe two ſonnes of thunder,
That in the world had wrought ſo many a wonder,
Renowned *Drake*, and *Norrice* worthie wight,
With *Don Antonio* to obtaine his right.

An. eodem. 31. Portugale voyage, taken out of the diſcourſe written by *Colonel Anthonie Winkefield*, imployed in the ſame voyage.

With many a worthie ſouldier ſhipt from ſhore,
The ſtormie ſeas wilde wilderneſſe they plow'd,
And though the wrinckled waues rouz'd in rough rore,
Began to bandie billowes, waxing proud;
Yet th' Engliſh Nauie, through tumultuous crowd
Of darkſome ſurges, did ſwift paſſage ſweepe
Vnto the ſhores of the Galician deepe.

Where taking land, as Bees from cranied rockes
Breake through the clefts, and to increaſe their ſtore,
About the fields flie euery way in flockes:
So from their ſhips the ſouldiers more and more
In mightie tumult multipli'd the ſhore,
Where vncontrol'd themſelues they did conioyne
In martiall troopes, and marched towards the Groyne.

Which to defend from ſpoile the fainting foes
By need conſtrain'd, at firſt forth boldly came,
And in the field our forces did oppoſe;
But being with furie charg'd by men of fame,
Vnto the towne they backe retir'd with ſhame,
Whom to the gates the Engliſh did purſue,
And with ſmart ſtripes did reach them as they flew.

Nor

Nor could their ſtrong erected walles withſtand
The fierce aſſaylants, who with nimble ſprite
Did ſcale their bulwarkes, and by force of hand
Did turne th'Iberians into ſhamefull flight,
Although with moſt aduantage they did fight,
Of whom fiue hundred on the duſt fell dead,
The reſt to th'vpper towne amazed fled.

The towne ſurpris'd, ſtor'd in the ſame were found
The ſterne deſignes of *Philips* raging teene;
For euery place with ſhipping did abound,
Whith for another fleet prepar'd had beene,
Intended once againe againſt our Queene;
But by deſpoiling of this conquered towne,
King *Philips* hopes they in deſpaire did drowne.

From hence the victors, in *battalia* led
To th'vpper Groyne by *Norrice* noble Knight,
To which the foes had for their ſafegard fled,
Did march with ſpeed, and in their foes deſpight
Before the towne their warlike tents did pight,
Where in ſtrong battery many daies they lay,
And to remoue them none durſt giue th'aſſay.

Yet by the towne ſix miles from off the coaſt,
The Count *D'Andrada* with his armie lay,
Betwixt Petrance and the Engliſh hoaſt,
Who boaſting with his powers to driue away
The foes from Groyne; yet durſt not giue th'aſſay;
But kept aloofe intrencht within the ground,
With ſtrong built Baracadoes fenced round.

Which, when braue *Norrice* heard, with *Drakes* conſent
Nine regiments amongſt the reſt he choſe,
And whirlewinde-like with furie forth he went,
Marching with winged pace vpon the foes,
On their owne ground with them to bandie blowes,
On whom hight *Edward Norrice* Lion-like,
Gaue the firſt charge with his ſharpe pointed pike.

Which

Which with ſuch furious force he did purſue,
That ouer thruſting downe he fell to ground,
At which aduantage in the foe-men flew,
And in the head the valiant Knight did wound,
Whom in extremitie begirted round
By eager foes, his brother with ſtrong hands
Reſcu'd from danger, death or captiue bands.

Then noble *Sidnie*, *Wingfield*, *Middleton*,
Each with his band made in vpon the foes,
Then *Hindet*, *Fulford*, and ſtout *Erington*,
Stood firme in fight, and in the violent cloſe
Amongſt th'Iberians dealt ſuch martiall blowes,
That their chiefe Leaders in the field were ſlaine,
Or wounded, could no more the fight maintaine.

The other fled, and th'Engliſh did purſue
With ſpeedie-haſte, a number fell in chace,
Three miles the duſt, with blood they did imbrue,
Some downewards groueling did the ground embrace,
Some vpwards ſpread, did ſhew deaths gaſtly face,
Three miles in compaſſe on that hapleſſe ſoile,
Did flow with fruits of blood, of death, and ſpoile.

The valiant victors, that did backe returne,
Loaded with golden bootie from the chace,
The fruitfull countrie round about did burne
With waſtfull fire, which did in euery place
Townes, towers, woods, groues with hungrie flames embrace,
Whoſe people did from farre behold the flame
With teare-torne eyes; yet could not helpe the ſame.

Thus fam'd-grac'd *Norrice* crown'd with victorie,
Vnto the Groyne returned backe againe,
And with more worth his deed to amplifie,
King *Philips* ſtandard with the armes of Spaine,
Which from his foes in fight he did conſtraine,
Before him in his march aduanced was,
As with his troopes he towards the Groyne did paſſe.

Where

Where he not long the voyage did delay
For Portugale in *Don Antonioes* right;
But left the Groyne and launched off to sea,
Where with that noble Earle great *Essex* hight,
His brother, and stout *Williams* that bold Knight,
He happily did meet, who with full gale
To Portugale together forth did saile.

And in a storme, as people sent from heau'n,
That Nation vnto freedome to restore,
They by the tempest gainst Peniche driuen,
Vp to the waste in waters raging sore,
Through death and danger waded to the shore;
Where when they came vpon the marine sands,
In spight of foes they martiall'd vp their bands.

For when the *Conde De Fuentes* came
With his proud troopes t'afront them in the fight,
The valiant *Deuorax* in *Elizaes* name
Before the castle, and the towne in sight,
Did charge vpon them with such violent might,
That horror spread, through each Iberian troope,
To seruile feare made stoutest hearts to stoope.

None durst abide, with foule retreate all fled,
Free passage to the victors open lay,
Who towards the towne did march, from whence, in dread
Of their approch, the people fled away,
And left the towne vnto their foes for prey,
Whereby the castle taken with the same,
They did possesse in *Don Antonioes* name.

From hence towards Lisbon they did march forthright,
And in the way the noble Generall
Did enter Torres Vedras in despight
Of that vaine boast, of the proud Cardinall,
Who gaue his faith to them of Portugale
T'oppose him in the field, though with delay,
He kept aloofe, and durst not giue th'assay.

To

To Lisbon gates, troopt vp in martiall pace
The Engliſh went, and in the ſuburbs pight
Elizaes enſignes in the foes diſgrace,
In hope that *Don Antonio* would excite
The people to his aide, and in his right
Shake off the bondage which they did ſuſtaine,
Thereby their late-loſt freedome to regaine.

But they ignoble kind of dunghill brood,
With female hearts more cold in valiancie,
Then naked Indians, who with loſſe of blood
Haue often ſought in midſt of miſerie,
To free themſelues from ſeruile ſlauerie;
When ſuch ſtout champions in their cauſe did ſtand,
Durſt not appeare to vſe their helping hand.

The ſweets of libertie, for which the Iew
Withſtood ſtout *Titus*, mightie *Cæſars* ſonne,
The loyall loue, that th'ancient Britaine drew
To thoſe great deeds for *Carataccus* done,
When Romes *Oſtorius* did this land orerun,
The heartleſſe Portugale could not excite,
To hazard fortune gainſt the foes in fight.

For many daies the Engliſh with renowne,
Gainſt death and danger did themſelues oppoſe,
And gaue aſſault vnto the chiefeſt towne,
By their high fortitude t'imbolden thoſe,
That liu'd in dread of their inſulting foes;
And to performe their promis'd force for fight
Againſt the foes, in *Don Antonios* right.

Yet at their hands no helpe to this aſſay
Elizaes famous Captaines could obtaine,
Who wanting power their valour to diſplay,
When the ſad Prince *Antonio* all in vaine
The peoples helpe had ſought, and none could gaine,
Remou'd their martiall power gainſt Lisbon bent,
And towards Caſcais vnto their Nauie went.

Where valiant *Drake* with his triumphant fleet,
Came vp the riuer as it was decreed,
And with the armie at Cascais did meet,
Whose meeting to the foes such feare did breed,
That at their first approch, the towne with speed
And castle both without long batterie,
Did stoope their pride to th Englisn valiancie.

And where the foes that proudly ranged were
Fast by Saint Iulians, readie arm'd for fight,
Had broadly misreported, that with feare
Of their approch their foes with foule affright,
Themselues had taken to inglorious flight,
Vndaunted *Norrice* with his martiall traine,
Did towards Saint Iulians backe returne againe.

And valiant *Essex* this bold challenge sent,
As combatant in his great Soueraignes name,
To know, who durst of noble borne descent,
Stand forth amongst the rest to fight for same,
And trie by blowes the cause, for which they came;
Or if that eight to eight, or ten to ten,
Durst tempt their fate in fight like valiant men.

In *Colonel Wingfields* discourse, pag. 148. in the second volume of *R. Hak.* Nauigations.

But through th'Iberian armie not a man
Stood forth as combatant in single fight;
For when the Generall with his troops began
T'approch their campe, before he came in sight,
They fled away befriended by the night,
Nor stai'd they till they made great Lisbon gate,
Their safe Asylum gainst all aduerse fate.

Meane time, that sea-fam'd Captaine worthie *Drake*,
Twice fortie martiall ships well man'd for fight,
In seas did sinke, did burne, did spoile and take;
Mongst whom Saint *Iohn de Colerado* hight,
Third vnto none in building and in might,
He burnt with raging fire of flaming brand,
And sunk her bulke in shoales of swallowing sand.

Thus

Thus though the Engliſh diſappointed were
Of ſeating *Don Antonio* in the throne,
Through that baſe female ſtomackt nations feare,
Whoſe ſad diſtreſſe no future time ſhall moane,
Though vnder tyrants yoke their ſpirits groane;
Yet fame, the prize on which they ment to pray,
In their ſwift barks with them they brought away.

And being launcht into the ſeas blacke breſt,
By ſtormie puffe of *Auſters* bluſtring blore,
They carried were with violent ſtorme oppreſt,
'Bout Bayon Iles, and towards the ſandie ſhore
With ſwift winde-ſwelling ſailes their Nauie bore,
Where both the Generals on the barren ſtrand,
Did with two thouſand ſouldiers put to land.

And as the wealthie fields of ripe-growen corne,
Which ouercharg'd with ſeed their heads do bow
Are by the reaper downe in handfuls borne,
Who for that meed, which th'owner doth allow,
Still plies his labour with a ſweatie brow;
So th'Engliſh did with ſword and fire deſpoile
The fruitfull plentie of that pleaſant ſoile.

That ſtrong ſtreet-fenced towne, Vigo by name,
In aſhie heapes on ground did groueling lie,
And on the ſwift wings of a golden flame,
The vaile-inriched Borſis mounting high,
With blazing ſhine did glaze the cloudie skie,
While eight miles compaſſe *Vulcans* fierie fume
Dame *Ceres* gifts did in the vales conſume.

Thus grac'd with noble conqueſt and rich ſpoile,
The valiant victors with their royall fleet,
Did paſſe the ſeas vnto their natiue ſoile,
Where falling proſtrate at their Soueraignes feet,
With glorious prize the Virgin they did greet,
The praiſe of which what they to her had giuen,
She gaue againe vnto the King of heau'n.

Vpon

Vpon the deepes of *Neptunes* large command,
Many more high exploits were daily done,
And from the vanquisht foes by force of hand,
Many faire ships of many a hundred tunne
Full fraught with wealthie prize were daily wonne,
For forren pens speake wonder of the fame,
And rich spoiles gotten in *Elizaes* name.

Huighen van Linschoten and many others.

Anno eodem 31. That famous horse-man, launce-fam'd *Clifford* hight,
The great *Heröe* noble *Cumberland*,
About th'Azôres in his foes despight
Did scoure the seas, and with three ships command
Each famous port vpon that slimie strand:
For those few English, which he did assemble
In three small ships, made all *Tercera* tremble.

Taken out of the discourse writté by that excellent enginer M. *Edvvard Wright.*

Vpon the walles of Fayall, that strong towne,
Which huge mount Pyco ouerlookes from West,
He by strong hand with Englands crosse did crowne,
And gainst that strand vpon the seas broad brest,
Many great hulkes with blacke rouz'd waues distrest
Of th'Indian fleet, full fraught with prize for Spaine,
He brought to England ore the broad-backt maine.

Yet he alone braue champion euer prest,
For his faire Mistresse to defend her right,
Did not triumph on *Neptunes* watrie brest;
But many more, all men of famous might,
The vtmost parts of earth and seas did smite
With loud report, that Englands bounds did keep,
A Virgin, that was Ladie of the deepe.

An. Reg. 32. Fame-winged *Drake* and *Hawkins*, that bold Knight,
Vpon the coast of Spaine the foes did dare,
When at the Groyne that host lay readie dight
To passe the seas, to dispossesse Nauarre,
Gainst whom th'vnholy league did warre prepare;
But while the royall fleet of our faire Queene
Appeer'd at sea, they durst not then be seene.

Nor

Nor durſt that Captaine of the Spaniſh fleet,
Th'inſulting *Don Alonſo Bacan* hight,
Elizaes ſhips in equall battell meet;
But if by chance he found the ods in fight,
Then proudly would he vſe his vtmoſt might;
Yet Englands blacke Reuenge, alone at length
Did worke him ſhame with all his nauall ſtrength.

For famous *Greenuile* ſayling neere to Flores
In the Reuenge of our *Elizaes* fleet,
Obſcur'd from ſight with th'Ilands of th'Azores,
Spaines great *Armada* did vntimely meet;
Yet with ſharpe welcome their approch did greet,
For rich reuenge he made vpon his foes;
Though he his life in his Reuenge did loſe.

An. Reg. 33. Taken out of the diſcourſe penned by Sir *Walter Raughley.*

Ten thouſand men in three and fiftie ſaile,
Did in his barke alone begirt him round,
And fifteene howers ſpace did neuer faile
With thundring ſhot his ſhips weake wombe to wound,
Both him, and her in th'Ocean to confound,
Whom with twice fiftie men he did oppoſe,
And did inferre dire ſlaughter mongſt his foes.

The great San *Philip*, that mount Etna-like,
Lay ſpitting fierie vengeance gainſt her foes,
In fight her entertaine did ſo diſlike,
That ſhe her ſad miſhap did ſoone diſcloſe,
And fainting made retreate, to ſhun foule blowes,
While the amaz'd Iberians ſtroue to ſaue
Her leaking wombe from ſinking in the waue.

Some ſay this ſhip foundred.

Like as a goodly Hart begirted round,
With eager hounds, that thirſt to ſee him fall,
Tir'd in the toile, turnes head and ſtands his ground,
And with fell blowes the dogs do ſo appall,
That in the end he makes his way through all:
So noble *Greenuile* round beſieg'd in fight,
Brake through their ſquadrons with admired might.

Saint *Michael* hight, and *Cyuils* great *Aſcenſion*,
With th'Admirall of the hulkes, three ſhips of fame,
Each of the which ſo large was in dimenſion,
That *Greenuils* ſhip, that bore *Vindictas* name,
Did ſeeme a skiffe compar'd vnto the ſame,
With croſſe-barre ſhot in fight he did ſo wound,
That wallowing waues their hugeneſſe did confound.

In this fight there were fiue ſhips of great burthen ſunke, 1000. men, and many of eſpeciall note ſlaine.

Againſt them all ſhe proudly did enthunder,
Vntill her maſts were beaten ouer-bord,
Her deckes downe raz'd, her tackle cut aſunder,
Vntill her ſhot and powder, that were ſtor'd
In her maim'd bulke could ſcarce one charge afford;
Yea when her ſides were euened with the waue
She would not yeeld, but ſtill her foes did braue.

And had not fate inforc'd her noble Knight,
To ſinke downe ſenſeleſſe in her hollow wombe,
Euen he alone would haue withſtood their might:
But who, alas, can contradict the doome
Of wilfull fate, when time prefix'd is come?
From muskets mouth ſpit forth with vengefull breath,
A fatall ſhot did wound the Knight to death.

And at his death, to ſhew his mightie mind,
Being from his ſhip conuei'd amongſt his foes,
Feeling th'approch of his laſt houre aſſign'd,
As one not fear'd in all externall ſhowes
To leaue this life, whoſe end ſhould end his woes,
With manly lookes amidſt his enemies
Theſe words he ſpake, ere death did cloſe his eies:

This he ſpake in Spaniſh, recorded in the 99. chap. of *Iohn Hughen van Linſchoten.*

In peace of mind I bid the world adew,
For that a ſouldiers death I truly die,
And to my royall Queene haue paid her due,
Since by my timeleſſe death I glorifie
My God, and her againſt her enemie:
Which to my grace, ſince fame to her ſhall tell,
With ioy I bid the world and her farewell.

Thus

Thus Fames faire finger in his manly prime,
With honor'd touch in death did close his eies,
Whose glorie shall out-last the prints of time,
Caru'd in his brow, and like the Sunne in skies,
In darkest times each day shall fresh arise;
For to my verse if heauen such grace do giue,
True noble Knight, thy name shall euer liue.

His ghost regardlesse did not passe away
Without reuenge: for where in hapless fight,
Vnhappie fate did worke his liues decay,
There *Frobisher* and *Borrough* that bold Knight,
To his Iberian foes did worke despight;
For by th'Azores on the stormie maine,
Many a faire price they daily did obtaine.

An. Reg. 34. Out of M. *R. Hak.* in the last part of his second volume.

The Indian barkes at th'Ilands they did stop,
For which, that naked people which adore
The King of flames in steepe *Olympus* top,
With wicked steele their grandames ribs had tore,
To glut their spacious wombes with golden ore,
Whom *Frobisher* did send with all their treasure,
To be dispos'd at his *Elizaes* pleasure.

Meane time, stout *Crosse* and *Borrough* valiant Knight,
Against that monster of the fleet of Spaine,
The *Madre Dios*, did a noble fight
Before those Ilands many houres maintaine,
Whom by plaine strength, at length they did constraine
To stoope her pride, and hazarding the might
Of twice three hundred, boorded her in fight.

Who to inrich their noble enterprize
With a small world of treasure did abound,
Ten smaller ships fraught with her merchandize,
Which sto'd within her spacious bulke were found,
Arriued safe in *Thamis* siluer sound;
For fifteene hundred tunne she did containe,
And thirtie foot she drew within the maine.

They tooke likewiſe the Santa Clare in fight,
Which from the Indian Eaſt for Spaine was bound,
And on the Ilands in their foe-mens ſight,
With flames of hungrie fire they did confound
The Santa Cruze, which did with wealth abound,
Making each creeke and corner of the maine
To know the rule of their *Elizaes* raigne.

But ſhould I heere aſſay to ſing of thoſe,
Who to eternifie their Soueraignes name,
Renown'd their ſwords with fall of thouſand foes,
Had I a brazen trumpe to ſound the ſame,
Which might out-ſound th'eteruall trumpe of Fame,
Yet not an age drawne out in length of daies,
Would me ſuffice to ſing their worthie praiſe.

Huighen van Linſchoten. The Belgian Author of that large diſcourſe
Of th'Indian trafickes, truly doth explaine
The matchleſſe vertue of their nauall force,
Ioannes Parmenius Budæus. And of their high aduentures on the maine,
That Saxons Latin Muſe in loftie ſtraine
About the world doth ſing; yet cruell fate
Vnto his life did adde too ſhort a date.

Anno Dom. 1584. For when braue ſpirit did *Gilberts* thoughts excite,
To ſaile the ſeas to ſearch for worlds vnfound,
Sir *Humfrey Gilbert.* This worthie Poet with that noble Knight
In th'angrie ſurge, alas, was helpleſſe drown'd,
And ſwallow'd vp within the deepes blacke ſound:
Yet life to *Gilbert* dead, his verſe doth giue,
And his owne name, in his owne verſe doth liue.

But leaue we heere thoſe valiant men, that loue
To diue the deepes of *Neptunes* high command,
To ſee the wonders of the mightie *Ioue*,
And view meane while, with what auſpicious hand,
Eliza guides her plentious peopled land,
Whoſe royall raigne and bountie debonaire,
Times time to come ſhall count paſt all compare.

While

While thoſe bold Martialiſts, that for their fame
In skill of warre affaires were ſo renown'd,
Did by their ſwords immortalize her name,
So thoſe graue aged fathers, Peeres profound,
In depth of iudgement with wits laurell crown'd,
In ſwaying th'Empires Scepter all her daies,
Did guide her ſteps in the true path of praiſe.

Like gods in counſell in the State affaires,
They ſate in Senate skill'd in all things done,
Deeds paſt and future, carrying by their cares
Through broken ſleepes the courſe of things begun,
Striuing in dead of night the time t'outrun,
By good aduice, by plots, and counſels cloſe,
T'oppugne, preuent, and circumuent their foes.

From whom in care of State the royall Maid
Did counſell take, as from the mouth of *Ioue*,
Still rul'd with reaſon, as in power obey'd,
Not led with falſe opinions fond ſelfe-loue,
But by their ſound aduice did euer proue,
How ſhe with lawes reſpect might beſt command,
Seeing *Ioue* had put the Scepter in her hand.

And with intent, that in her Maiden breſt
A deepe impreſſion of that pregnant wit
In vſe of lawes, by vſe might be impreſt,
Mongſt the graue Senate ſhe did often ſit,
And her conceit to conſultation fit.
All Princes that true vertues race do run,
The ſtarre-bright light of counſell will not ſhun.

As the good ſhepheard with reſpectiue right
Of his meeke flocke, drownes not the night in ſleepe,
Nor ſpends the compleat day in his delight;
Who diſtant farre vpon ſome mountaine ſteepe,
Yet nere in care them ſafe from ſpoile doth keepe:
So her chiefe care, as careleſſe how to pleaſe
Her owne affect; was care of peoples eaſe.

Well did she know, that who would guard and keepe
The State and counsell of a Realme aright,
Not vtterly dissolu'd in ease and sleepe,
Or led with loose affection of delight,
They must insist in their owne appetite;
But their State-charged thoughts in cares begun,
Through broken sleepes, and easeleſſe toiles must run.

Yet if she did abstaine from graue affaires,
And found fit time to solace her delay,
With fond delight she did not ease her cares;
But with the Ladie Muses wont to play,
Or *Pallas*-like would often spend the day,
In making wits quaint parlie her best sport,
Amidst her Virgin troope of stately port.

Mongst whom, if some, yet mindfull of her worth,
With Iuorie fingers touch do chance to turne
These luckie leaues, I only picke them forth
To grace *Ioues* wit-bred brood, the thrice three borne
With their great worth, she dead, left now forlorne,
That by their power, whence I this verse deriue,
She may in them, and they in her suruiue.

And yee faire Nymphs, that like to Angels houer
About the Palace of our Britaine King,
That locke the hearts of euery gazing louer
Within your lookes, whence all delight doth spring,
Of this faire Queene vouchsafe to heare me sing,
And let her life, to whom she was vnknowne,
A Mirrour be for them to gaze vpon.

It was, alas that now it is not so,
Praise-worthie deem'd amongst diuinest dames,
In learnings lore their leasure to bestow,
For which the Muses to their lasting fames,
In golden verse might eternize their names;
But now seduc'd with each mind-pleasing toy
In learnings liking, few do place their ioy.

Yet

Yet ſhe, that could command all ioyes on earth,
With ſweets of iudgement ſuckt from learning skill,
In all delights, did moderate her mirth,
Nor gaue ſhe ſwinge vnto her Princely will
In any pleaſure to affect the fill;
But with true Temperance aduis'd aright,
She beſt did loue the meane in each delight.

In muſikes skill mongſt Princes paſt compare
She was eſteem'd; and yet for that delight
The precious time ſhe did not wholly ſquare,
And though in daintie dance ſhe goodly dight
Was matchleſſe held for her maieſtike ſprite;
Yet not in dalliance did ſhe go aſtray,
Ne yet in dance did dallie out the day.

She with the ſeed of *Ioue*, the Muſes nine,
So frequent was in her yeares youthfull prime,
That ſhe of them had learned power diuine
To quell proud loue, if loue at any time
In her pure breſt aloft began to clime,
The praiſe of whom ſo chaſte, and yet ſo faire,
Enuies foule ſelfe not iuſtly can impaire.

In learnings better part her skill was ſuch,
That her ſweet tongue could ſpeake diſtinctiuely
Greeke, Latin, Tuſcane, Spaniſh, French, and Dutch:
For few could come in friendly ambaſie
From forren parts to greet her Maieſtie,
Whom ſhe not anſwer'd in their natiue tongue,
As if all language on her lips had hung.

Whereby the world did ſeeme to plead for right
Within her Court, where in her Princely throne,
Aſtræa-like ſhe ſate with powerfull might
To right the wrong of thoſe, that in deſpaire
Of others helps, to her did make repaire,
Who after humble ſute backe neuer went
Through her Court gates without true minds content.

Witneſſe great *Burbon*, when that houſe of Guiſe
Did counterchecke thee in thy lawfull claime,
In thy defence what Prince did then ariſe,
Or with ſtrong hand, who in fights bloodie frame
Did ioyne to wound thy rebell foes with ſhame?
But Englands Queene, who ſtill with freſh ſupplie
Did ſend her forces gainſt thine enemie:

Anno eodem 34. *Stow anno* To beare the firſt brunt in thoſe bloodie broyles,
That noble Knight, the famous *Willoughby*
Did croſſe the ſeas, and through important toyles
Did lead a multitude, whoſe valiancie
Made France admire our Engliſh Britanie,
Whom Englands royall Virgin did excite
Vnto that warre t'aduance thee to thy right.

An. eodem. And then to reinforce thy ſtrengths decay
World-wondred *Norrice*, *Mars* his matchleſſe ſonne,
Did with three thouſand ſouldiers paſſe the ſea,
Who in French Britaine hauing once begunne,
Did not forſake thee, till thy warres were done,
Whom many did in this thy cauſe inſue,
And in thy French duſt did their bloods imbrue.

An. eodem. *rle of Eſſex.* When noble *Deuoreux*, that heroicke Knight,
To ſhew his loue to armes and cheualrie,
Ingag'd his perſon in that furious fight
Before that towne, hight Roan in Normandie,
His honor'd brother fighting valiantly;
Walter Deeux. Who though but yong, yet oft approu'd in fight,
By a ſmall ſhot was ſlaine in his owne fight.

William kuile. And thou braue *Sackuile*, *Buckhurſt* third-borne birth,
Who in theſe warres didſt change thy life for fame,
Although thy bones lie tomb'd in ſtranger earth,
Yet in thy countrie liues thy noble name
And honor'd friends, that ſtill record the ſame:
For though blacke death triumph ore humane breath,
Yet vertues deeds do liue in ſpight of death.

Many

Many more valiant men of no meane birth,
Whoſe names obſcur'd, are yet not come to light,
Being ſlaine, did falling kiſſe their mother earth,
And with their foreheads trode the ground in fight,
Againſt vntruth t'aduance great *Burbons* right,
Who by their valour, fighting for renowne,
Did at the length in peace enioy his crowne.

Thus Albions Miſtreſſe as an Angell ſent,
The ſonnes of men from hels blacke Prince to ſaue,
The worlds vſurped rule from Rome did rent,
And from her yoke ſweet freedomes comfort gaue
To thoſe her neighbours, that her helpe did craue,
Reſtoring Princes to their royaltie,
Debas'd by Romes inſulting tyrannie.

The which when that ſeuen-headed beaſt beheld,
Who proudly treads vpon the necks of Kings
With indignation his high ſtomack ſweld,
And of the adulterate ſect forthwith he wings
Many bald Prieſts t'enact pernicious things,
Thoſe cloſe confeſſors, that moſt vſe their skill
To worke the weaker ſex vnto their will.

With theſe the bifront Ieſuits, that cloake
Themſelues in diuers ſhapes, did ſeeke againe,
Againſt their Prince the people to prouoke,
And with pretence of zeale did thinke to traine
Their loyall hearts againſt their Soueraigne:
But theſe their baſe attempts tooke no euent,
Seeing prudent *Ioue* their plots did ſtill preuent.

An. eodem. 34.

For at this time, the Iriſh *Oroick*,
That bloodie traytour to this Kingdomes State,
That with his vtmoſt diligence did worke
With Rome and Spaine to execute their hate,
Being moſt ſecure of his vntimely fate,
Preuented was, in what he did pretend
In his foule treaſon by a traytors end.

For

For after all his plots at length he came
To proffer ſeruice to that roiall King,
Now Monarch of this Ile, and in his name,
All Ireland in ſubiection he would bring,
If he would ſhroud him with his ſoueraigne wing;
But he braue Prince, t'whom Traitors hateſull beene,
Did ſend that Traitor to our noble Queene.

(O Peereleſſe Prince, that Northern Starre ſo bright)
Whoſe ſhine did guide vs to the port of reſt,
When our pure Virgin lampe did loſe her light,
If from thy ſight theſe ruder rimes be bleſt,
But with one kingly glaunce, graunt this requeſt,
As liuing, thou didſt honour her great name,
So ſhee being dead (O King) ſtill loue the ſame.

Perſiſt, perſiſt, to grace her being dead,
Who liuing did to thee all grace proclaime,
Againſt her name permit no ſcandall ſpread;
But quell thoſe black-mouth'd monſters that defame
The Lords anointed our *Elizaes* name,
So thy great name 'gainſt Enuies biting rage,
May finde like fauour in the worlds laſt age.

After this rebels ruine, in whoſe life
Rome did ſuch hopefull confidence repoſe,
Hoping through him to raiſe ſome home-bred ſtrife,
Vnable now t'auenge her on her foes,
By honour'd meanes in dealing martiall blowes;
Being ſenſeleſſe of all princely roialtie
He ſought reuenge by baſeſt treacherie.

An. Reg. 35. Hight *Lopez* he, that was for Phyſicks skill,
Highly reſpected in the Princes grace,
Corrupted was her loued life to ſpill,
And had the helpe of Heauen not been in place,
The roiall Virgin in a moments ſpace
In ſtead of that, which ſhould haue life protected,
Had taſted death in poiſon ſtrong confected.

But

But that great King of heau'n, whose watchfull eie
Did euer guard her Maiden breſt from taint
Of timeleſſe death, the drift did ſoone deſcrie,
And made falſe *Lopez* in the fact to faint,
Depicturing out his fault in feares conſtraint,
Who wretched traytor, for his blacke deed done,
Blacke death and ſcandall in the world hath wonne.

He ſuffered death, *Anno Reg.* 36.

Romes demi-god that can at his diſpoſe
By power from heau'n diſpence with villanie,
Thus did his ſanctitie of life diſcloſe,
In plotting by inglorious treacherie,
Baſely to act a Virgins tragedie;
Whoſe force for fight ſeem'd both on ſeas and land,
Too full of death for him to countermand.

Yet once againe with contumelious vaunt,
Inuaſion threatned was againſt this land,
Which did our Queenes great heart ſo little daunt,
That to her conquering fleet ſhe gaue command,
Which readie rig'd lay on the Engliſh ſtrand,
To ſeeke the foes for fight in their owne home,
Thereby to eaſe them of their toyle to come.

The royall fleet to do the Dames command,
Rig'd vp to dance on *Amphitrites* greene,
With war-like muſikes ſound did launch from land,
To whom, in loue of Albions honor'd Queene,
Then eaſefull peace Spaines warre more wiſht hath beene,
Whoſe boſomes twice ten thouſand men did fill,
Train'd vp to tread the paths of warre with skill.

The honorable voyage to Cadiz, *Anno Reg.* 38. Set downe in the end of the laſt part of the ſecond volume of Nauigations of *R. Hakluit.*

Two noble Peeres ſtood vp to lead them out,
The one hight *Howard* he, that with renowne
Gainſt Spaines blacke fleet ſucceſſefully had fought,
Who now, though honor'd age his head did crowne
With ſnow-white haires of ſiluer-like ſoft downe;
Yet in deſpight of yeares reſpect did goe,
As Generall of the fleet againſt the foe.

The

The other Peere, whose heart heauen grac'd with grace
Of goodly gifts, was *Essex* noble Knight,
Whom from his youth treading the honour'd race
Of valiant men, true vertue did excite,
T'affect renowne in warre with chiefe delight,
Who best aboue the best of high command,
In this exploit went Generall of the land.

These Lords, not like the foes, did put in vre,
Their high exploit, who when their blacke fleete came
They did proclaime their intended voyage in Greeke, Latin, French, Spanish, &c. through most parts of Europe.
Did treate of peace, to make vs more secure;
But they each where their purpose to proclaime,
Chose Fame for Herauld to denounce the same,
Threatning all Nations with their Dames iust ire,
That should as agents with their foe conspire.

Many more Nobles drew their willing swords
In this exploit to trie th'Iberian might:
Braue *Sussex*, *Howard*, *Harbert*, valiant Lords,
Lord *Warden*, *Burk*, stout *Veere* and *Clifford* hight,
With *Lodowicke* of Nassau that stranger Knight,
Don Christopher young Prince of Portugale,
And *Vanderforde* the Belgians Generall.

From Plimmouth port in safe transport of these
And many gallants more, two hundred keele
Did with swift winde cut through the wauie Seas,
While shee, whose heart th'effects of grace did feele,
Not giuing trust vnto the strength of steele,
While Englands sacred Queene, while shee, I say,
For her faire fleete to this effect did pray:

Recorded by him that wrote this voiage, who carried it with him into Spaine, translated into Latin by D. *Marbecke*.
Thou guide of all the world, great King of Heauen,
That seest all hearts with thy all-seeing eye,
Thou knowest what cause vs to this warre hath driuen,
No thirst of blood, of wealth, or dignitie,
No malice of reuenge or iniurie;
But to defend thy truth, we lift our armes
And to preuent our foes intended harmes.

Heare

Heare then(ô King of heau'n)thy hand-maids prayer,
Giue full effect vnto our iuſt deſire,
In midſt of ſtormes t'our fleet vouchſafe thy care,
And with thy heau'nly fortitude inſpire
Our ſouldiers hearts, that they may not retire
Vnto their homes without victorious fame,
T'aduance the glorie of thy holy name.

Thus pray'd *Eliza.* to whoſe iuſt requeſt
The God of Hoſts aduiſefull audience gaue,
Who downe deſcending from his heau'nly reſt,
Did ſafely lead her ſhips, as ſhe did craue,
To Cadiz harbor ore the ſurging waue,
Where to all eyes appear'd his true foreſigne,
That gainſt th'Iberians they ſhould victors ſhine.

As that thrice happie bird, the peaceſull Doue,
When the old world groaning beneath the raigne
Of Giants raging rule, was drown'd by *Ioue*,
Brought heau'nly newes of a new world againe
Vnto the Arke, then floting on the maine:
So now a Doue did with her preſence greet
Elizaes Arke, then Admirall of the fleet.

For loe the fleet riding at ſeas in ſight
Of Cadiz towers, making that towne the marke
Of their deſire, the Doue did ſtay her flight
Vpon the maine yard of that ſtately barke,
Which long before that time was term'd the Arke,
Whoſe vnexpected preſence did profeſſe
Peace to the fleet; but to the foes diſtreſſe:

Recorded by the Author then preſent.

Who from the browes of Cadiz loftie towers
With eyes amaz'd, viewing ſo many a keele
Floting vpon their ſeas, and ſeeing ſuch powers
Of martiall people arm'd in brighteſt ſteele,
The cold effects of fainting feare did feele,
Through whoſe faint breſts remembrance now did run
Of ancient wrongs to Englands Empreſſe done.

The Fleete deſcri'd, the Citie high did ring
Each where with horrid ſound of ſhrill alarmes,
In euery ſtreet *Bellona* loud did ſing
The ſong of battaile, and the foes in ſwarmes
Did throng together in the ſtreets to armes,
While fearefull noiſe of childrens wofull cries,
And womens ſhrikes did pierce the echoing skies.

The gates were open ſet, out ruſh't the hoaſt,
Both horſe and foote in armes confuſed ſound,
Who vaunting of their power did vainely boaſt,
Their fainting foes in battaile to confound,
If their bold feete durſt preſſe the ſandie ground,
Not doubting all their fleete, with fire t'inflame,
If from their ſhips to fight on ſhore they came.

And in the gulfie mouth of that faire bay,
Where the proud waues doe waſh the townes white breaſt,
The Spaniſh nauie ready anchoring lay,
All mighty ſhips bound for the Indian Eaſt;
But now for fight themſelues they ſoone addreſt,
With whom twice ten ſtout gallies did prepare
'Gainſt th'Engliſh fleete to trie the chaunce of warre,

The honour'd Peeres, great *Eſſex*, and his mate
Renowned *Howard*, Times ſwan-white hair'd ſonne,
Sitting in counſell wiſely did debate,
How by their fleete with beſt aduantage wonne,
Againſt the foes the fight might be begunne;
For both the Caſtle, Forts and Towne in ſight,
Did threaten danger in the Nauall fight.

But through the windowes of Heauens cryſtall bowres,
Ioue ſeeing the foemens force ſo full of dread,
The Citie ſo well fenc'd with loftie towres;
The Sea with faire ſhips fill'd, the field ore ſpread
With men of armes, that from the towne made head,
Did ſend to ſhield *Elizaes* fleete from harmes,
His braine-borne childe, th'vnconquered Queene of armes.

Who

Who to effect th'Olympian Gods great will,
About the fleete from ſhip to ſhip did flie,
And with ſuch courage euery heart did fill,
Inflaming their deſires in fight to trie
The valour of the vaunting enemie,
That euery one did thirſt to trample downe
The loftie pride of Cadiz towring towne.

The Norfolke noble Dukes vndaunted Sonne, Now Earle of Suffolk.
Sterne-viſag'd like the grim-fac'd God of war,
As was decreed, the fight at firſt begun,
Who to the foes like ſome diſaſtrous ſtar,
Or blazing Comet did appeare from far;
Shooting forth fierie beames from his blacke ſhip,
Which with the mounting waues did forward skip.

Each aduerſe force to fight drew forth their powers,
And in a golden morne, when *Phœbus* drew
From off the battlements of Cadize towers,
The ruddie cheekt *Auroraes* pearlie dew,
The thundring bullets interchanged flew,
And either ſide a glorious day to win,
With deadly furie did the fight begin.

The guns, aſtuns with ſounds rebounds from ſhore
The Souldiers eares, and death on miſchiefes back
Spit from the Canons mouth with horrid rore
Flies to and fro in clowdes of pitchie black,
And 'mongſt the valiant men makes ſpoilefull wrack,
While either part like Lions far'd in fight,
None feeling ſeruile feare of deaths afright.

Thus when ſtout *Howard* had begun the fight
With many more to quell the foemens pride,
The noble *Deuoreux*, that vndaunted Knight,
Who ſtood aſterne his ſhip and wiſhly ei'd,
How deepe the skirmiſh drew on either ſide,
Nere ſtai'd, as was decreed, to ſecond thoſe
In the maine fight, but ruſht among'ſt the foes.

And

And as we see the Sunne sometimes shine cleare
Amid'st the skie, then muffle his bright face
In sable clouds, and straight againe appeare,
So famous *Essex* did applie each place,
Sometimes incircled round with foes embrace
He stood in fight, and sometimes seene of all,
He in the forefront did his foes appall.

Which when graue *Howard* view'd from farre well dight
In noble armes, himselfe he did betake
Vnto his pinnace with Lord *William* hight,
His honor'd sonne, and with their powers to make
The fight more hot, into the presse they brake,
Where with fresh strength they labour'd to repell
The foes stout pride, twixt whom the fight grew fell.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did shine,
They equall fought and neither had the best;
But when the feruent Sunne began decline
From th'hot meridian point and day decreast,
Feare did inuade each bold Iberians brest,
Who through the danger of the darkesome waue
Did flie their foes, themselues from death to saue.

To shun *Charybdis* iawes, they helplesse fell
In *Scyllaes* gulfe; for after all their braues,
Being all too weake the Englisn to repell,
Their ships they left, and leapt into the waues,
In whose soft bosome many found their graues;
And lest ought good might to their foes redound,
They burnt their ships and ran them on the ground.

The Gallies fled, the ships with secret fire
Inflam'd, did burst to shew their burning light;
Then from the shore th'Iberians did retire
Close to their walles, who boasting of their might
In equall ground before did wish for fight;
But now beneath their walles scarce made they stand;
For without fight the victors went on land.

All

All from the ſhips did cluſter to the ſhore,
Forth marcht the foote, whoſe hearts emboldned were
With their late fight, and in the front before
Great *Eſſex* breath'd exhorts in euery eare
To charge the foes; and not in vaine to beare
The name of firſt, but firſt himſelfe to ſhow
In euery deed, he firſt did charge the foe

With ſuch ſwift force, as when wilde *Neptune* raues,
And ore the ſhore breaking his wonted bounds,
Riding in triumph on his winged waues,
Runnes vnreſiſted ouer lands and grounds,
And in his way all in his power confounds;
So from the fleet at ſhore went th'Engliſh downe
To charge the foes inranckt before the towne.

The battels ioyn'd; but by their valours might,
The valiant Engliſh in one howers ſpace
Brake through the foe-mens rankes, who turn'd to flight;
Did turne their backes and gaue the victors place,
Who to the towne purſu'd with ſpeedie chace,
Whoſe walles th'Iberians flying from the field
Againſt their foes did long to make their ſhield.

And being entred with confuſed cries,
The gates were ſhut, and in the towne each where,
A diuers noiſe about with horror flies;
Then in the ſtreets thicke troopes of men appeare,
Some to the gates, ſome to the walles with feare
Amazed runne, and euery hold about
They ſtuffe with men, to keepe their foe-men out.

Meane time to triumph in proud Cadiz fall,
Illuſtrate *Eſſex* did approch the towne,
Where ſcaling ladders laid vnto the wall
Were fill'd with men, who climing for renowne,
Did hazard death from off the walles caſt downe:
For from th'aſſault to force them to retire,
Thicke fell downe darts, huge ſtones, and dreadfull fire.

The fearefull cries of men on either ſide,
Rung through the towne, as they the walles did ſcale,
Not long the bold defendants did abide
Th'aſſailants by their proweſſe did preuaile,
The foes gaue backe, their fainting hearts did faile,
Who left the walles, and through the ſtreetes did runne,
With ruthfull tidings how the walles were wonne.

Vpon the battlements, the blood red croſſe
Appear'd in ſight, and from the walles downe went
The Engliſh troopes, and to the gates did paſſe,
Where th'iron barres in ſunder they did rent,
Beate downe the poſts, and all the iewſes brent,
And paſſage wide to them without did win,
To whom the houſes farre appear'd within.

Then all the hoſt, led by that aged Lord,
The ſeas chiefe Admirall, ruſht through the gate,
And through the towne with fierie ſhot and ſword
Did force their way in euery ſtreet and ſtrait,
Euen to the publike market, where of late
The foes had purpos'd in the Kings high ſtreet,
To make their common reindeuous to meet.

There now the battell freſh againe begnn,
For making head vnto that place, the foe
To reinforce their ſtrength, in troopes did run,
While others downe from houſe tops did throw
Ruine and death on th'Engliſh bands below,
Where fighting gainſt ſuch ods, they hapleſſe loſt
Sir *Iohn Wing.* Braue *Wingfield* hight, a leader in the hoſt.

On whoſe diſſolued life, ſuch deepe remorſe
The Engliſh tooke, that all with loud exclaime
Ruſht on th'Iberians bold, and did enforce
Their ſpeedie flight, then furie did enflame
The ſouldiers hearts, and in the bloodie game
Of raging *Mars*, remorſeleſſe they were all,
To wreake reuenge for worthie *Wingfields* fall.

Like

Like angrie Lions rob'd of their deare yong,
The houſes round about they now inuade,
The portals, poſts and threſholds downe are flung,
The gates and walles of ſtone ſo ſtrongly made,
And doores faſt barr'd with earth are leuell made,
And all high turrets and ſtrong chambers ſhake
With th'hot inuading, which the ſouldiers make.

The inward roomes are fill'd with wofull ſounds,
And wailing noiſe of folke in wretched plight,
The buildings all with larums loud rebounds,
And women with yong infants in affright,
Through chambers wide ſhunning the ſouldiers ſight,
Runne heere and there to ſeeke ſome couert place.
To hide themſelues from angrie *Mars* his face.

About the parents knees, the children ſwarmes,
Calling in vaine for helpe with pitious cries,
The ſpouſe faſt clips her husband in her armes,
In whoſe ſad breſt his cold heart fainting dies,
Seeing the armed men before his eies,
Stand with bright ſwords in thicke tumultuous croud
At th'entrie doores, crying out with clamors loud.

But th'Engliſh all, that neuer vſe to lift
Their hands againſt a yeelding enemie
By nature milde, not proud of fortunes gift,
Did not inſult vpon their miſerie,
But with milde hand did vſe the victorie,
And after fight they all abhorring blood,
Did only tend the ſpoile of golden good.

Both the braue Generals, by a ſtrict command
About the towne, this mercie did proclaime,
That none thenceforth ſhould vſe the force of hand,
Nor offer wrong to any virgin Dame,
That would ſweet beautie keepe from luſtfull ſhame,
Which vnreprou'd edict amongſt all men,
Through th'Engliſh hoſt inuiolate hath been.

Amongſt the captiues not the baſeſt mate
With any ſad deſigne they vexed ſore,
The female ſex vntoucht inuiolate
Did freely paſſe with all that golden ſtore
Of chaines, and gemmes which they about them bore,
And all religious folke did find like grace,
Free without ranſome to depart the place.

(Thrice valiant victors) euer may my rimes
Suruiue on earth, that in their life may liue
This famous conqueſt to all future times,
That from the beſt, that for true praiſe do ſtriue,
All men to you the laurell wreath may giue,
Which that milde mercie, which you then did ſhow,
Doth more deſerue then conqueſt gainſt the foe.

After the ſouldier had return'd from ſpoile
Loaden with riches of the ranſackt towne,
To yeeld fit compenſation to the toile
Of each mans paines, with fauour or renowne,
The Generals did each ſouldiers merit crowne,
And gaue to many a well deſeruing wight
That noble order of true martiall Knight.

That noble order, which in antique time
In top of Fames high tower tooke chiefeſt place,
To which by vertue valours ſteps did clime;
Was then no baſe minds meed, that nere had grace
T'enſue fames feeting in true vertues race;
Though now the aged world to dotage growne,
This noble order ſcarce is truly knowne.

But now to ſing the ſpoile and laſt decay
Of that faire towne by her owne folke forlorne,
The hoſt all readie to depart away,
Intending firſt in funerall flames to burne
Her fatall pride, and all her pompe oreturne,
Did in thicke concourſe cluſter to confound,
Her high top towers and eu'n them with the ground.

In

In number like the golden flowers in ſpring,
In forme like furies of the Stygian caue:
The ſouldiers high on houſes tops do fling
Their burning brands, and round do range and raue,
To burie that faire towne in aſhie graue,
While hungrie flames borne vp on golden wings,
Flies through the aire, and far their ſplendor flings.

Then the faire wals inricht with paintings grace,
And portals proud of gold are all caſt downe,
Sterne *Mulciber* in his bright armes embrace
Doth graſpe the towres, and on th'inflamed towne
Through rolling clouds of ſmoake doth ſternely frowne.
Whoſe fierce fiers climing houſes far away,
By foes are ſeene to worke the townes decay.

Thus burnt Spaines Cadiz fam'd for that faire place,
Where great *Alcides*, when his ſword did tame
The triple *Gerion* borne of tyrants race,
Did fixe his pillars t'eternize his name,
With *Ne Plus Vltra* grauen on the ſame;
Thus did it burne captiu'd in Engliſh yoke,
And all her fame lay ſtifled in the ſmoke.

After the ſpoile, exchange of captiues made
For thoſe, that Spaine had long captiu'd before,
Each ſouldiers prize aboard the fleet conuei'd,
Leauing the towne deſpoil'd of all her ſtore,
All made returne vnto the ſhips at ſhore;
At whoſe depart ſuch after-ſigne was ſeene,
As had before at their arriuall been.

For hoyſing ſaile at ſea, loe as before
Vpon the Arke a Doue her flight did ſtay,
With which departing from th'Iberian ſhore,
She from the ſame departed not away;
But kept her ſtation till that happie day,
That all the fleet did with the compleat hoaſt
Arriue in triumph on the Engliſh coaſt.

Recorded by the Author then preſent.

Thus when vpon *Elizaes* royall brow,
Times honor'd age in print had set his signe,
Euen then her arme Spaines stiffened pride did bow;
And when her youthfull daies did most decline,
Then did the King of heau'n to her assigne
The euer youthfull wreath of sacred bay,
In signe of triumph to her liues last day.

The vtmost kingdomes canopi'd of skie,
Did beare record of her triumphant fame,
The vastest Ocean, that did farthest lie,
With each small creeke and hauen in the same,
Did then resound the praises of her name:
Which to her friends defence, her foemen feare,
Her crosse-crown'd Fleet about the world did beare.

For all sea-bordering townes, that subiect were
Vnto the crowne of Rome-supporting Spaine,
Who high their breasts aboue the waues did beare,
Did tremble to behold the crookt stern'd traine
Of English ships still floating on the maine;
For towards the seas greene bounds they often bore,
And many townes destroy'd vpon the shore.

Anno eodem 38. Renowned *Clifford* on the fruitfull deepe
Like *Ioue*-borne *Perseus*, that illustrate Knight,
In his swift *Pegasus* the seas did sweepe,
And after many a prize surpriz'd in fight,
To make the land record his powerfull might,
He at that time with his triumphant host,
Got noble conquest on the Indian coast.

Fortune with fame his high attempts did crowne,
And his dread name the foes with feare did fright,
Saint *Iohn De Porta Rico* that strong towne,
And her faire castle, which did seeme in sight
Impregnable gainst all assaults in fight,
His hands to heapes of fruitlesse dust did burne,
And with her spoile he home did safe returne.

The

The valiant Engliſh ſtill did worke much woe
Vnto the foemen both on ſeas and land,
Eliza ſtill did triumph ore the foe,
And day by day vpon the Engliſh ſtrand
Arriu'd rich prize ſurpriz'd by force of hand,
Whereby th'Iberian folke made poore and bare,
In heart did curſe the cauſer of the warre.

But leaue we heere of forren deeds to ſing,
And turne we home at ſound of thoſe alarms,
Which on thy ſhores (O England) high did ring;
And let vs waile, alas, the wofull harmes,
Which did befall that valiant man of armes,
Who after all his glorie and renowne,
Beneath too hard a fate felt fortunes frowne.

Tyrone that traytor, from whoſe treacherie
The firſt chiefe cauſe of his annoy did ſpring,
Diſloyall to *Elizaes* Maieſtie;
Had now begun to ſet the war on wing
On th'Iriſh coaſt, whoſe townes and plaines did ring
With ſad report of bloodie actions done,
By the bold rebels and the baſe *Tyrone*.

Tidings whereof to Englands rockie bound, *An. Reg. 41.*
Borne ore the Oceans backe on wings of winde,
The ſhores with *Mars* his rugged voice did ſound,
And noble *Eſſex* Generall was aſſign'd
To croſſe the fruitfull deepe, whoſe honor'd minde
Did wing him forward with deſire of fame,
On earth to purchaſe an immortall name.

Yet towards the coaſt when he this iourney tooke,
The King of flames that with delight did crowne
All that faire day before, did change his looke,
The heau'ns did thunder loud, the clouds did frowne,
And in the way *Ione* caſt pale lightning downe,
Preſaging ſad euent of things to come,
Which tooke effect at his returning home.

At his returning home, when his deare Dame
The great *Eliza*, with maiesticke frowne
Gan change milde looks, when Fortune foe to Fame
Did turne her wheele about, and hurring downe
His towring State, all hope of life did drowne
In deaths deepe waues, whose most vntimely end
Both heau'n and earth lamenting did befriend.

For that blacke morne, when he without appall
To lose his life vnto the blocke was led,
The Sunne in heau'n, as for his *Phaetons* fall,
In sable clouds did hide his golden hed,
And from so sad a sight away he fled;
While wofull heau'n with dolefull teares sent downe,
For his sad fall the world in woe did drowne.

He being dead, being dead, alas, and gone,
That hopefull Lord hight *Mountioy*, did succeed
As Generall in the warre against *Tyrone*;
To whom all-seeing *Ioue* tooke speciall heed,
And did direct his hand in euery deed,
Who would not haue *Elizaes* vnstain'd praise,
Distain'd by rebels in her aged daies.

For what hath she in her affaires decreed,
Euen to her royall liues last breathing space,
In which *Ioue* did not euer grace her deed,
Yea now when ripe yeares rugged prints had place
Vpon the fore-front of her Princely face,
Then did her gratious God with compleat praise,
Perfect the vpshot of her aged daies.

Anno eodem 42. Grimestone *in his translaton of the booke of the warres of the Netherlands.*

The happie Belgians on the marine coast,
In a pight field against a Prince of name,
In person fighting 'midst his royall host,
Did purchase conquest, captiues, gold and fame,
By th'only aid which from *Eliza* came:
Without whose helpe on which their hopes did build,
All had been lost, the foes had won the field.

For

For when the Auſtrian Prince on Newport Sands,
After the ſlaughter of the valiant Scot,
Had giuen charge vpon the aduerſe bands,
When by thicke volleyes of their murdring ſhot,
Many ſtout men had drawne deaths fatall lot;
Then many Belgians fainting fled away,
And left their friends to win or loſe the day.

'Mongſt whom the Engliſh chiefely did ſuſtaine
The furious brunt of that important fight,
Where many worthie men were helpleſſe ſlaine,
Who rather choſe to make that day the night
Of deaths approch, then turne their backs for flight;
Who all had fallen by death without remorſe,
Had not the *Veres* renew'd their fainting force.

For the bold brothers both the valiant *Veres*,
Deepe wounds did purchaſe to regaine the day,
The one breath'd comfort in the Souldiers eares,
While th'other through the foes with violent ſway
Of his horſe troopes did force a dreadfull way,
Through which the Belgians that before had fled,
Might 'gainſt the fainting foes againe make head.

The foemen fled, the ground was ſtro'd with harmes
Of their miſhap, their Duke fled faſt away,
Leauing his horſe of honour and his armes
Vnto the victors to remaine for ay,
As ſignes of conqueſt and that glorious day,
Which by *Elizaes* auxilarie traine,
Then agents there the Belgians did obtaine.

Thus to the life of our triumphant Dame
Time in her reigne no yeere did multiplie,
Which Fortune did not dignifie with fame,
Or praiſe of ſome illuſtrate victorie;
'Gainſt Rome, 'gainſt Spaine, or th'Auſtrian enemie,
'Gainſt whom that houre that ſhe expir'd her breath,
She di'd victorious in the armes of death.

For

Anno Reg. 43.44. For when the Auſtrian Duke with his proud hoaſt,
Atrides-like laid ſiege to little Troy,
And by a ſolemne vow did vainely boaſt,
Not to depart vntill he did deſtroy
That Engliſh towne; yet to his owne annoy,
He there did lie while th'horſes of the ſunne,
Their yeares race thrice about the heauen had runne.

For Englands *Hector* and his valiant brother,
That times young *Troylus* did the Duke appall,
And his beſt hopes in blood and duſt did ſmother;
Yea many a thouſand at that ſiege did fall
In Deaths blacke graue before the townes ſtrong wall,
Which while the Belgian Patroneſſe did liue,
Vnto the foes in fight the foile did giue.

And as our Queene in forraine-bred debate,
From hence to Heauen victorious tooke her flight,
So here at home before her liues laſt date,
Triumphant ſounds of belles the Starres did ſmite,
And bright bon-fiers the darkeſome euen did light
With gladſome flames for worthy victorie,
Atchieu'd againſt the Iriſh enemie.

An. eodem. Yea, when the hand of vnremorſefull fate,
Had euen ſpun out the thred of her liues clew,
Tyron that long diſturber of her ſtate,
With ſhame of his offence remorſefull grew,
And on his knees did then for mercie ſue:
That dying, ſhe might ſay with vading breath,
I left no foes vnuanquiſht at my death.

But woe alas, the duſt-borne pompe of earth,
Made thrall to death, returnes to duſt againe;
All vnder Heauen, that haue their beeing and breath
Of natures gift, no longer doe remaine,
Then nature doth their brittle ſtate ſuſtaine,
The Prince and Swaine to death are both alike,
No ods are found when he with dart doth ſtrike.

For I, that whilome ſung with cheerefull breath
Her roiall Reigne, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
Now cannot ſing; but weepe to thinke how death,
All pitileſſe of what before had beene,
Did rob poore England of ſo rich a Queene;
And if I ſing, I muſt in my ſad ſong,
Exclaime on Death for doing vs ſuch wrong.

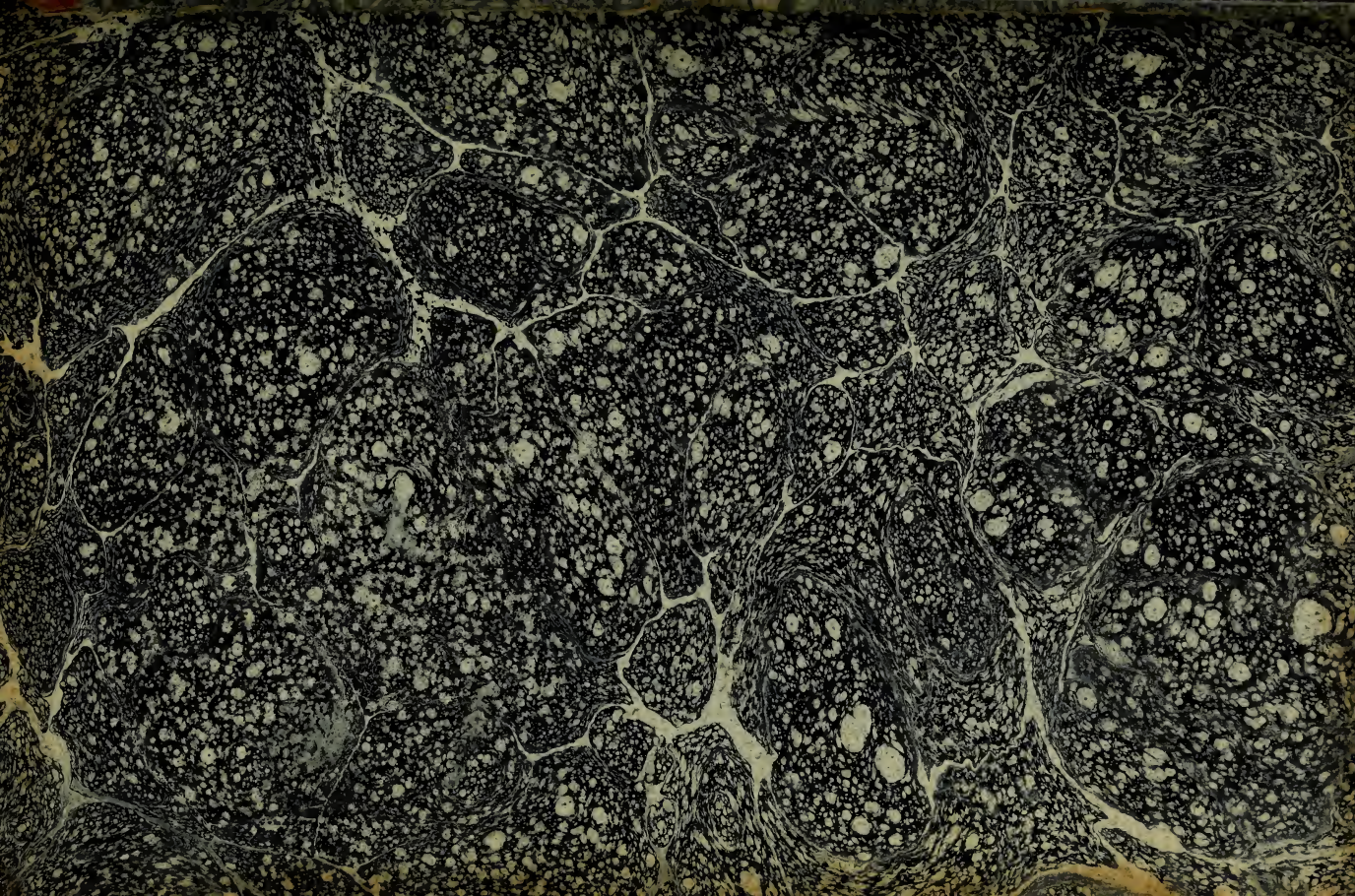
For doing vs ſuch wrong to dim the light
Of Englands Virgin glorie then decaid,
Which, while Heauens light the Earths broade face ſhall ſmite,
All Virgins ſhall admire and ſtill vpbraid
That *Tarquin* death, with death of ſuch a Maide:
For her, whoſe Virgin blood no *Tarquins* ſtaine,
Did euer taint, O death, thy dart hath ſlaine.

That day ſhee di'd, which to her roiall Sire,
To great *Plantagenet* hath fatall beene;
That day, when Fates did his ſad death conſpire:
That day when his young *Edward* dead was ſeene, Thurſday.
That day when *Mary* left to be a Queene:
That day from vs did our *Eliza* goe,
That day, that tyrant Death did worke our woe.

But why doe we 'gainſt death vſe ſuch complaint,
Seeing not in youth, then ſhort of yeares to crowne
Her head with age, ſhe di'de by Deaths conſtraint,
But ripe in yeares, and loaden with renowne;
Made mellow for the graue, ſhe lai'd her downe:
And leauing earth that part, which Earth had giuen,
On Faiths ſtrong wings ſhe tooke her flight for Heauen.

Heere Clio *ceaſt, her Lute no more did ſound,*
But in a moment mounting from the ground,
She vaniſht from my ſight, and with her fled
The place of pleaſure which mine eyes had fed:
With which all had been loſt, if in my minde,
My dreames Idæa *had not ſtai'd behinde.*

FINIS.



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